



Complete Works of
Beatrix Potter

DELPHI  CLASSICS

Series Four

The Complete Works of
BEATRIX POTTER

(1866-1943)



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Beatrix Potter

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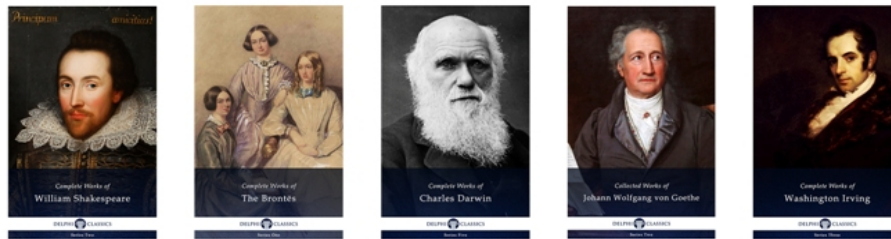
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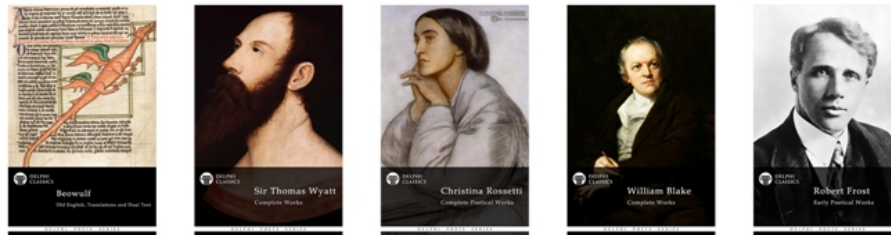
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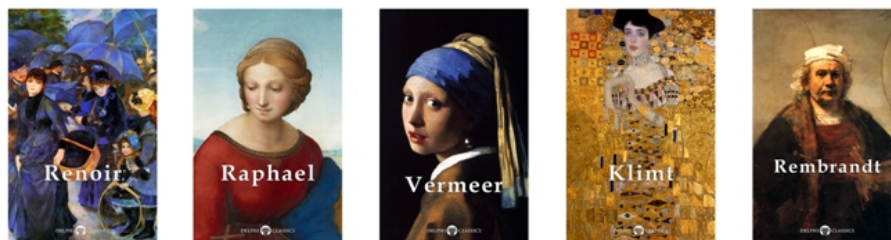
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The Complete Works of
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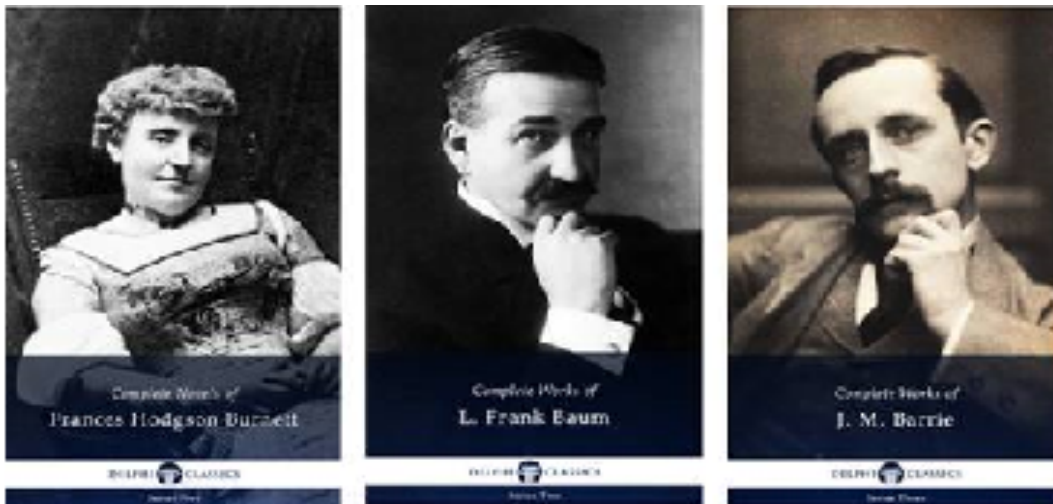


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The Twenty-Three Tales



Bolton Gardens, South Kensington — Beatrix Potter's birthplace

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The present day plaque on the site of the birthplace

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Beatrix Potter with her parents. Her father was a London barrister, who specialised in equity law and conveyancing. He had married Helen Leech, the daughter of a wealthy cotton merchant and shipbuilder from Stalybridge, in 1863.

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Potter as a child

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Potter with her mother, c. 1876



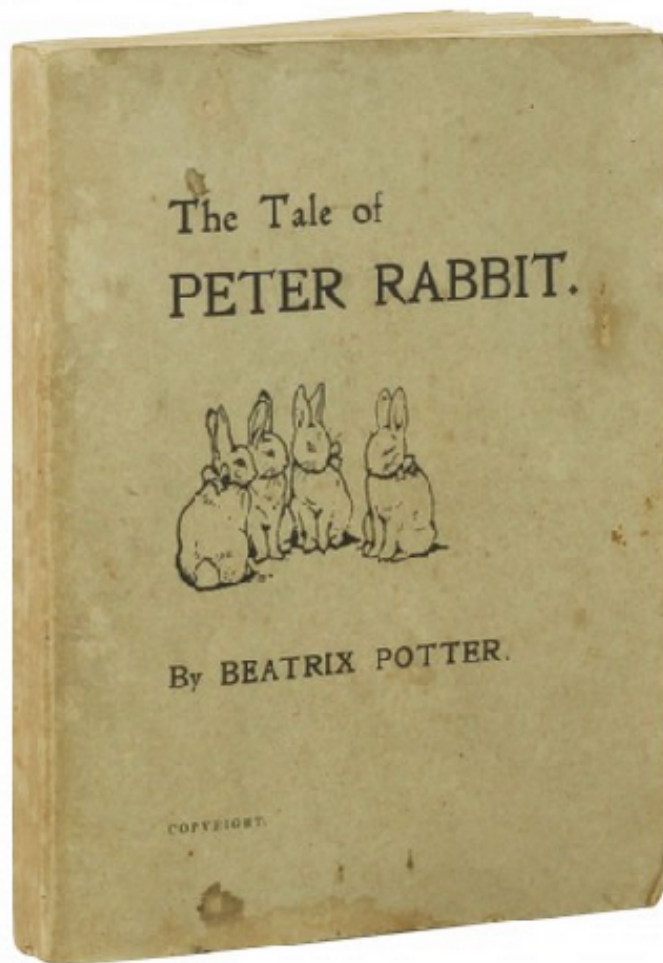
Potter as a child

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT



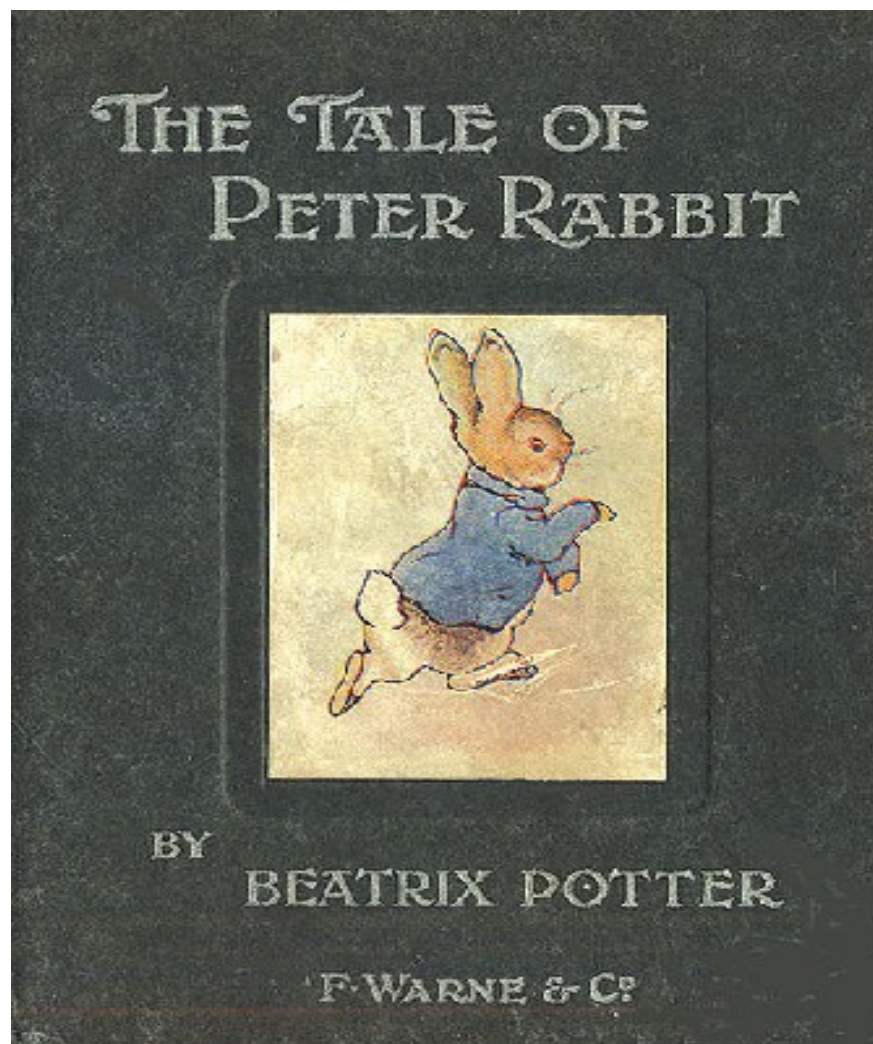
The Tale of Peter Rabbit is Beatrix Potter's first and most famous book. Initially written for the young son of Potter's former governess, Annie Carter, in 1893, the work was rejected by a series of publishers, before being privately printed in 1901, followed by Frederick Warne & Co publishing the tale in October 1902. It centres on the disobedient young rabbit Peter, who is told by his mother not to enter Mr McGregor's garden because he might be captured and killed. Mr McGregor's wife is also considered very cruel and frightening because she killed and ate her first husband in a pie. Peter's three sisters sensibly obey their mother's warning and only pick berries from the lane, but Peter decides to enter the garden in search of vegetables. The story then involves Peter's possible capture and attempts to make it home to his mother and sisters. Peter is an unusual hero for the time because he is scared and irrational rather than brave, courageous and logical which were typical characteristics of the era.

The work has been translated into over thirty-six languages and sold more than forty-five million copies worldwide, making it one of the most commercially successful books of all time. In 1938 Potter denied the rights of the work to Walt Disney, who wished to make an animated feature film of *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*. The author was immediately very aware of the commercial possibilities of merchandise stemming from the success of her work. Within the first three years of its publication there were Peter Rabbit soft toys, nursery wallpaper and a board game.



One of the initial 250 copies published privately for the author. In 1901 Potter sent her manuscript of 'The Tale of Peter Rabbit' to at least six publishers, only to have it refused by each of them. She made the decision to print the book herself whilst continuing the search for a publisher who would issue the book as she wished.

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The first edition

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Potter, close to the time of publication

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**THE TALE OF
PETER RABBIT**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

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Once upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were —

Flopsy,
Mopsy,
Cotton-tail,
and Peter.



They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.



‘Now my dears,’ said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, ‘you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don’t go into Mr. McGregor’s garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor.’



‘Now run along, and don’t get into mischief. I am going out.’



Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.



Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries:



But Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!



First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes;



And then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.



But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!



Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, ‘Stop thief!’



Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe amongst the potatoes.



After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.



Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.



Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him.



And rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.



Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed— ‘Kertyschoo!’ Mr. McGregor was after him in no time.



And tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.



Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity — lippity — not very fast, and looking all round.

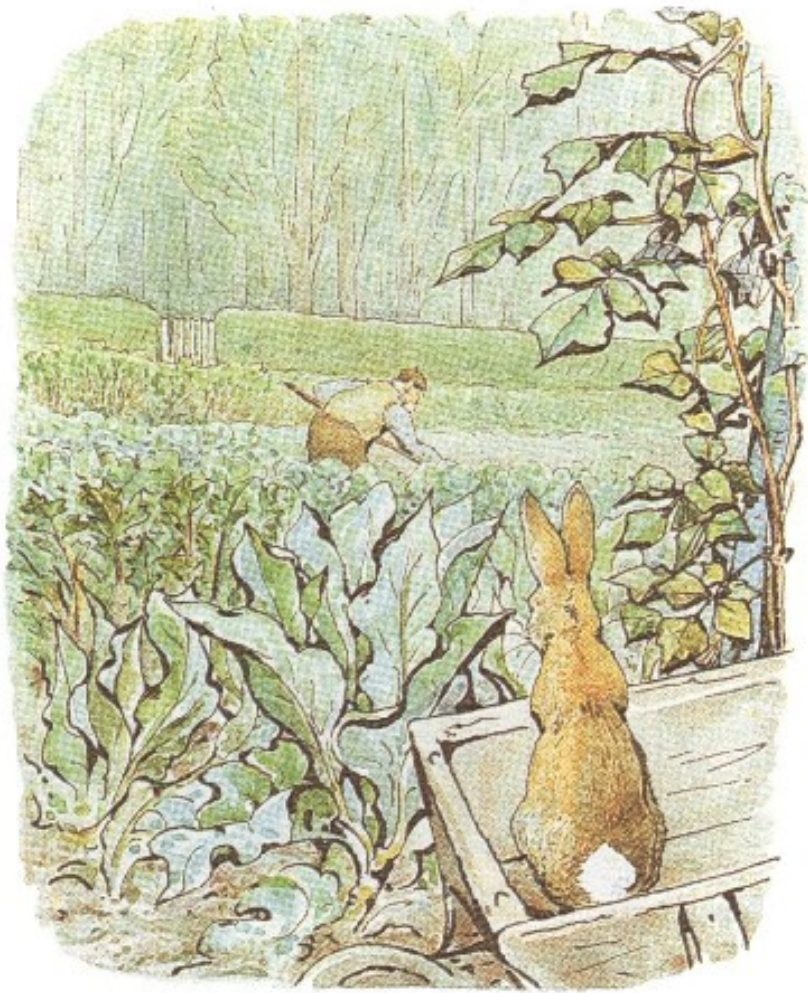


He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.



Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some gold-fish, she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.



He went back towards the tool-shed, but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe — scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttered underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned towards Peter, and beyond him was the gate!



Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow; and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

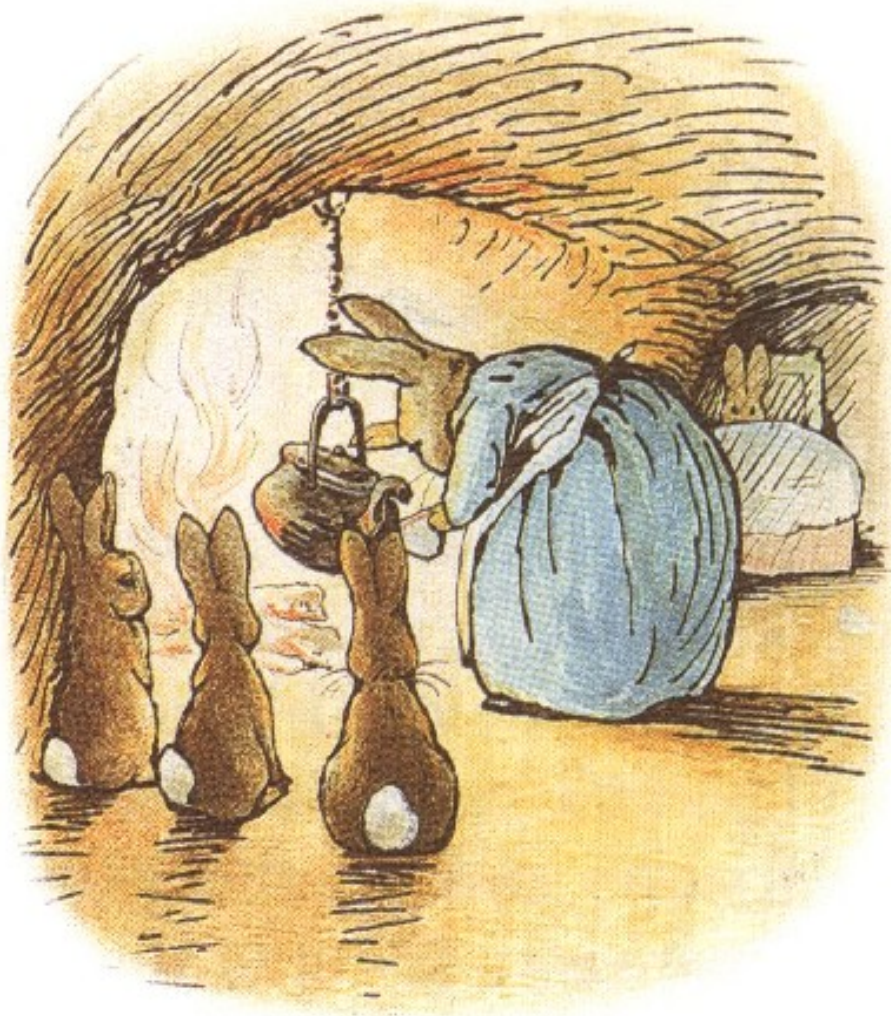


Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the shoes for a scare-crow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.



He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that Peter had lost in a fortnight!



I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.
His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a
dose of it to Peter!
'One table-spoonful to be taken at bed-time.'

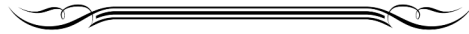


But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

THE END

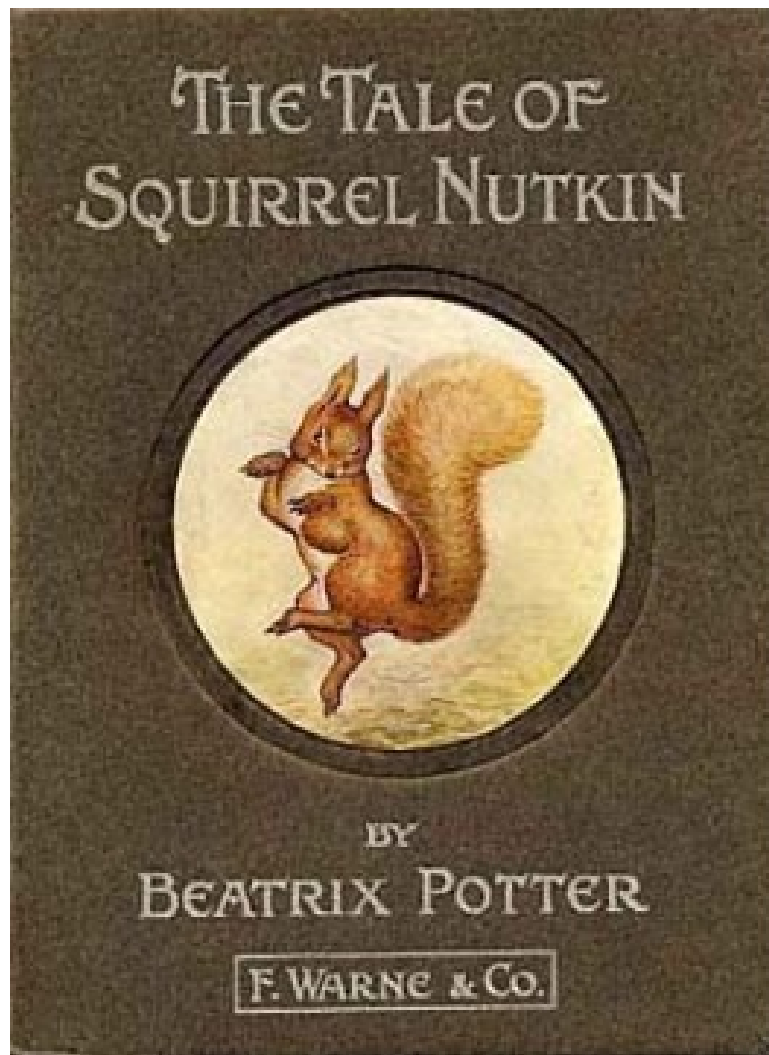
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THE TALE OF SQUIRREL NUTKIN



The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin was published in August 1903 by Frederick Warne & Co and followed Potter's hugely successful book *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*. The book originated from a story and picture that Potter sent to Norah Moore, the daughter of her former governess, Annie Carter Moore. The tale was inspired by Potter's summer in the Lake District in 1901. She spent the time sketching pictures of red squirrels and the landscape around St Herbert's Island, which would later become Owl Island in *The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin*. Potter was working on a few stories between 1901 and the end of 1902, including a tale about a poor tailor, which would later become *The Tailor of Gloucester*. However, in November 1902 her publisher encouraged her to continue sketching squirrels for a tale about the animals and in August 1903 the book was released. It immediately sold well resulting in ten thousand additional copies being printed in the latter part of 1903.

The plot concerns Squirrel Nutkin and his cousins and brother, who all decide to sail to Owl Island on a raft they have made from twigs. Old Brown is the resident owl of the island and Squirrel Nutkin and his companions offer gifts to him so they will be allowed to collect nuts on the land. However, Nutkin is disrespectful to Old Brown and begins to sing a silly riddle and dance around. Nutkin's brother and cousins continue to offer presents to Old Brown for the next six days while Nutkin persists in performing his riddles. The story then becomes a tale of whether Squirrel Nutkin can escape from Old Brown and Owl Island with his life. *The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin* reflects Potter's interest in fairytales and her frequent use of repetition of riddles and songs is a common feature of that genre of storytelling. Once again Potter presents a naughty and rebellious character, who attempts to subvert power structures and faces terrible consequences if caught.



The first edition

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**THE TALE OF
SQUIRREL NUTKIN**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit"

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A STORY FOR NORAH

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This is a Tale about a tail — a tail that belonged to a little red squirrel, and his name was Nutkin.

He had a brother called Twinkleberry, and a great many cousins: they lived in a wood at the edge of a lake.



In the middle of the lake there is an island covered with trees and nut bushes; and amongst those trees stands a hollow oak-tree, which is the house of an owl who is called Old Brown.



One autumn when the nuts were ripe, and the leaves on the hazel bushes were golden and green — Nutkin and Twinkleberry and all the other little squirrels came out of the wood, and down to the edge of the lake.



They made little rafts out of twigs, and they paddled away over the water to Owl Island to gather nuts.

Each squirrel had a little sack and a large oar, and spread out his tail for a sail.



They also took with them an offering of three fat mice as a present for Old Brown, and put them down upon his door-step.

Then Twinkleberry and the other little squirrels each made a low bow, and said politely —

“Old Mr. Brown, will you favour us with permission to gather nuts upon your island?”



But Nutkin was excessively impertinent in his manners. He bobbed up and down like a little red *cherry*, singing —

“Riddle me, riddle me, rot-tot-tote!
A little wee man, in a red red coat!
A staff in his hand, and a stone in his throat;
If you’ll tell me this riddle, I’ll give you a groat.”

Now this riddle is as old as the hills; Mr. Brown paid no attention whatever to Nutkin.

He shut his eyes obstinately and went to sleep.



The squirrels filled their little sacks with nuts, and sailed away home in the evening.



But next morning they all came back again to Owl Island; and Twinkleberry and the others brought a fine fat mole, and laid it on the stone in front of Old Brown's doorway, and said —

“Mr. Brown, will you favour us with your gracious permission to gather some more nuts?”



But Nutkin, who had no respect, began to dance up and down, tickling old Mr. Brown with a *nettle* and singing —

“Old Mr. B! Riddle-me-ree!
Hitty Pitty within the wall,
Hitty Pitty without the wall;
If you touch Hitty Pitty,
Hitty Pitty will bite you!”

Mr. Brown woke up suddenly and carried the mole into his house.



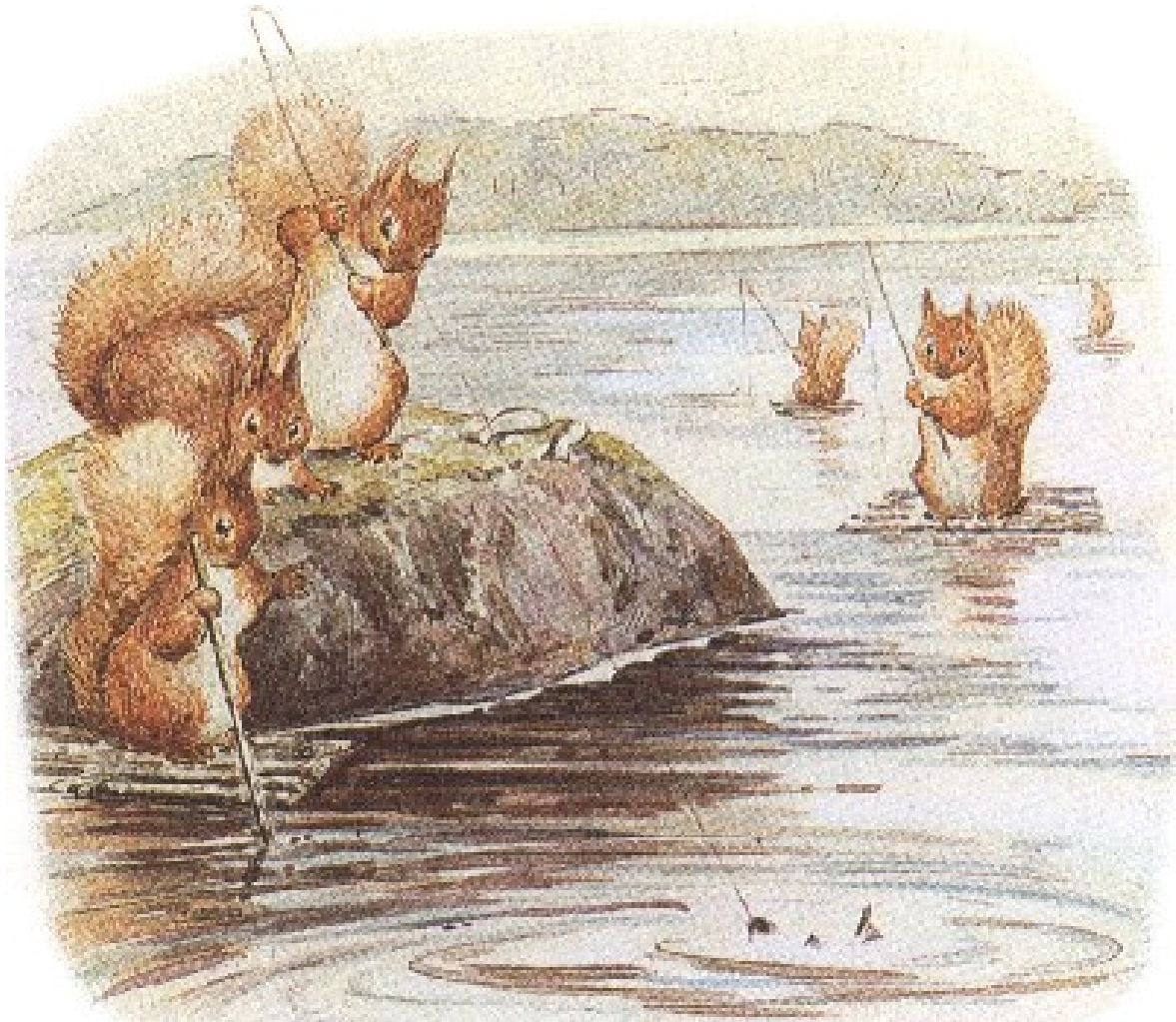
He shut the door in Nutkin's face. Presently a little thread of blue *smoke* from a wood fire came up from the top of the tree, and Nutkin peeped through the key-hole and sang —

“A house full, a hole full!
And you cannot gather a bowl-full!”



The squirrels searched for nuts all over the island and filled their little sacks.

But Nutkin gathered oak-apples — yellow and scarlet — and sat upon a beech-stump playing marbles, and watching the door of old Mr. Brown.



On the third day the squirrels got up very early and went fishing; they caught seven fat minnows as a present for Old Brown.

They paddled over the lake and landed under a crooked chestnut tree on Owl Island.



Twinkleberry and six other little squirrels each carried a fat minnow; but Nutkin, who had no nice manners, brought no present at all. He ran in front, singing —

“The man in the wilderness said to me,
‘How many strawberries grow in the sea?’
I answered him as I thought good —
‘As many red herrings as grow in the wood.’”

But old Mr. Brown took no interest in riddles — not even when the answer was provided for him.



On the fourth day the squirrels brought a present of six fat beetles, which were as good as plums in *plum-pudding* for Old Brown. Each beetle was wrapped up carefully in a dock-leaf, fastened with a pine-needle pin.

But Nutkin sang as rudely as ever —

“Old Mr. B! riddle-me-ree
Flour of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you’ll tell me this riddle, I’ll give you a ring!”

Which was ridiculous of Nutkin, because he had not got any ring to give to Old Brown.



The other squirrels hunted up and down the nut bushes; but Nutkin gathered robin's pincushions off a briar bush, and stuck them full of pine-needle pins.



On the fifth day the squirrels brought a present of wild honey; it was so sweet and sticky that they licked their fingers as they put it down upon the stone. They had stolen it out of a bumble *bees'* nest on the tippitty top of the hill.

But Nutkin skipped up and down, singing —

“Hum-a-bum! buzz! buzz! Hum-a-bum buzz!
As I went over Tipple-tine
I met a flock of bonny swine;
Some yellow-nacked, some yellow backed!
They were the very bonniest swine
That e’er went over Tipple-tine.”



Old Mr. Brown turned up his eyes in disgust at the impertinence of Nutkin.

But he ate up the honey!



The squirrels filled their little sacks with nuts.
But Nutkin sat upon a big flat rock, and played ninepins with a crab
apple and green fir-cones.



On the sixth day, which was Saturday, the squirrels came again for the last time; they brought a new-laid egg in a little rush basket as a last parting present for Old Brown.

But Nutkin ran in front laughing, and shouting —

“Humpty Dumpty lies in the beck,
With a white counterpane round his neck,
Forty doctors and forty wrights,
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty to rights!”



Now old Mr. Brown took an interest in eggs; he opened one eye and shut it again. But still he did not speak.



Nutkin became more and more impertinent —

“Old Mr. B! Old Mr. B!
Hickamore, Hackamore, on the King’s kitchen door;
All the King’s horses, and all the King’s men,
Couldn’t drive Hickamore, Hackamore,
Off the King’s kitchen door.”

Nutkin danced up and down like a *sunbeam*; but still Old Brown said nothing at all.



Nutkin began again —

“Arthur O’Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land!
The King of Scots with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower!”

Nutkin made a whirring noise to sound like the *wind*, and he took a running jump right onto the head of Old Brown!...

Then all at once there was a flutterment and a scufflement and a loud “Squeak!”

The other squirrels scuttered away into the bushes.



When they came back very cautiously, peeping round the tree — there was Old Brown sitting on his door-step, quite still, with his eyes closed, as if nothing had happened.

But Nutkin was in his waistcoat pocket!



This looks like the end of the story; but it isn't.



Old Brown carried Nutkin into his house, and held him up by the tail, intending to skin him; but Nutkin pulled so very hard that his tail broke in two, and he dashed up the staircase and escaped out of the attic window.

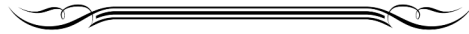


And to this day, if you meet Nutkin up a tree and ask him a riddle, he will throw sticks at you, and stamp his feet and scold, and shout —
“Cuck-cuck-cuck-cur-r-r-cuck-k-k!”

THE END

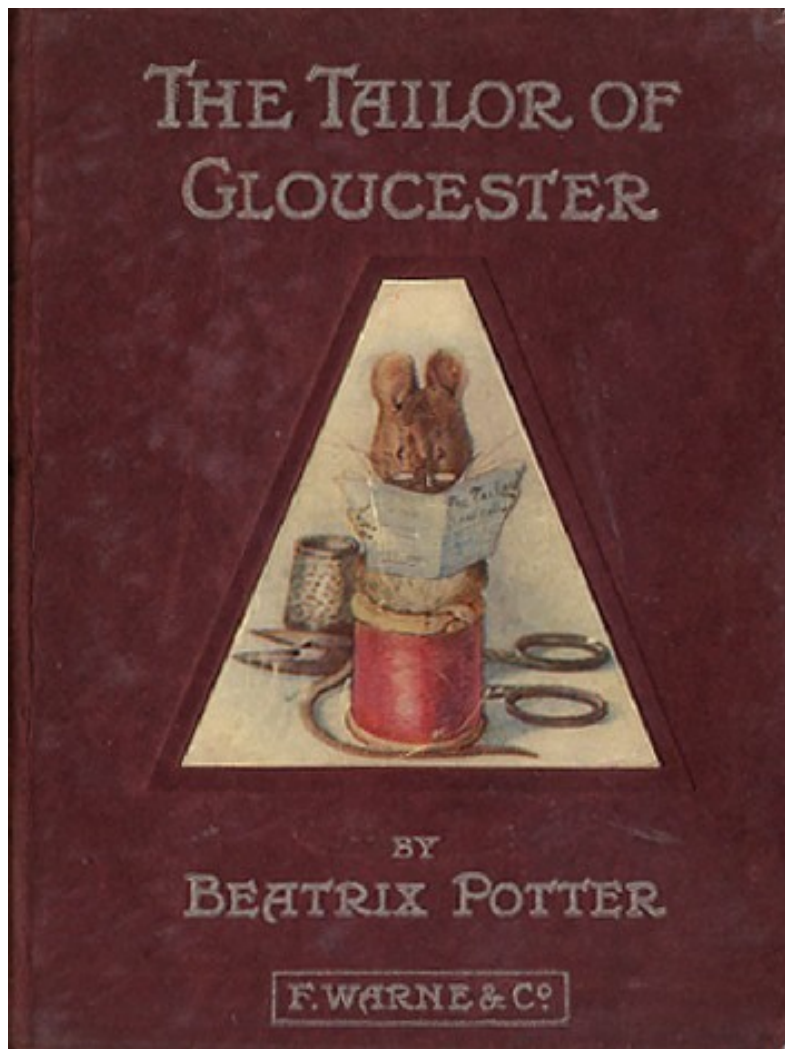
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THE TAILOR OF GLOUCESTER



The Tale of Gloucester was privately printed in 1902 before Frederick Warne & Co published it in October 1903. The book was composed during the period when Potter was also working on *The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin* and it was inspired by a story she heard about a poor tailor in Gloucestershire in the late 1890s. The work was completed by the end of 1901 and given to Annie Carter Moore's daughter for Christmas. Potter later revised the work before it was privately printed a year later. John Pritchard was a real life tailor commissioned to make a suit for the town mayor, but when he returned to his shop the suit had been completed except for one buttonhole which had note attached saying 'No more Twist'. In reality his assistants had completed the work, but Pritchard encouraged the story that fairies had made the suit and the tale became a local legend. Potter was allowed inside a tailor's shop in Chelsea in order to sketch the interior for authenticity, although she chose to employ poetic licence and altered the tailor's age from his twenties to a much older, more frail and poor man.

The tailor in *The Tale of Gloucester* would ensure financial security for himself if he managed to make the suit for the mayor because it would result in acquiring wealthy clients. However the old man becomes ill and believes he will be unable to complete the work and that he will be ruined. Potter alters the story Pritchard propagated about fairies to a tale about the work of mice. 'No more Twist' becomes a refrain in the book as Potter continues to focus on the literary devices of rhythm and repetition in her work.



The first edition

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**THE TAILOR OF
GLOUCESTER**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," etc

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“I’LL BE AT CHARGES FOR A LOOKING-GLASS,
AND ENTERTAIN A SCORE OR TWO OF TAILORS”

Richard III

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MY DEAR FRED A,

Because you are fond of fairy-tales, and have been ill, I have made you a story all for yourself — a new one that nobody has read before.

And the queerest thing about it is — that I heard it in Gloucestershire, and that it is true — at least about the tailor, the waistcoat, and the

“No more twist!”

Christmas, 1901

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THE TAILOR OF GLOUCESTER

In the time of swords and periwigs and full-skirted coats with flowered lappets — when gentlemen wore ruffles, and gold-laced waistcoats of paduasoy and taffeta — there lived a tailor in Gloucester.

He sat in the window of a little shop in Westgate Street, cross-legged on a table, from morning till dark.

All day long while the light lasted he sewed and snipped, piecing out his satin and pompadour, and lutestring; stuffs had strange names, and were very expensive in the days of the Tailor of Gloucester.



But although he sewed fine silk for his neighbours, he himself was very, very poor — a little old man in spectacles, with a pinched face, old crooked fingers, and a suit of thread-bare clothes.



He cut his coats without waste, according to his embroidered cloth; they were very small ends and snippets that lay about upon the table— “Too narrow breadths for nought — except waistcoats for mice,” said the tailor.

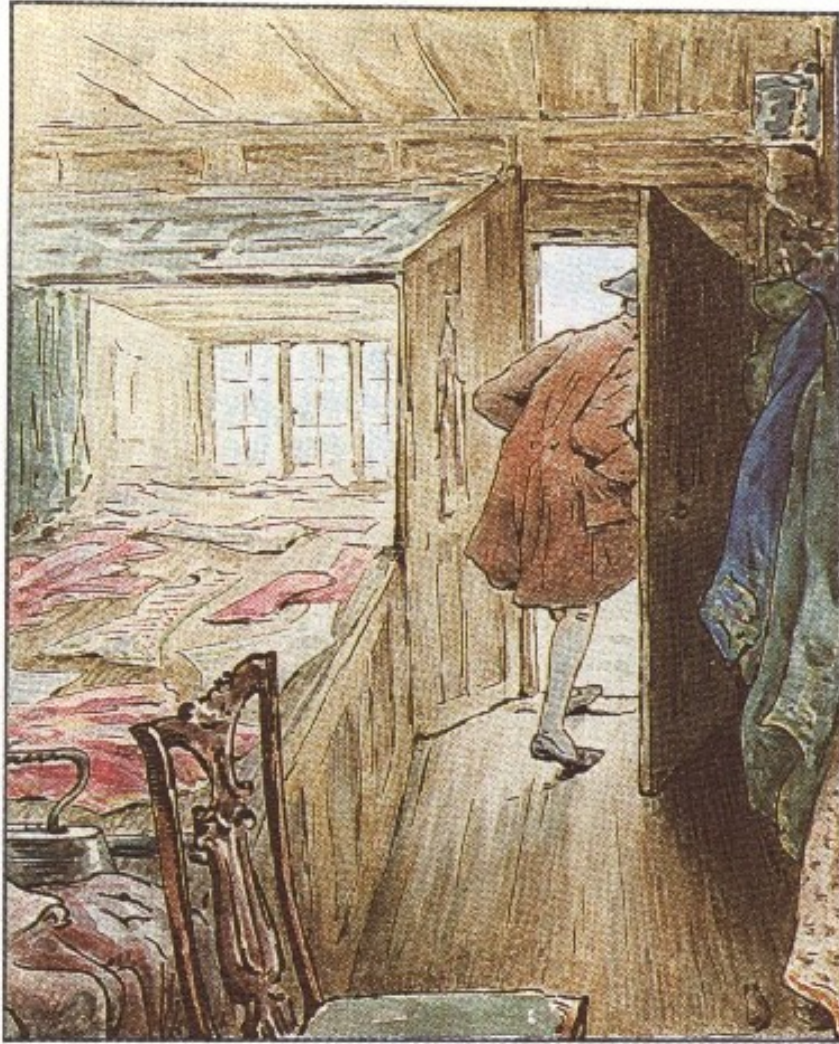


One bitter cold day near Christmastime the tailor began to make a coat — a coat of cherry-coloured corded silk embroidered with pansies and roses, and a cream coloured satin waistcoat — trimmed with gauze and green worsted chenille — for the Mayor of Gloucester.

The tailor worked and worked, and he talked to himself. He measured the silk, and turned it round and round, and trimmed it into shape with his shears; the table was all littered with cherry-coloured snippets.

“No breadth at all, and cut on the cross; it is no breadth at all; tippets for mice and ribbons for mobs! for mice!” said the Tailor of Gloucester.

When the snow-flakes came down against the small leaded window-panes and shut out the light, the tailor had done his day’s work; all the silk and satin lay cut out upon the table.



There were twelve pieces for the coat and four pieces for the waistcoat; and there were pocket flaps and cuffs, and buttons all in order. For the lining of the coat there was fine yellow taffeta; and for the button-holes of the waistcoat, there was cherry-coloured twist. And everything was ready to sew together in the morning, all measured and sufficient — except that there was wanting just one single skein of cherry-coloured twisted silk.

The tailor came out of his shop at dark, for he did not sleep there at nights; he fastened the window and locked the door, and took away the key. No one lived there at night but little brown mice, and they run in and out without any keys!

For behind the wooden wainscots of all the old houses in Gloucester, there are little mouse staircases and secret trap-doors; and the mice run from house to house through those long narrow passages; they can run all over the town without going into the streets.



But the tailor came out of his shop, and shuffled home through the snow. He lived quite near by in College Court, next the doorway to College Green; and although it was not a big house, the tailor was so poor he only rented the kitchen.

He lived alone with his cat; it was called Simpkin.



Now all day long while the tailor was out at work, Simpkin kept house by himself; and he also was fond of the mice, though he gave them no satin for coats!

“Miaw?” said the cat when the tailor opened the door. “Miaw?”

The tailor replied— “Simpkin, we shall make our fortune, but I am worn to a ravelling. Take this groat (which is our last fourpence) and Simpkin, take a china pipkin; buy a penn’orth of bread, a penn’orth of milk and a penn’orth of sausages. And oh, Simpkin, with the last penny of our fourpence buy me one penn’orth of cherry-coloured silk. But do not lose the last penny of the fourpence, Simpkin, or I am undone and worn to a thread-paper, for I have NO MORE TWIST.”



Then Simpkin again said, “Miaw?” and took the groat and the pipkin, and went out into the dark.

The tailor was very tired and beginning to be ill. He sat down by the hearth and talked to himself about that wonderful coat.

“I shall make my fortune — to be cut bias — the Mayor of Gloucester is to be married on Christmas Day in the morning, and he hath ordered a coat and an embroidered waistcoat — to be lined with yellow taffeta — and the taffeta sufficeth; there is no more left over in snippets than will serve to make tippets for mice — — “

Then the tailor started; for suddenly, interrupting him, from the dresser at the other side of the kitchen came a number of little noises —

Tip tap, tip tap, tip tap tip!

“Now what can that be?” said the Tailor of Gloucester, jumping up from his chair. The dresser was covered with crockery and pipkins, willow

pattern plates, and tea-cups and mugs.



The tailor crossed the kitchen, and stood quite still beside the dresser, listening, and peering through his spectacles. Again from under a tea-cup, came those funny little noises —

Tip tap, tip tap, Tip tap tip!

“This is very peculiar,” said the Tailor of Gloucester; and he lifted up the tea-cup which was upside down.



Out stepped a little live lady mouse, and made a curtsy to the tailor! Then she hopped away down off the dresser, and under the wainscot.

The tailor sat down again by the fire, warming his poor cold hands, and mumbling to himself ——

“The waistcoat is cut out from peach-coloured satin — tambour stitch and rose-buds in beautiful floss silk. Was I wise to entrust my last fourpence to Simpkin? One-and-twenty button-holes of cherry-coloured twist!”

But all at once, from the dresser, there came other little noises:

Tip tap, tip tap, tip tap tip!

“This is passing extraordinary!” said the Tailor of Gloucester, and turned over another tea-cup, which was upside down.



Out stepped a little gentleman mouse, and made a bow to the tailor!

And then from all over the dresser came a chorus of little tappings, all sounding together, and answering one another, like watch-beetles in an old worm-eaten window-shutter —

Tip tap, tip tap, tip tap tip!

And out from under tea-cups and from under bowls and basins, stepped other and more little mice who hopped away down off the dresser and under the wainscot.



The tailor sat down, close over the fire, lamenting— “One-and-twenty button-holes of cherry-coloured silk! To be finished by noon of Saturday: and this is Tuesday evening. Was it right to let loose those mice, undoubtedly the property of Simpkin? Alack, I am undone, for I have no more twist!”

The little mice came out again, and listened to the tailor; they took notice of the pattern of that wonderful coat. They whispered to one another about the taffeta lining, and about little mouse tippets.

And then all at once they all ran away together down the passage behind the wainscot, squeaking and calling to one another, as they ran from house to house; and not one mouse was left in the tailor’s kitchen when Simpkin came back with the pipkin of milk!



Simpkin opened the door and bounced in, with an angry “G-r-r-miaw!” like a cat that is vexed: for he hated the snow, and there was snow in his ears, and snow in his collar at the back of his neck. He put down the loaf and the sausages upon the dresser, and sniffed.

“Simpkin,” said the tailor, “where is my twist?”

But Simpkin set down the pipkin of milk upon the dresser, and looked suspiciously at the tea-cups. He wanted his supper of little fat mouse!

“Simpkin,” said the tailor, “where is my TWIST?”



But Simpkin hid a little parcel privately in the tea-pot, and spit and growled at the tailor; and if Simpkin had been able to talk, he would have asked: “Where is my MOUSE?”

“Alack, I am undone!” said the Tailor of Gloucester, and went sadly to bed.

All that night long Simpkin hunted and searched through the kitchen, peeping into cupboards and under the wainscot, and into the tea-pot where he had hidden that twist; but still he found never a mouse!

Whenever the tailor muttered and talked in his sleep, Simpkin said “Miaw-ger-r-w-s-s-ch!” and made strange horrid noises, as cats do at night.

For the poor old tailor was very ill with a fever, tossing and turning in his four-post bed; and still in his dreams he mumbled— “No more twist! no more twist!”

All that day he was ill, and the next day, and the next; and what should become of the cherry-coloured coat? In the tailor's shop in Westgate Street the embroidered silk and satin lay cut out upon the table — one-and-twenty button-holes — and who should come to sew them, when the window was barred, and the door was fast locked?



But that does not hinder the little brown mice; they run in and out without any keys through all the old houses in Gloucester!



Out of doors the market folks went trudging through the snow to buy their geese and turkeys, and to bake their Christmas pies; but there would be no Christmas dinner for Simpkin and the poor old Tailor of Gloucester.

The tailor lay ill for three days and nights; and then it was Christmas Eve, and very late at night. The moon climbed up over the roofs and chimneys, and looked down over the gateway into College Court. There were no lights in the windows, nor any sound in the houses; all the city of Gloucester was fast asleep under the snow.

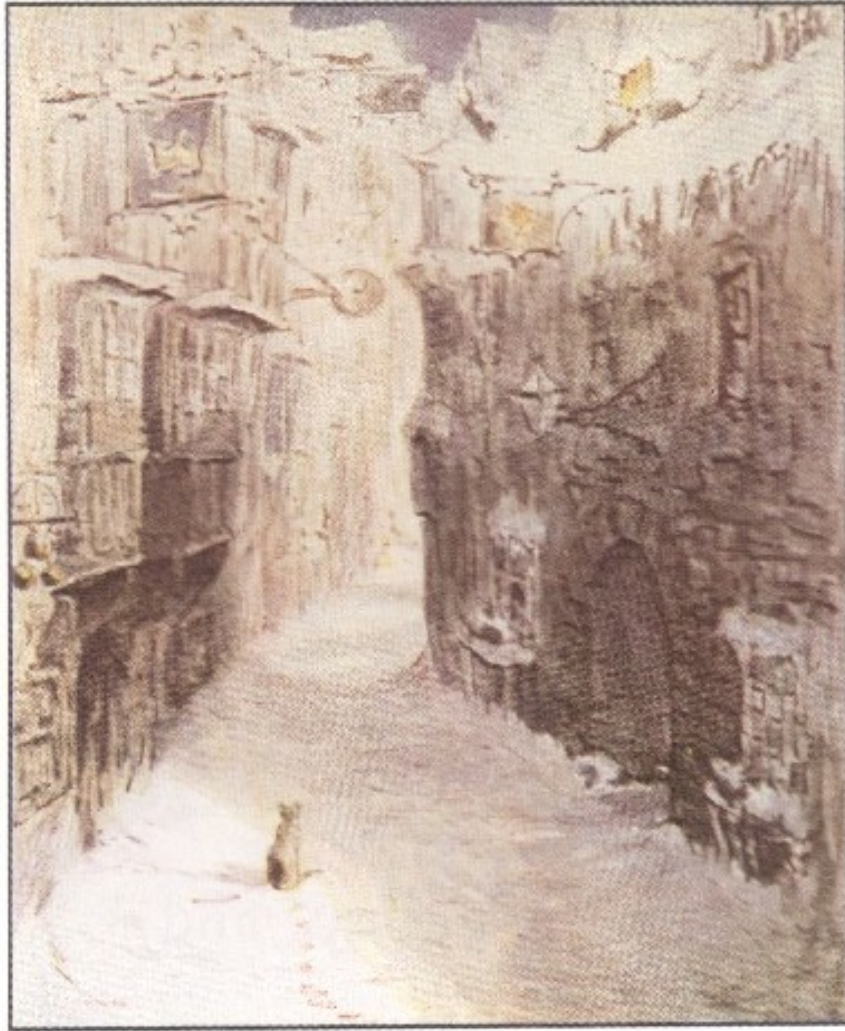
And still Simpkin wanted his mice, and he mewed as he stood beside the four-post bed.



But it is in the old story that all the beasts can talk, in the night between Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in the morning (though there are very few folk that can hear them, or know what it is that they say).

When the Cathedral clock struck twelve there was an answer — like an echo of the chimes — and Simpkin heard it, and came out of the tailor's door, and wandered about in the snow.

From all the roofs and gables and old wooden houses in Gloucester came a thousand merry voices singing the old Christmas rhymes — all the old songs that ever I heard of, and some that I don't know, like Whittington's bells.



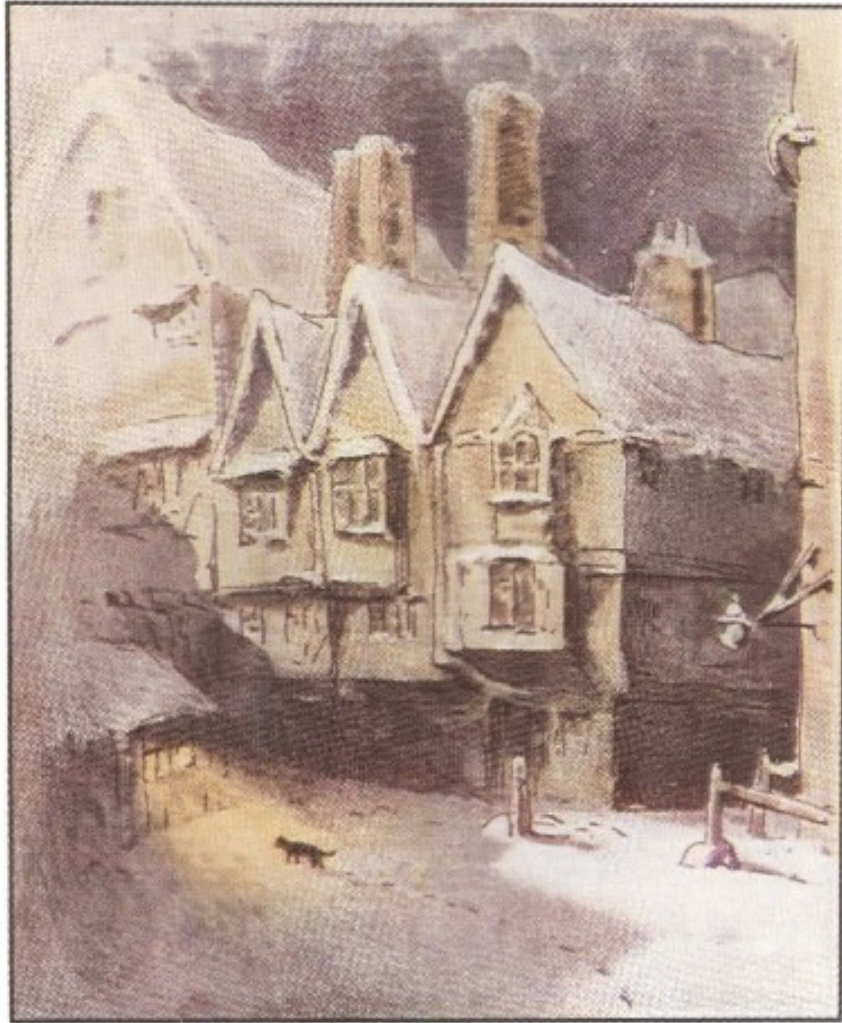
First and loudest the cocks cried out: “Dame, get up, and bake your pies!”

“Oh, dilly, dilly, dilly!” sighed Simpkin.

And now in a garret there were lights and sounds of dancing, and cats came from over the way.

“Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle! All the cats in Gloucester — except me,” said Simpkin.

Under the wooden eaves the starlings and sparrows sang of Christmas pies; the jack-daws woke up in the Cathedral tower; and although it was the middle of the night the throstles and robins sang; the air was quite full of little twittering tunes.



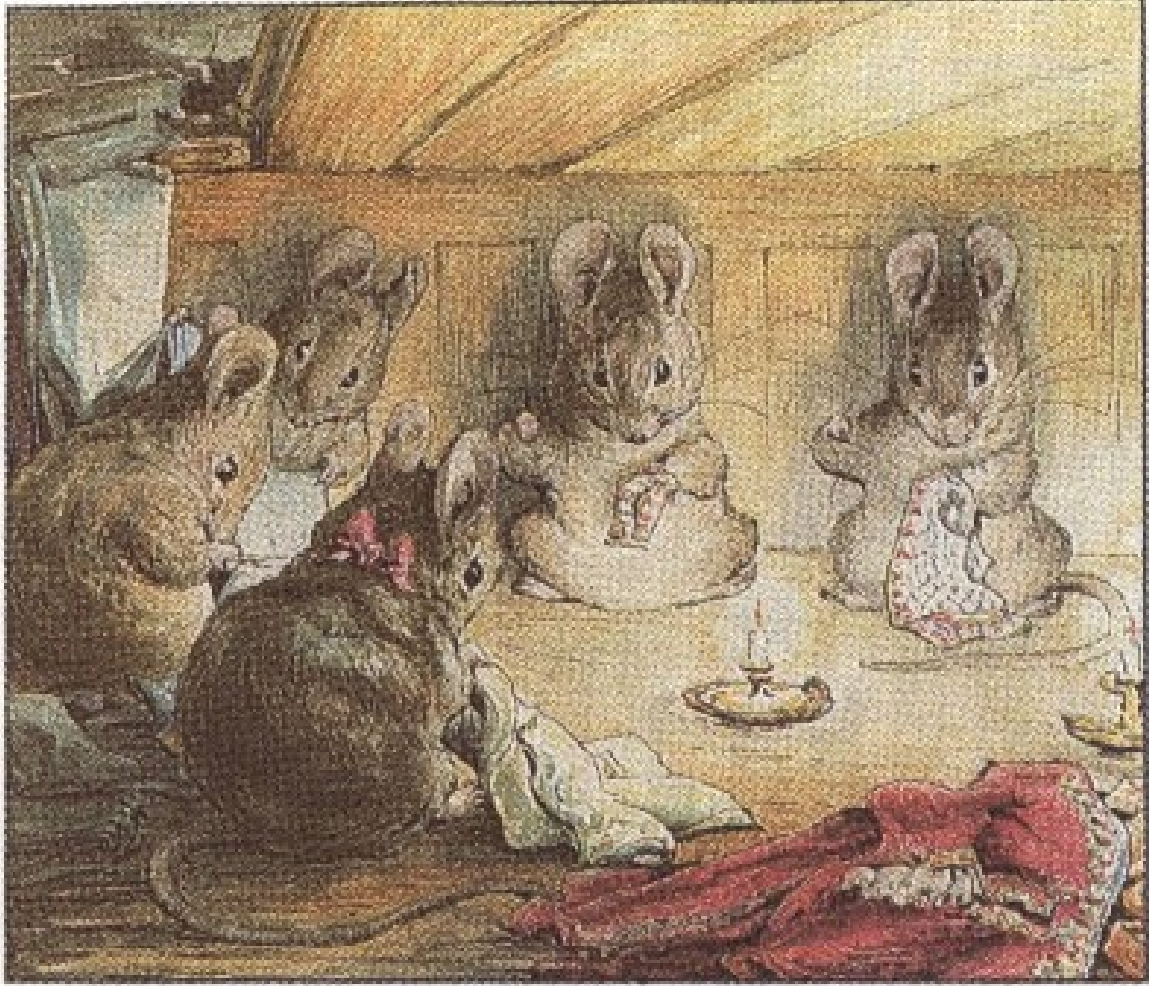
But it was all rather provoking to poor hungry Simpkin!

Particularly he was vexed with some little shrill voices from behind a wooden lattice. I think that they were bats, because they always have very small voices — especially in a black frost, when they talk in their sleep, like the Tailor of Gloucester.

They said something mysterious that sounded like —

“Buz, quoth the blue fly, hum, quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry, and so do we!”

and Simpkin went away shaking his ears as if he had a bee in his bonnet.



From the tailor's shop in Westgate came a glow of light; and when Simpkin crept up to peep in at the window it was full of candles. There was a snippeting of scissors, and snapping of thread; and little mouse voices sang loudly and gaily —

“Four-and-twenty tailors
Went to catch a snail,
The best man amongst them
Durst not touch her tail,
She put out her horns
Like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run! or she'll have you all e'en now!”

Then without a pause the little mouse voices went on again —

“Sieve my lady’s oatmeal,
Grind my lady’s flour,
Put it in a chestnut,
Let it stand an hour — — “



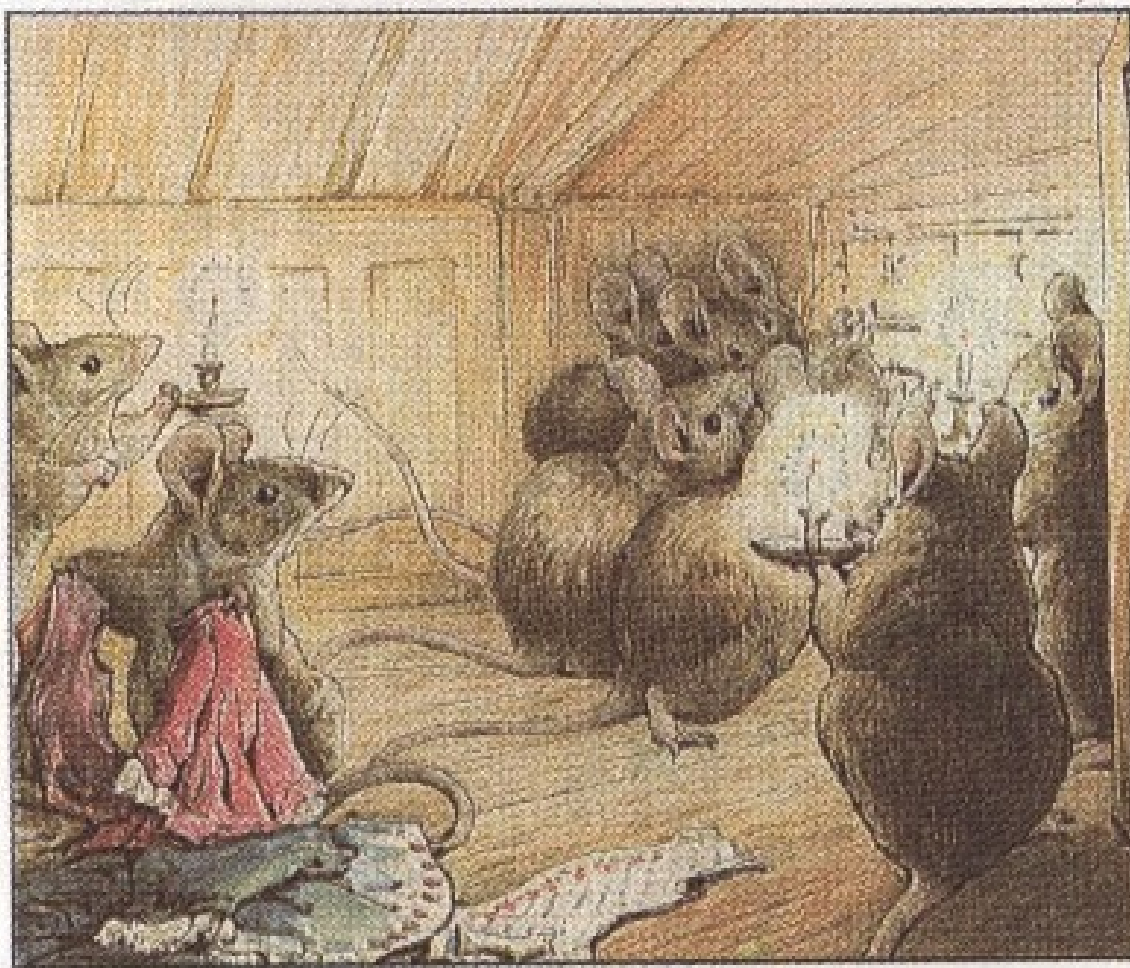
“Mew! Mew!” interrupted Simpkin, and he scratched at the door. But the key was under the tailor’s pillow, he could not get in.

The little mice only laughed, and tried another tune —

“Three little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.
What are you at, my fine little men?
Making coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut off your threads?
Oh, no, Miss Pussy, you’d bite off our heads!”

“Mew! Mew!” cried Simpkin. “Hey diddle dinketty?” answered the little mice —

“Hey diddle dinketty, poppetty pet!
The merchants of London they wear scarlet;
Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchantmen!”



They clicked their thimbles to mark the time, but none of the songs pleased Simpkin; he sniffed and mewed at the door of the shop.

“And then I bought
A pipkin and a popkin,
A slipkin and a slopkin,
All for one farthing ——

and upon the kitchen dresser!” added the rude little mice.

“Mew! scratch! scratch!” scuffled Simpkin on the window-sill; while the little mice inside sprang to their feet, and all began to shout at once in little twittering voices: “No more twist! No more twist!” And they barred up the window shutters and shut out Simpkin.

But still through the nicks in the shutters he could hear the click of thimbles, and little mouse voices singing —

“No more twist! No more twist!”



Simpkin came away from the shop and went home, considering in his mind. He found the poor old tailor without fever, sleeping peacefully.

Then Simpkin went on tip-toe and took a little parcel of silk out of the tea-pot, and looked at it in the moonlight; and he felt quite ashamed of his badness compared with those good little mice!

When the tailor awoke in the morning, the first thing which he saw upon the patchwork quilt, was a skein of cherry-coloured twisted silk, and beside his bed stood the repentant Simpkin!



“Alack, I am worn to a raveling,” said the Tailor of Gloucester, “but I have my twist!”

The sun was shining on the snow when the tailor got up and dressed, and came out into the street with Simpkin running before him.

The starlings whistled on the chimney stacks, and the throstles and robins sang — but they sang their own little noises, not the words they had sung in the night.

“Alack,” said the tailor, “I have my twist; but no more strength — nor time — than will serve to make me one single button-hole; for this is Christmas Day in the Morning! The Mayor of Gloucester shall be married by noon — and where is his cherry-coloured coat?”

He unlocked the door of the little shop in Westgate Street, and Simpkin ran in, like a cat that expects something.

But there was no one there! Not even one little brown mouse!

The boards were swept clean; the little ends of thread and the little silk snippets were all tidied away, and gone from off the floor.



But upon the table — oh joy! the tailor gave a shout — there, where he had left plain cuttings of silk — there lay the most beautifullest coat and embroidered satin waistcoat that ever were worn by a Mayor of Gloucester.



There were roses and pansies upon the facings of the coat; and the waistcoat was worked with poppies and corn-flowers.

Everything was finished except just one single cherry-coloured button-hole, and where that button-hole was wanting there was pinned a scrap of paper with these words — in little teeny weeny writing —

NO MORE TWIST

And from then began the luck of the Tailor of Gloucester; he grew quite stout, and he grew quite rich.



He made the most wonderful waistcoats for all the rich merchants of Gloucester, and for all the fine gentlemen of the country round.

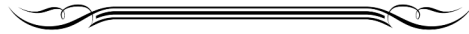
Never were seen such ruffles, or such embroidered cuffs and lappets! But his button-holes were the greatest triumph of it all.

The stitches of those button-holes were so neat — *so* neat — I wonder how they could be stitched by an old man in spectacles, with crooked old fingers, and a tailor's thimble.

The stitches of those button-holes were so small — *so* small — they looked as if they had been made by little mice!

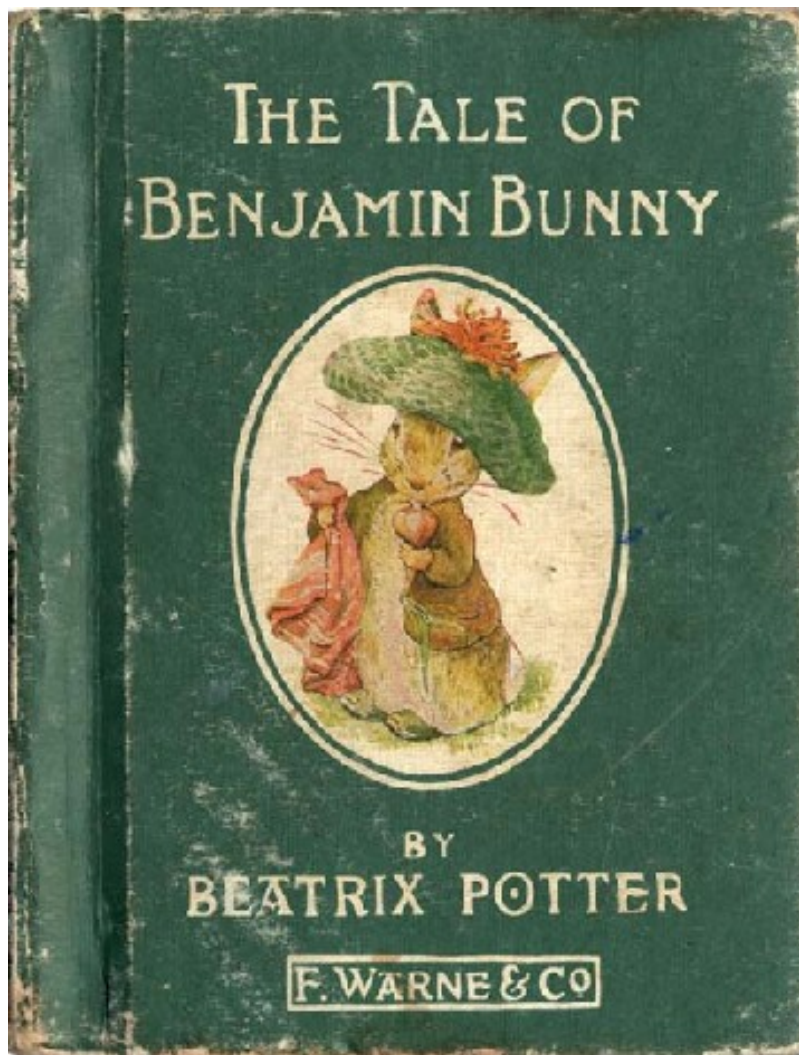
THE END

THE TALE OF BENJAMIN BUNNY



The Tale of Benjamin Bunny was first published by Frederick Warne & Co in September 1904. The book is a sequel to *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* and it was an instant commercial success, selling twenty thousand copies upon release and another ten thousand copies were printed in the last few months of 1904. Potter's publisher had been very keen that *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny* would be her next work. During the summer of 1903 Potter went to Cumbria with her parents and stayed at Fawe Park in Keswick. She sketched the estate's gardens including greenhouses and potting sheds and this holiday resulted in her moving Mr McGregor's garden from the Perthshire setting in *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* to the Lake District for *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny* and *The Tale of Mr Tod*. Potter had almost completed the work in London by the summer of June 1904 and the sketches she had drawn in Cumbria were not significantly altered in the final work. The author was meticulous with her illustrations and experimented with many different background pictures and settings for her rabbit drawings. The character of Benjamin Bunny returned in *The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies* in 1909 and in the 1912 work *The Tale of Mr Tod*.

Peter Rabbit returns in this tale with his cousin Benjamin Rabbit and they enter Mr McGregor's garden to retrieve Peter's clothes from the scarecrow. After Peter's previous experience in the garden he is nervous and desperate to leave as soon as his blue coat and brown shoes have been found. However, Benjamin wishes to steal onions to give to his aunt and wants to stroll around and have a look at the forbidden place. Unfortunately for the rabbits a cat enters the garden and they are forced to hide; they then panic that they will be unable to escape. The story has been criticised for being weak and lacking the vitality and inventiveness of Potter's earlier works; this loss of creativity has been attributed to her diminishing interest in the Peter Rabbit saga and the pressure placed on her to write a commercially successful book. However, despite the criticisms, the illustrations of rabbits and the country landscape have continued to be praised for their charm and precision.



The first edition

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**THE TALE OF
BENJAMIN BUNNY**



BY
BEATRIX POTTER

AUTHOR OF "THE TAIL OF PETER RABBIT," &C.

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FOR THE CHILDREN OF SAWREY
FROM
OLD MR. BUNNY

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One morning a little rabbit sat on a bank.
He pricked his ears and listened to the trit-trot, trit-trot of a pony.
A gig was coming along the road; it was driven by Mr. McGregor, and
beside him sat Mrs. McGregor in her best bonnet.



As soon as they had passed, little Benjamin Bunny slid down into the road, and set off — with a hop, skip, and a jump — to call upon his relations, who lived in the wood at the back of Mr. McGregor's garden.



That wood was full of rabbit holes; and in the neatest, sandiest hole of all lived Benjamin's aunt and his cousins — Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

Old Mrs. Rabbit was a widow; she earned her living by knitting rabbit-wool mittens and muffatees (I once bought a pair at a bazaar). She also sold herbs, and rosemary tea, and rabbit-tobacco (which is what we call lavender).



Little Benjamin did not very much want to see his Aunt.

He came round the back of the fir-tree, and nearly tumbled upon the top of his Cousin Peter.



Peter was sitting by himself. He looked poorly, and was dressed in a red cotton pocket-handkerchief.



“Peter,” said little Benjamin, in a whisper, “who has got your clothes?”

Peter replied, “The scarecrow in Mr. McGregor’s garden,” and described how he had been chased about the garden, and had dropped his shoes and coat.

Little Benjamin sat down beside his cousin and assured him that Mr. McGregor had gone out in a gig, and Mrs. McGregor also; and certainly for the day, because she was wearing her best bonnet.



Peter said he hoped that it would rain.

At this point old Mrs. Rabbit's voice was heard inside the rabbit hole, calling: "Cotton-tail! Cotton-tail! fetch some more camomile!"

Peter said he thought he might feel better if he went for a walk.



They went away hand in hand, and got upon the flat top of the wall at the bottom of the wood. From here they looked down into Mr. McGregor's garden. Peter's coat and shoes were plainly to be seen upon the scarecrow, topped with an old tam-o'-shanter of Mr. McGregor's.



Little Benjamin said: “It spoils people’s clothes to squeeze under a gate; the proper way to get in is to climb down a pear-tree.”

Peter fell down head first; but it was of no consequence, as the bed below was newly raked and quite soft.

It had been sown with lettuces.



They left a great many odd little footmarks all over the bed, especially little Benjamin, who was wearing clogs.



Little Benjamin said that the first thing to be done was to get back Peter's clothes, in order that they might be able to use the pocket-handkerchief.

They took them off the scarecrow. There had been rain during the night; there was water in the shoes, and the coat was somewhat shrunk.

Benjamin tried on the tam-o'-shanter, but it was too big for him.



Then he suggested that they should fill the pocket-handkerchief with onions, as a little present for his Aunt.

Peter did not seem to be enjoying himself; he kept hearing noises.



Benjamin, on the contrary, was perfectly at home, and ate a lettuce leaf. He said that he was in the habit of coming to the garden with his father to get lettuces for their Sunday dinner.

(The name of little Benjamin's papa was old Mr. Benjamin Bunny.)
The lettuces certainly were very fine.



Peter did not eat anything; he said he should like to go home. Presently he dropped half the onions.



Little Benjamin said that it was not possible to get back up the pear-tree with a load of vegetables. He led the way boldly towards the other end of the garden. They went along a little walk on planks, under a sunny, red brick wall.

The mice sat on their doorsteps cracking cherry-stones; they winked at Peter Rabbit and little Benjamin Bunny.



Presently Peter let the pocket-handkerchief go again.



They got amongst flower-pots, and frames, and tubs. Peter heard noises worse than ever; his eyes were as big as lolly-pops!

He was a step or two in front of his cousin when he suddenly stopped.



This is what those little rabbits saw round that corner!

Little Benjamin took one look, and then, in half a minute less than no time, he hid himself and Peter and the onions underneath a large basket....



The cat got up and stretched herself, and came and sniffed at the basket.

Perhaps she liked the smell of onions!

Anyway, she sat down upon the top of the basket.



She sat there for *five hours*.

I cannot draw you a picture of Peter and Benjamin underneath the basket, because it was quite dark, and because the smell of onions was fearful; it made Peter Rabbit and little Benjamin cry.

The sun got round behind the wood, and it was quite late in the afternoon; but still the cat sat upon the basket.



At length there was a pitter-patter, pitter-patter, and some bits of mortar fell from the wall above.

The cat looked up and saw old Mr. Benjamin Bunny prancing along the top of the wall of the upper terrace.

He was smoking a pipe of rabbit-tobacco, and had a little switch in his hand.

He was looking for his son.



Old Mr. Bunny had no opinion whatever of cats.

He took a tremendous jump off the top of the wall on to the top of the cat, and cuffed it off the basket, and kicked it into the greenhouse, scratching off a handful of fur.

The cat was too much surprised to scratch back.



When old Mr. Bunny had driven the cat into the greenhouse, he locked the door.

Then he came back to the basket and took out his son Benjamin by the ears, and whipped him with the little switch.

Then he took out his nephew Peter.



Then he took out the handkerchief of onions, and marched out of the garden.



When Mr. McGregor returned about half an hour later he observed several things which perplexed him.

It looked as though some person had been walking all over the garden in a pair of clogs — only the footmarks were too ridiculously little!

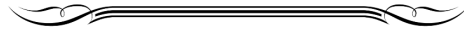
Also he could not understand how the cat could have managed to shut herself up *inside* the greenhouse, locking the door upon the *outside*.



When Peter got home his mother forgave him, because she was so glad to see that he had found his shoes and coat. Cotton-tail and Peter folded up the pocket-handkerchief, and old Mrs. Rabbit strung up the onions and hung them from the kitchen ceiling, with the bunches of herbs and the rabbit-tobacco.

THE END

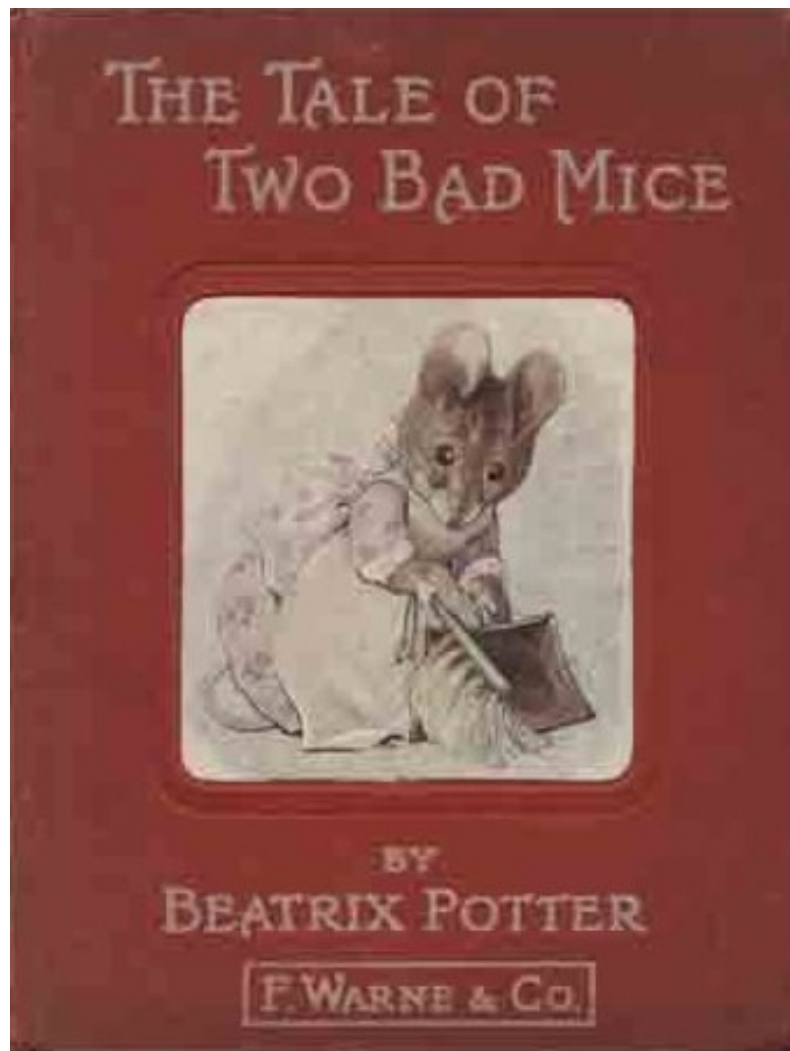
THE TALE OF TWO BAD MICE



The Tale of Two Bad Mice was published in September 1904 by Frederick Warne & Co. The inspiration for the book came from a mouse cage-trap in Potter's cousin's home and a doll's house her publisher built for his niece. Potter was initially inspired with the idea for the tale in 1903 when she rescued two mice caught in a trap and decided to name them Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca after certain characters in Henry Fielding's play *Tom Thumb*. She dedicated the book to Norman Warne's niece, Winifred Warne, because she was the one with the doll's house and Potter also borrowed the policeman doll from her. It was a large doll which was wildly out of proportion to the house and the author decided to employ it as an important character in *The Tale of Two Bad Mice*. The book was one of three stories the author was working on as a companion piece to *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny* in the winter of 1903.

Although the tale of the cat, *The Pie and the Patty-Pan* (as it would later be titled), would have been easier to produce from existing sketches, Potter favoured the mouse story at that time. Warne assisted the author with her book by giving her a glass mouse house so she could observe and sketch mice in that environment. *The Tale of Two Bad Mice* is a story of two mice that enter a doll's house for fun but when they learn that the food they want eat is actually made from plaster they angrily decide to destroy the furniture and interiors. A large policeman doll is then stationed right outside the home to prevent any further disturbances. Though the story involves the mice showing remorse and penance, it also displays a sense of insurrection and rebellion against the glorification and exultation of Victorian domesticity.

During this period Potter was feeling stifled by her parents, who wished her to remain single and become a permanent housekeeper in their London home. She had begun a romantic relationship with Norman Warne and she wished to rebel against the restrictions placed on her by her parents and Victorian society.



The first edition

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Norman Warne (1868–1905) was the third son of publisher Frederick Warne. Warne became Potter's editor and they worked together on several subsequent books. Potter began spending more time at the firm's offices and took several trips to Warne's home to sketch a doll house he was constructing for his nieces. In July 1905 Warne proposed and Potter accepted, but before a marriage could take place, Warne died suddenly of pernicious anaemia on 25 August 1905.

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THE TALE OF TWO BAD MICE



BY

BEATRIX POTTER

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ONCE upon a time there was a very beautiful doll's-house; it was red brick with white windows, and it had real muslin curtains and a front door and a chimney.





It belonged to two Dolls called Lucinda and Jane, at least it belonged to Lucinda, but she never ordered meals.

Jane was the Cook; but she never did any cooking, because the dinner had been bought ready-made, in a box full of shavings.



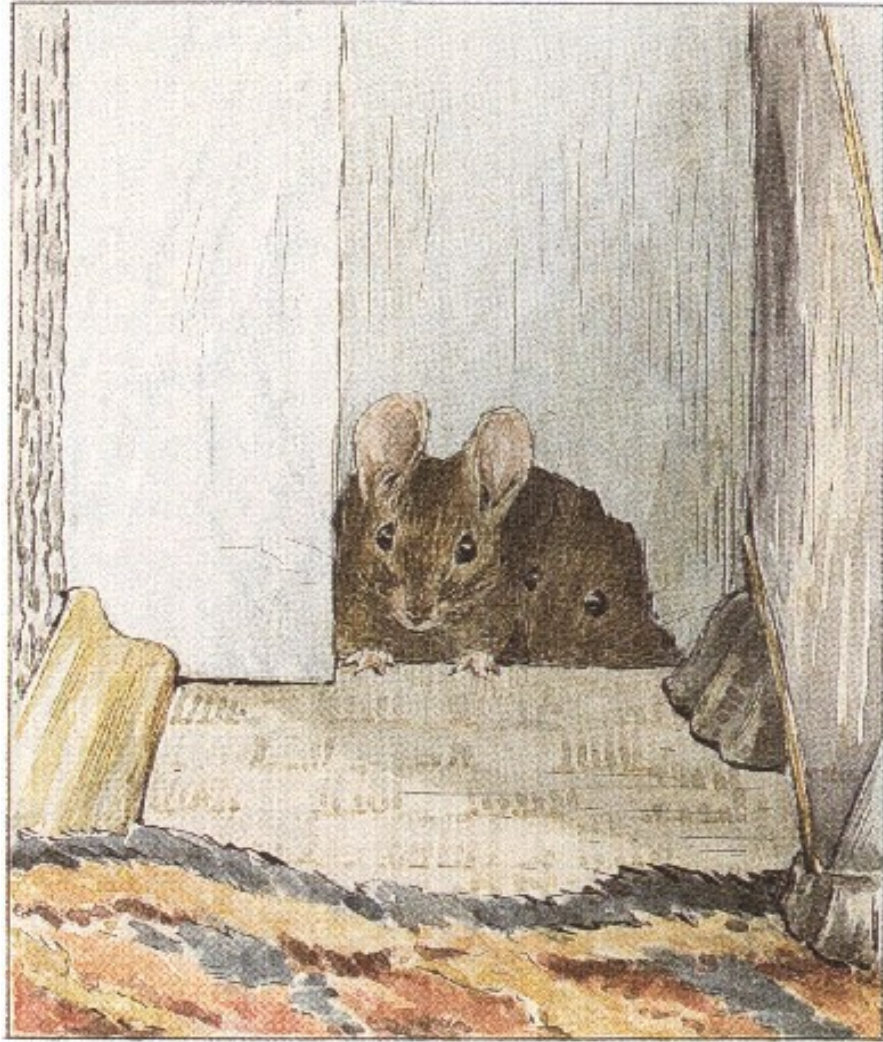
There were two red lobsters and a ham, a fish, a pudding, and some pears and oranges.

They would not come off the plates, but they were extremely beautiful.

One morning Lucinda and Jane had gone out for a drive in the doll's perambulator. There was no one in the nursery, and it was very quiet. Presently there was a little scuffling, scratching noise in a corner near the fire-place, where there was a hole under the skirting-board.

Tom Thumb put out his head for a moment, and then popped it in again.

Tom Thumb was a mouse.



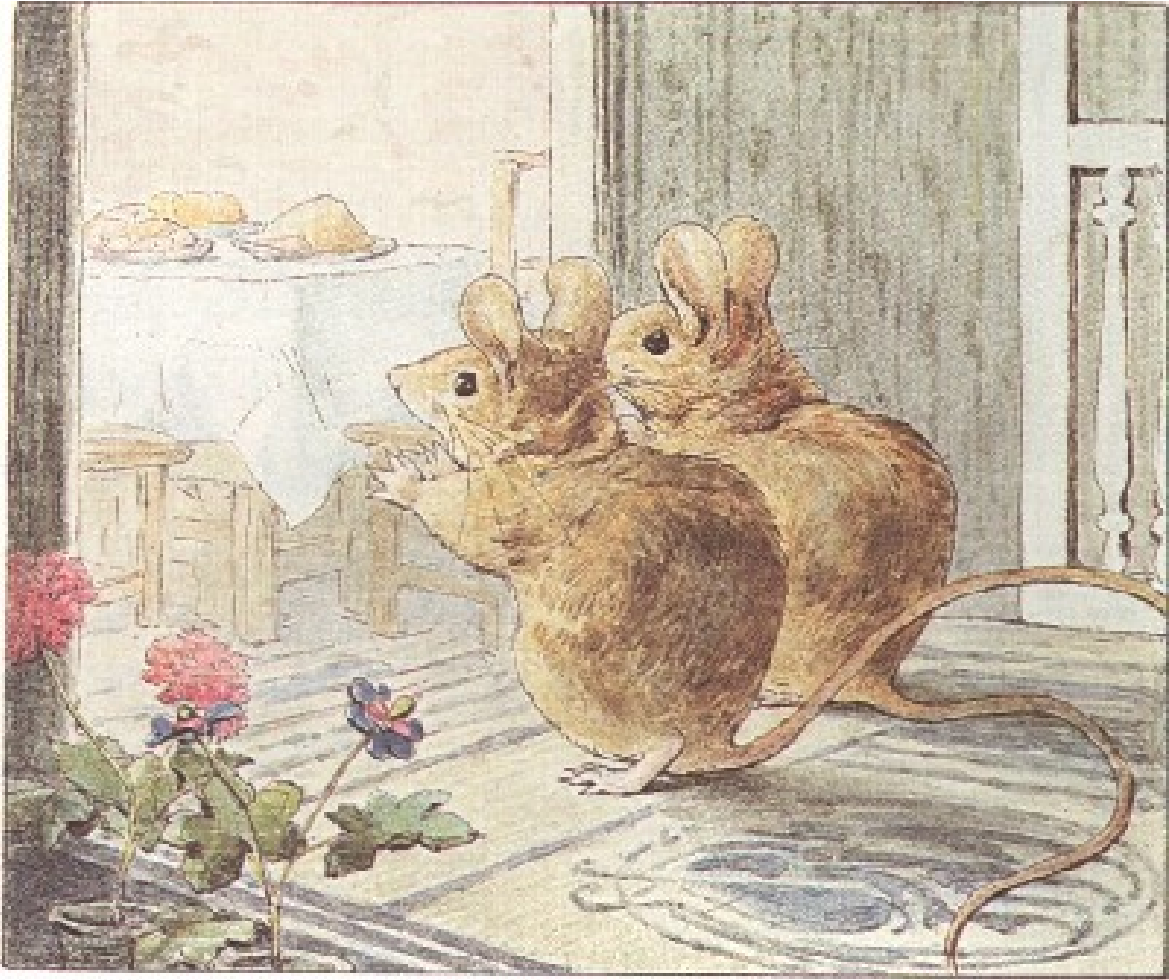


A minute afterwards, Hunca Munca, his wife, put her head out, too; and when she saw that there was no one in the nursery, she ventured out on the oilcloth under the coalbox.

The doll's-house stood at the other side of the fire-place. Tom rhumb and Hunca Munca went cautiously across the hearthrug. They pushed the front door — it was not fast.



Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca went upstairs and peeped into the diningroom. Then they squeaked with joy!

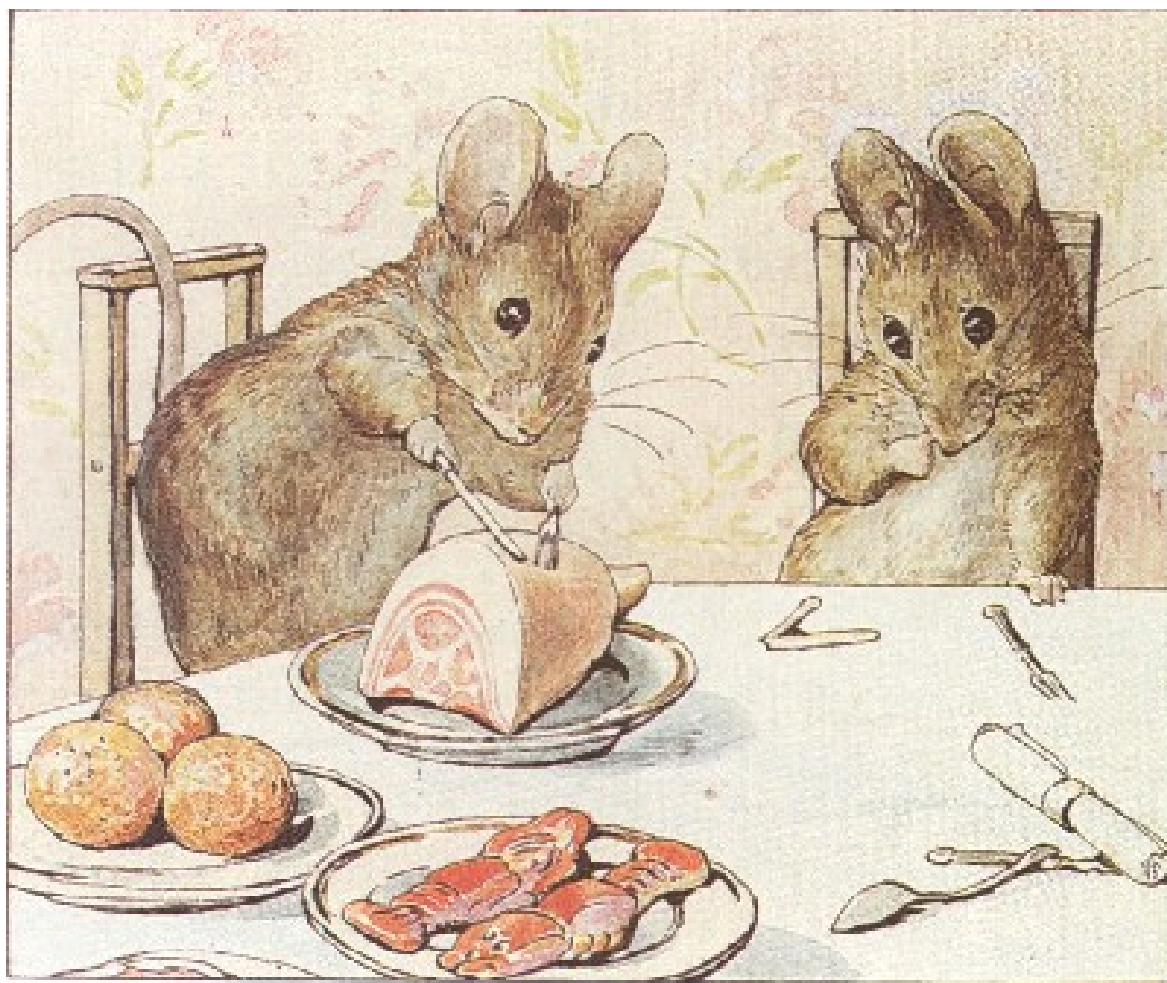


Such a lovely dinner was laid out upon the table! There were tin spoons, and lead knives and forks, and two dolly-chairs — all *so* convenient!

Tom Thumb set to work at once to carve the ham. It was a beautiful shiny yellow, streaked with red.

The knife crumpled up and hurt him; he put his finger in his mouth.

“It is not boiled enough; it is hard. You have a try, Hunca Munca.”





Hunca Munca stood up in her chair, and chopped at the ham with another lead knife.

“It’s as hard as the hams at the cheesemonger’s,” said Hunca Munca.

The ham broke off the plate with a jerk, and rolled under the table.

“Let it alone,” said Tom Thumb; “give me some fish, Hunca Munca!”





Hunca Munca tried every tin spoon in turn; the fish was glued to the dish.

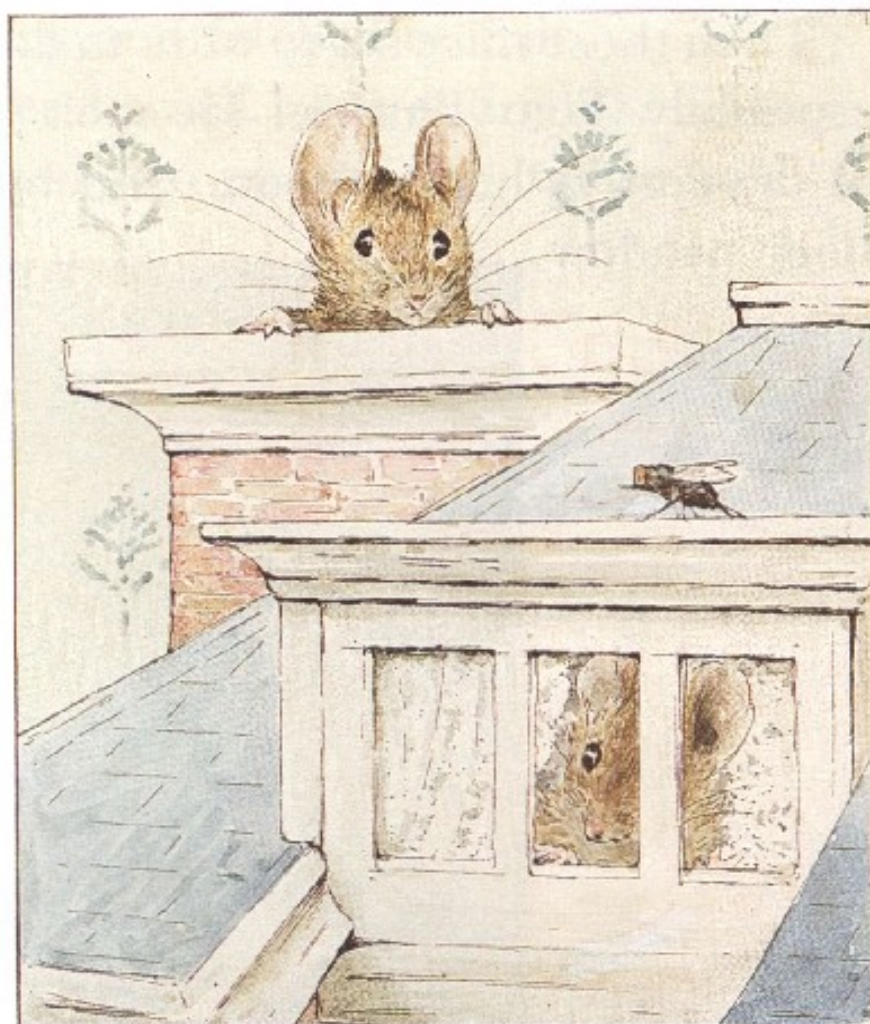
Then Tom Thumb lost his temper. He put the ham in the middle of the floor, and hit it with the tongs and with the shovel — bang, bang, smash, smash!

The ham flew all into pieces, for underneath the shiny paint it was made of nothing but plaster! Then there was no end to the rage and disappointment of Tom Thumb and Hunca Munca. They broke up the pudding, the lobsters, the pears and the oranges.



As the fish would not come off the plate, they put it into the red-hot crinkly paper fire in the kitchen; but it would not burn either.

Tom Thumb went up the kitchen chimney and looked out at the top — there was no soot.





While Tom Thumb was up the chimney, Hunca Munca had another disappointment. She found some tiny canisters upon the dresser, labelled — Rice — Coffee — Sago — but when she turned them upside down, there was nothing inside except red and blue beads.

Then those mice set to work to do all the mischief they could — especially Tom Thumb! He took Jane's clothes out of the chest of drawers in her bedroom, and he threw them out of the top floor window.

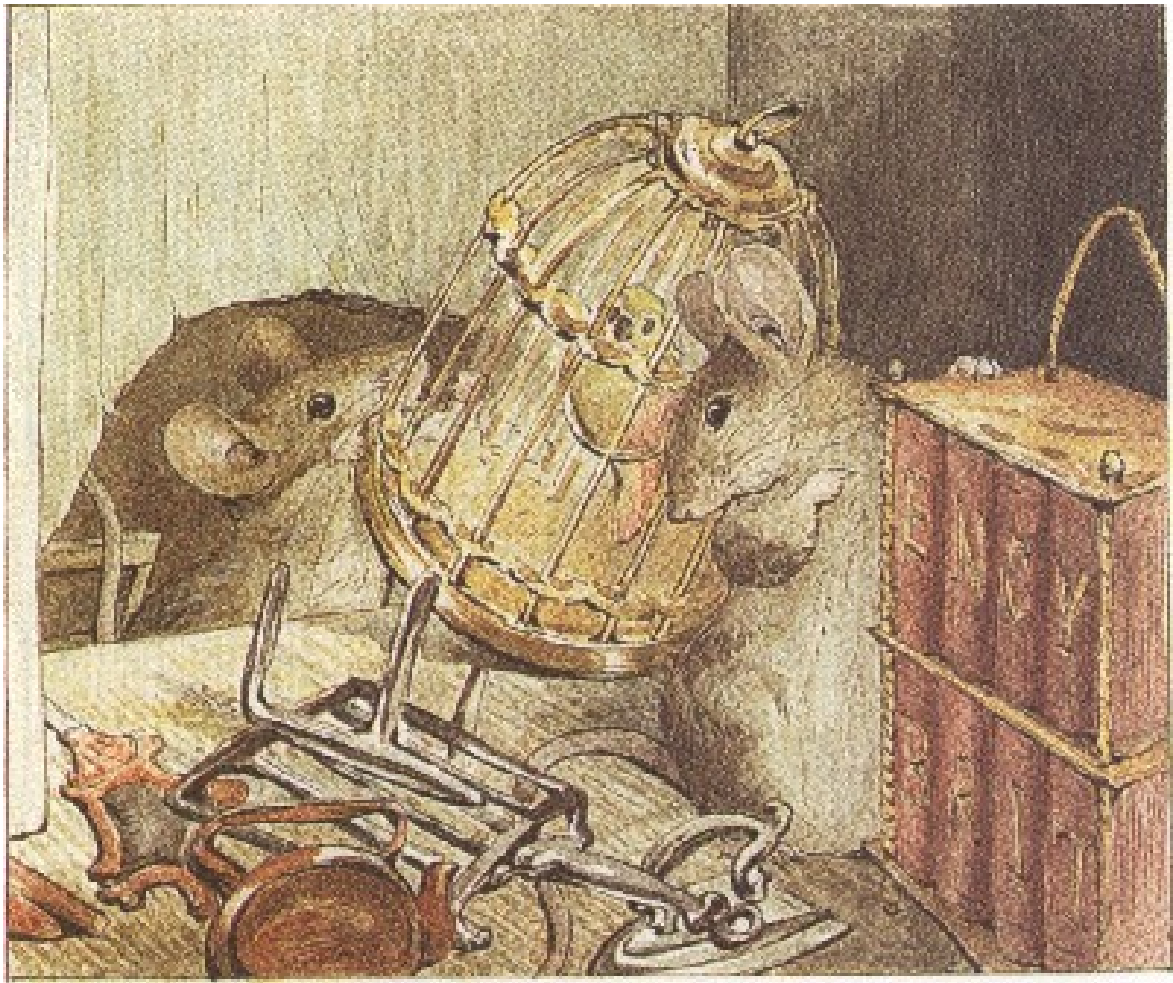


But Hunca Munca had a frugal mind. After pulling half the feathers out of Lucinda's bolster, she remembered that she herself was in want of a feather bed.

With Tom Thumb's assistance she carried the bolster downstairs, and across the hearthrug. It was difficult to squeeze the bolster into the mouse-hole; but they managed it somehow.



Then Hunca Munca went back and fetched a chair, a book-case, a bird-cage, and several small odds and ends. The book-case and the bird-cage refused to go into the mouse-hole.





Hunca Munca left them behind the coal-box, and went to fetch a cradle.



Hunca Munca was just returning with another chair, when suddenly there was a noise of talking outside upon the landing. The mice rushed back to their hole, and the dolls came into the nursery.

What a sight met the eyes of Jane and Lucinda!

Lucinda sat upon the upset kitchen stove and stared; and Jane leant against the kitchen dresser and smiled — but neither of them made any remark.



The book-case and the bird-cage were rescued from under the coal-box — but Hunca Munca has got the cradle, and some of Lucinda's clothes.

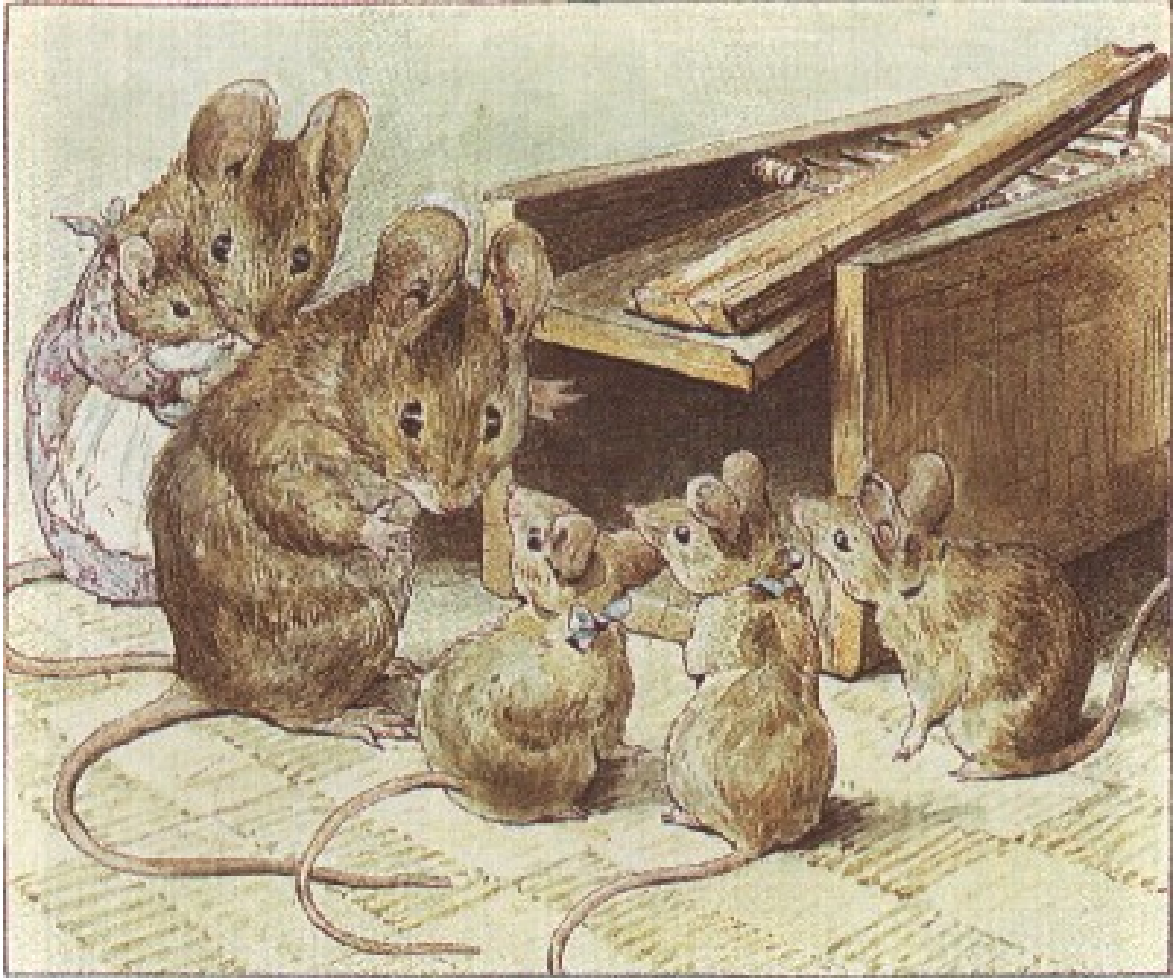




She also has some useful pots and pans, and several other things.



The little girl that the doll's-house belonged to, said,— “I will get a doll dressed like a policeman!”



But the nurse said,— “I will set a mouse-trap!”



So that is the story of the two Bad Mice, — but they were not so very very naughty after all, because Tom Thumb paid for everything he broke.

He found a crooked sixpence under the hearthrug; and upon Christmas Eve, he and Hunca Munca stuffed it into one of the stockings of Lucinda and Jane.

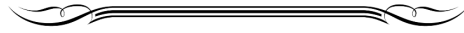


And very early every morning — before anybody is awake Hunca Munca comes with her dust-pan and her broom to sweep the Dollies' house!

THE END

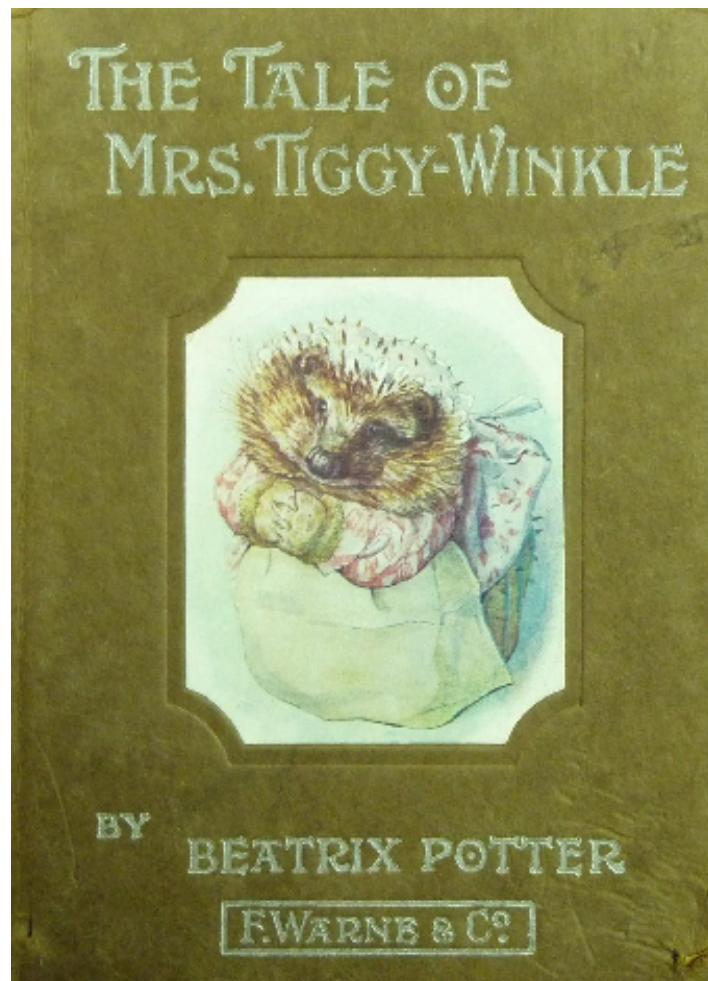
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THE TALE OF MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE



The Tale of Mrs Tiggy-Winkle was first published by Frederick Warne & Co in October 1905. It introduces the character Mrs Tiggy-Winkle, who is a hedgehog washerwoman residing in the fells of the Lake District. The character was inspired by a combination of Potter's pet hedgehog and a Scottish washerwoman that worked for her family; the character of Lucie was influenced by a real young girl called Lucie Carr. The story began to take form in 1901 when Potter went on holiday near to Derwentwater and encountered the little girl, who was the daughter of a vicar. She was charmed by the child and began to write the tale sometime in 1902, but it was not until 1904 when Potter was completing *The Tale of Benjamin Bunny* and *The Tale of Two Bad Mice* that she considered elaborating on her story about the Mrs Tiggy-Winkle and Lucie. In the summer of 1905 she finally completed the illustrations after struggling to master drawing a small girl and needing to recruit a real child as a model for Lucie. Elements of rhyme also caused Potter concern, but she enjoyed working on the project and expressed sadness over its completion in July 1905, stating that she felt 'very much lost' now that she had finished the book.

The narrative of the book follows Lucie who lives on a farm and has recently lost three handkerchiefs and a pinafore. While she is scrambling about on a hill she comes across a small door; Mrs Tiggy-Winkle lives there and works as the animals' laundress; luckily she has also found Lucie's missing items and cleaned them. Lucie and Mrs Tiggy-Winkle have tea together before they deliver all the clean laundry to animal friends and when they part Lucie contemplates the idea that the washerwoman was actually a hedgehog. The illustrator believed that the domestic setting of the book would appeal to girls, while also including popular characters from her previous works to help interconnect the imaginary Potter world.



The first edition

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**THE TALE OF
MRS. TIGGY-WINKLE**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit", &c.

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Once upon a time there was a little girl called Lucie, who lived at a farm called Little-town. She was a good little girl — only she was always losing her pocket-handkerchiefs!

One day little Lucie came into the farm-yard crying — oh, she did cry so! “I’ve lost my pocket-handkin! Three handkins and a pinny! Have *you* seen them, Tabby Kitten?”



The Kitten went on washing her white paws; so Lucie asked a speckled hen —

“Sally Henny-penny, have *you* found three pocket-handkins?”

But the speckled hen ran into a barn, clucking —

“I go barefoot, barefoot, barefoot!”



And then Lucie asked Cock Robin sitting on a twig.

Cock Robin looked sideways at Lucie with his bright black eye, and he flew over a stile and away.

Lucie climbed upon the stile and looked up at the hill behind Little-town — a hill that goes up — up — into the clouds as though it had no top!

And a great way up the hill-side she thought she saw some white things spread upon the grass.



Lucie scrambled up the hill as fast as her stout legs would carry her; she ran along a steep path-way — up and up — until Little-town was right away down below — she could have dropped a pebble down the chimney!



Presently she came to a spring, bubbling out from the hill-side.

Some one had stood a tin can upon a stone to catch the water — but the water was already running over, for the can was no bigger than an egg-cup! And where the sand upon the path was wet — there were foot-marks of a *very* small person.

Lucie ran on, and on.



The path ended under a big rock. The grass was short and green, and there were clothes — props cut from bracken stems, with lines of plaited rushes, and a heap of tiny clothes pins — but no pocket-handkerchiefs!

But there was something else — a door! straight into the hill; and inside it some one was singing —

“Lily-white and clean, oh!

With little frills between, oh!

Smooth and hot — red rusty spot

Never here be seen, oh!”



Lucie, knocked — once — twice, and interrupted the song. A little frightened voice called out “Who’s that?”

Lucie opened the door: and what do you think there was inside the hill? — a nice clean kitchen with a flagged floor and wooden beams — just like any other farm kitchen. Only the ceiling was so low that Lucie’s head nearly touched it; and the pots and pans were small, and so was everything there.



There was a nice hot singey smell; and at the table, with an iron in her hand stood a very stout short person staring anxiously at Lucie.

Her print gown was tucked up, and she was wearing a large apron over her striped petticoat. Her little black nose went sniffle, sniffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and underneath her cap — where Lucie had yellow curls — that little person had PRICKLES!



“Who are you?” said Lucie. “Have you seen my pocket-handkins?”

The little person made a bob-curtsey— “Oh, yes, if you please’m; my name is Mrs. Tiggy-winkle; oh, yes if you please’m, I’m an excellent clear-starcher!” And she took something out of a clothes-basket, and spread it on the ironing-blanket.



“What’s that thing?” said Lucie— “that’s not my pocket-handkin?”

“Oh no, if you please’m; that’s a little scarlet waist-coat belonging to Cock Robin!”

And she ironed it and folded it, and put it on one side.



Then she took something else off a clothes-horse —

“That isn’t my pinny?” said Lucie.

“Oh no, if you please’m; that’s a damask table-cloth belonging to Jenny Wren; look how it’s stained with currant wine! It’s very bad to wash!” said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.



Mrs. Tiggy-winkle's nose went sniffle, sniffle, snuffle, and her eyes went twinkle, twinkle; and she fetched another hot iron from the fire.



“There’s one of my pocket-handkins!” cried Lucie— “and there’s my pinny!”

Mrs. Tiggy-winkle ironed it, and goffered it, and shook out the frills.

“Oh that *is* lovely!” said Lucie.



“And what are those long yellow things with fingers like gloves?”

“Oh, that’s a pair of stockings belonging to Sally Henny-penny — look how she’s worn the heels out with scratching in the yard! She’ll very soon go barefoot!” said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.



“Why, there’s another handkersniff — but it isn’t mine; it’s red?”

“Oh no, if you please’m; that one belongs to old Mrs. Rabbit; and it *did* so smell of onions! I’ve had to wash it separately, I can’t get out the smell.”

“There’s another one of mine,” said Lucie.



“What are those funny little white things?”

“That’s a pair of mittens belonging to Tabby Kitten; I only have to iron them; she washes them herself.”

“There’s my last pocket-handkin!” said Lucie.



“And what are you dipping into the basin of starch?”

“They’re little dicky shirt-fronts belonging to Tom Titmouse — most terrible particular!” said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle. “Now I’ve finished my ironing; I’m going to air some clothes.”



“What are these dear soft fluffy things?” said Lucie.

“Oh those are woolly coats belonging to the little lambs at Skelghyl.”

“Will their jackets take off?” asked Lucie.

“Oh yes, if you please’m; look at the sheep-mark on the shoulder. And here’s one marked for Gatesgarth, and three that come from Little-town. They’re *always* marked at washing!” said Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.



And she hung up all sorts and sizes of clothes — small brown coats of mice; and one velvety black moleskin waist-coat; and a red tailcoat with no tail belonging to Squirrel Nutkin; and a very much shrunk blue jacket belonging to Peter Rabbit; and a petticoat, not marked, that had gone lost in the washing — and at last the basket was empty!



“Then Mrs. Tiggy-winkle made tea — a cup for herself and a cup for Lucie. They sat before the fire on a bench and looked sideways at one another. Mrs. Tiggy-winkle’s hand, holding the tea-cup, was very very brown, and very very wrinkly with the soap-suds; and all through her gown and her cap, there were *hair-pins* sticking wrong end out; so that Lucie didn’t like to sit too near her.



When they had finished tea, they tied up the clothes in bundles; and Lucie's pocket-handkerchiefs were folded up inside her clean pinny, and fastened with a silver safety-pin.

And then they made up the fire with turf, and came out and locked the door, and hid the key under the door-sill.



Then away down the hill trotted Lucie and Mrs. Tiggy-winkle with the bundles of clothes!

All the way down the path little animals came out of the fern to meet them; the very first that they met were Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny!



And she gave them their nice clean clothes; and all the little animals and birds were so very much obliged to dear Mrs. Tiggy-winkle.



So that at the bottom of the hill when they came to the stile, there was nothing left to carry except Lucie's one little bundle.



Lucie scrambled up the stile with the bundle in her hand; and then she turned to say “Good-night,” and to thank the washer-woman — But what a *very* odd thing! Mrs. Tiggy-winkle had not waited either for thanks or for the washing bill!

She was running running running up the hill — and where was her white frilled cap? and her shawl? and her gown — and her petticoat?



And *how* small she had grown — and *how* brown — and covered with PRICKLES!

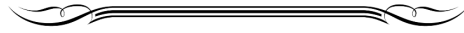
Why! Mrs. Tiggy-winkle was nothing but a HEDGEHOG.

(Now some people say that little Lucie had been asleep upon the stile — but then how could she have found three clean pocket-handkins and a pinny, pinned with a silver safety-pin?

And besides — *I* have seen that door into the back of the hill called Cat Bells — and besides *I* am very well acquainted with dear Mrs. Tiggy-winkle!)

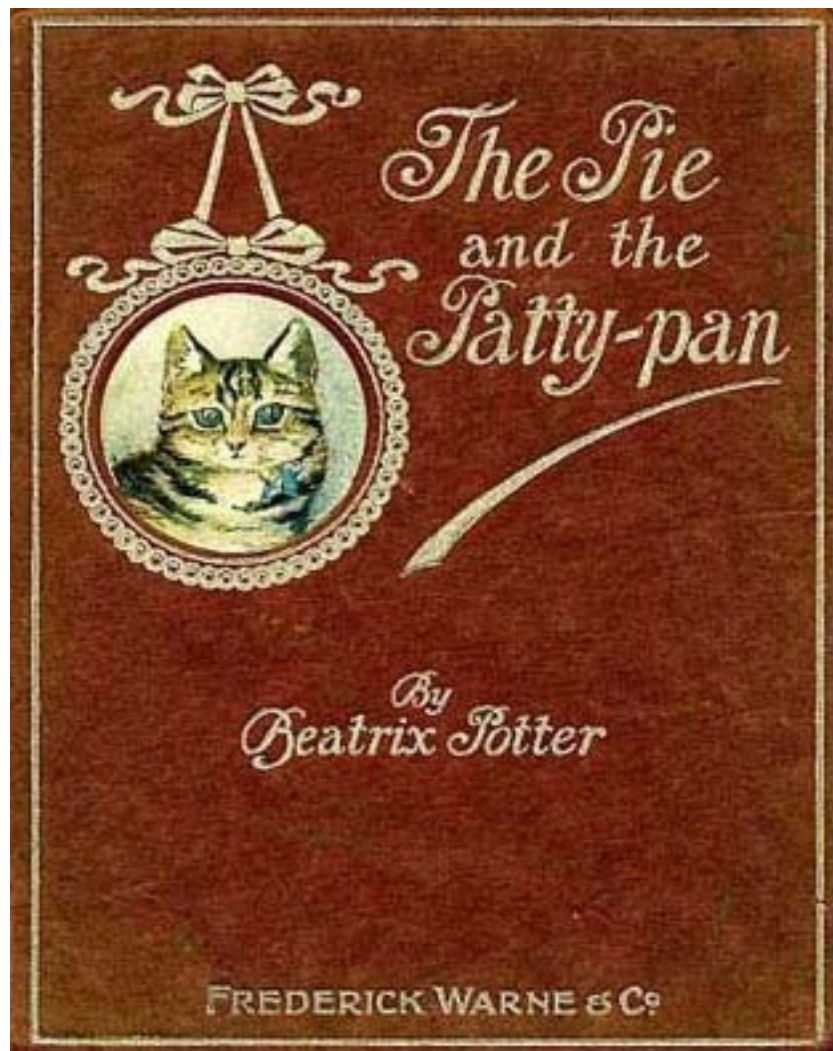
THE END

THE TALE OF THE PIE AND THE PATTY-PAN



Frederick Warner & Co published *The Tale of the Pie and the Patty-Pan* in October 1905, although a version of the tale was first written in 1903. The story centres on a tea party involving a cat and dog as the principle characters. A dog named Duchess is invited to tea by a cat called Ribby, who intends to serve Duchess a delicious pie. However, the dog panics as she fears she will have to eat a mouse pie which she does not believe she could tolerate, so she decides to attempt to switch a ham and veal pie for the mouse dish so she can eat what she would prefer.

In the summer of 1902 Potter went to a country house called Lakefield in the village of Sawrey in Cumbria. There were three small cottages close to Lakefield that Potter utilised for her story. She sketched the interior of one house and the paths leading up to the cottages which would later serve as the background for the tale. In 1903 she discussed using her Lakefield drawings for a story she was composing about a dinner party involving a dog and a cat, but the idea was delayed while she worked on other projects. After Potter and her publisher had decided that the animal tea party tale would be her next book, she rewrote the 1903 narrative as she now deemed it unsatisfactory. The characters were modelled on real animals; Duchess was her neighbour at Lakefield's dog; Ribby was drawn from a cat living in Sawrey and Dr Maggoty was the result of Potter's observations of magpies at the London Zoology Gardens. During the spring of 1905 Potter struggled to please Norman Warne with some of her dog illustrations but by June of that year she had completed the work with Warne's approval and was excited about its publication. The book was the first of Potter's works to be published in a larger size to help maximise the beauty of her illustrations.



The first edition



The Old Post Office featured in 'The Pie and the Patty-Pan'

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**THE TALE OF
THE PIE AND THE PATTY-PAN**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.

OceanofPDF.com

*Pussy-cat sits by the fire — how should she be fair?
In walks the little dog — says “Pussy are you there?
How do you do Mistress Pussy? Mistress Pussy, how do you do?”
“I thank you kindly, little dog. I fare as well as you!”*

Old Rhyme.



Once upon a time there was a Pussy-cat called Ribby, who invited a little dog called Duchess, to tea.

“Come in good time, my dear Duchess,” said Ribby’s letter, “and we will have something so very nice. I am baking it in a pie-dish — a pie-dish with a pink rim. You never tasted anything so good! And *you* shall eat it all! *I* will eat muffins, my dear Duchess!” wrote Ribby.

Duchess read the letter and wrote an answer:— “I will come with much pleasure at a quarter past four. But it is very strange. *I* was just going to invite you to come here, to supper, my dear Ribby, to eat something *most delicious*.

“I will come very punctually, my dear Ribby,” wrote Duchess; and then at the end she added— “I hope it isn’t mouse?”

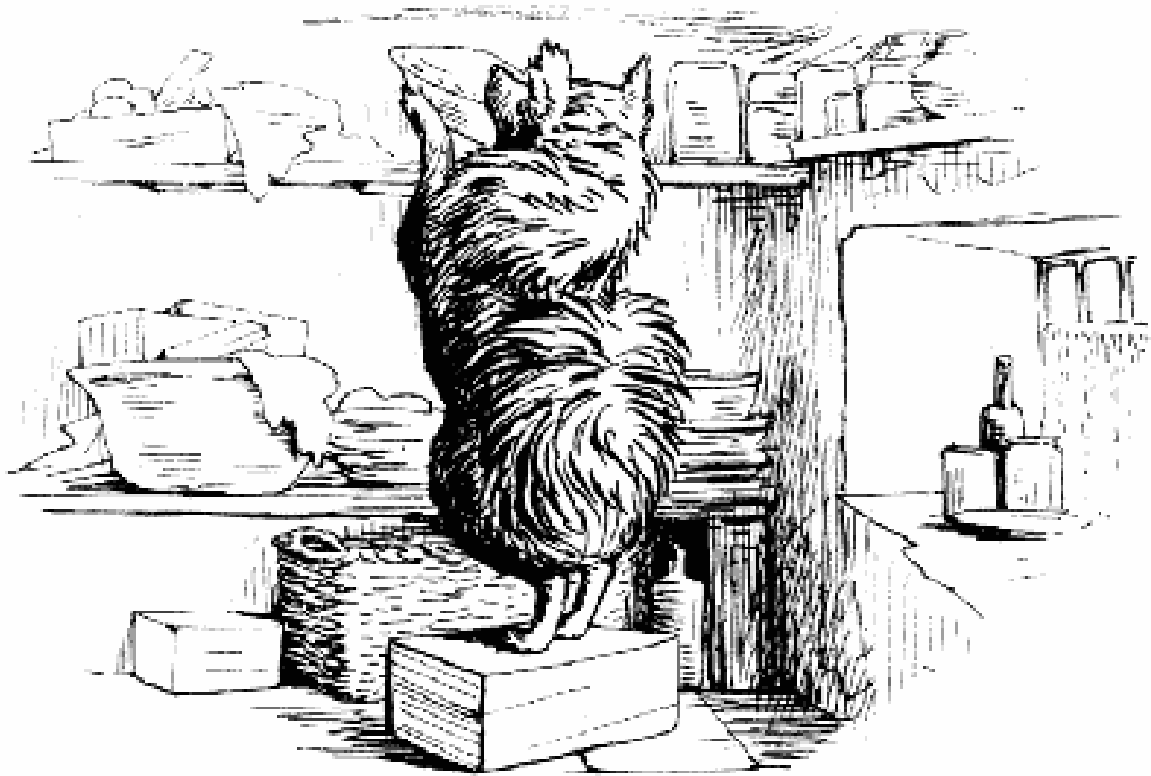


And then she thought that did not look quite polite; so she scratched out “isn’t mouse” and changed it to “I hope it will be fine,” and she gave her letter to the postman.

But she thought a great deal about Ribby’s pie, and she read Ribby’s letter over and over again.

“I am dreadfully afraid it *will* be mouse!” said Duchess to herself— “I really couldn’t, *couldn’t* eat mouse pie. And I shall have to eat it, because it is a party. And *my* pie was going to be veal and ham. A pink and white pie-dish! and so is mine; just like Ribby’s dishes; they were both bought at Tabitha Twitchit’s.”

Duchess went into her larder and took the pie off a shelf and looked at it.



“It is all ready to put into the oven. Such lovely pie-crust; and I put in a little tin patty-pan to hold up the crust; and I made a hole in the middle with a fork to let out the steam — Oh I do wish I could eat my own pie, instead of a pie made of mouse!”

Duchess considered and considered and read Ribby’s letter again —

“A pink and white pie-dish — and *you* shall eat it *all*. ‘You’ means me — then Ribby is not going to even taste the pie herself? A pink and white pie-dish! Ribby is sure to go out to buy the muffins.... Oh what a good idea! Why shouldn’t I rush along and put my pie into Ribby’s oven when Ribby isn’t there?”



Duchess was quite delighted with her own cleverness!

Ribby in the meantime had received Duchess's answer, and as soon as she was sure that the little dog could come — she popped *her* pie into the oven. There were two ovens, one above the other; some other knobs and handles were only ornamental and not intended to open. Ribby put the pie into the lower oven; the door was very stiff.

“The top oven bakes too quickly,” said Ribby to herself. “It is a pie of the most delicate and tender mouse minced up with bacon. And I have taken out all the bones; because Duchess did nearly choke herself with a fish-bone last time I gave a party. She eats a little fast — rather big mouthfuls. But a most genteel and elegant little dog; infinitely superior company to Cousin Tabitha Twitchit.”



Ribby put on some coal and swept up the hearth. Then she went out with a can to the well, for water to fill up the kettle.

Then she began to set the room in order, for it was the sitting-room as well as the kitchen. She shook the mats out at the front-door and put them straight; the hearthrug was a rabbit-skin. She dusted the clock and the ornaments on the mantelpiece, and she polished and rubbed the tables and chairs.

Then she spread a very clean white table-cloth, and set out her best china tea-set, which she took out of a wall-cupboard near the fireplace. The tea-cups were white with a pattern of pink roses; and the dinner-plates were white and blue.



When Ribby had laid the table she took a jug and a blue and white dish, and went out down the field to the farm, to fetch milk and butter.

When she came back, she peeped into the bottom oven; the pie looked very comfortable.

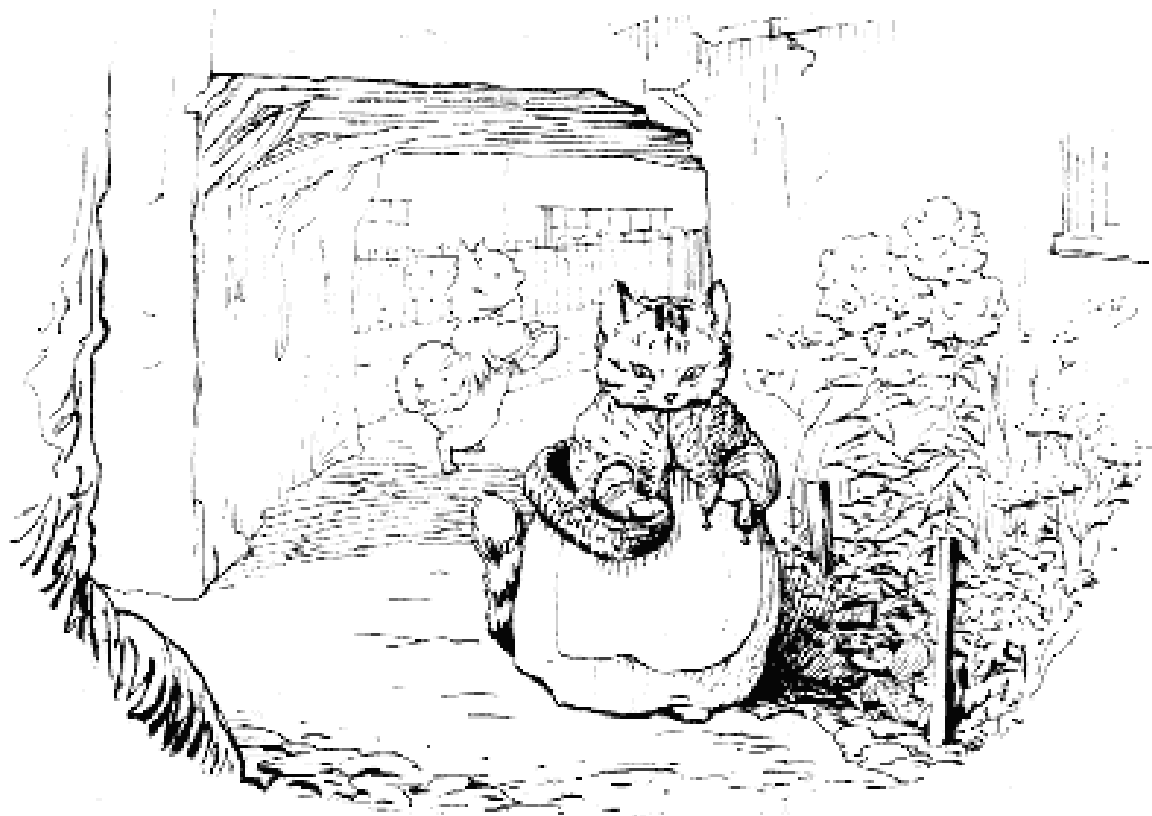
Ribby put on her shawl and bonnet and went out again with a basket, to the village shop to buy a packet of tea, a pound of lump sugar, and a pot of marmalade.

And just at the same time, Duchess came out of *her* house, at the other end of the village.



Ribby met Duchess half-way down the street, also carrying a basket, covered with a cloth. They only bowed to one another; they did not speak, because they were going to have a party.

As soon as Duchess had got round the corner out of sight — she simply ran! Straight away to Ribby's house!



Ribby went into the shop and bought what she required, and came out, after a pleasant gossip with Cousin Tabitha Twitchit.



Cousin Tabitha was disdainful afterwards in conversation —

“A little *dog* indeed! Just as if there were no CATS in Sawrey! And a *pie* for afternoon tea! The very idea!” said Cousin Tabitha Twitchit.

Ribby went on to Timothy Baker’s and bought the muffins. Then she went home.

There seemed to be a sort of scuffling noise in the back passage, as she was coming in at the front door.

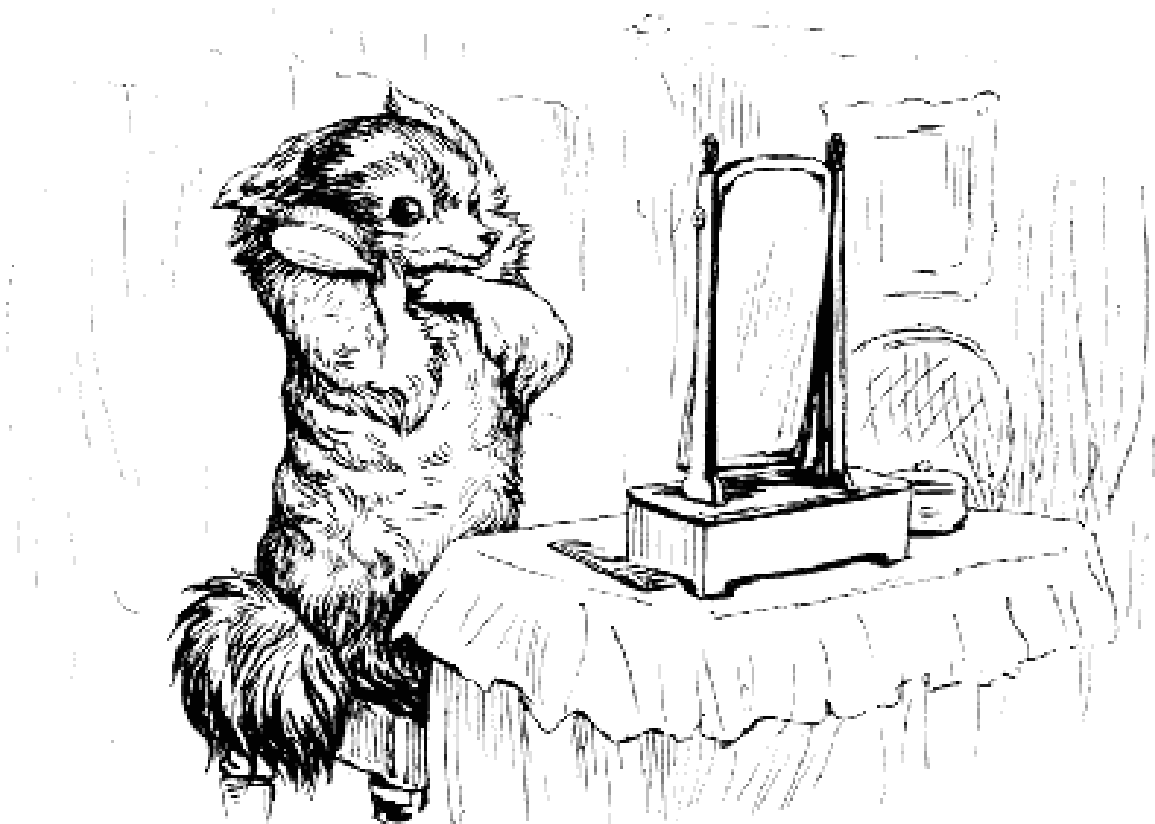
“I trust that is not that Pie: the spoons are locked up, however,” said Ribby.

But there was nobody there. Ribby opened the bottom oven door with some difficulty, and turned the pie. There began to be a pleasing smell of baked mouse!



Duchess in the meantime, had slipped out at the back door.

“It is a very odd thing that Ribby’s pie was *not* in the oven when I put mine in! And I can’t find it anywhere; I have looked all over the house. I put *my* pie into a nice hot oven at the top. I could not turn any of the other handles; I think that they are all shams,” said Duchess, “but I wish I could have removed the pie made of mouse! I cannot think what she has done with it? I heard Ribby coming and I had to run out by the back door!”



Duchess went home and brushed her beautiful black coat; and then she picked a bunch of flowers in her garden as a present for Ribby; and passed the time until the clock struck four.

Ribby — having assured herself by careful search that there was really no one hiding in the cupboard or in the larder — went upstairs to change her dress.

She put on a lilac silk gown, for the party, and an embroidered muslin apron and tippet.

“It is very strange,” said Ribby, “I did not *think* I left that drawer pulled out; has somebody been trying on my mittens?”

She came downstairs again, and made the tea, and put the teapot on the hob. She peeped again into the *bottom* oven, the pie had become a lovely brown, and it was steaming hot.



She sat down before the fire to wait for the little dog. “I am glad I used the *bottom* oven,” said Ribby, “the top one would certainly have been very much too hot. I wonder why that cupboard door was open? Can there really have been someone in the house?”

Very punctually at four o’clock, Duchess started to go to the party. She ran so fast through the village that she was too early, and she had to wait a little while in the lane that leads down to Ribby’s house.

“I wonder if Ribby has taken *my* pie out of the oven yet?” said Duchess, “and whatever can have become of the other pie made of mouse?”



At a quarter past four to the minute, there came a most genteel little tappity. "Is Mrs. Ribston at home?" inquired Duchess in the porch.

"Come in! and how do you do, my dear Duchess?" cried Ribby. "I hope I see you well?"

"Quite well, I thank you, and how do *you* do, my dear Ribby?" said Duchess. "I've brought you some flowers; what a delicious smell of pie!"



“Oh, what lovely flowers! Yes, it is mouse and bacon!”

“Do not talk about food, my dear Ribby,” said Duchess; “what a lovely white tea-cloth!... Is it done to a turn? Is it still in the oven?”

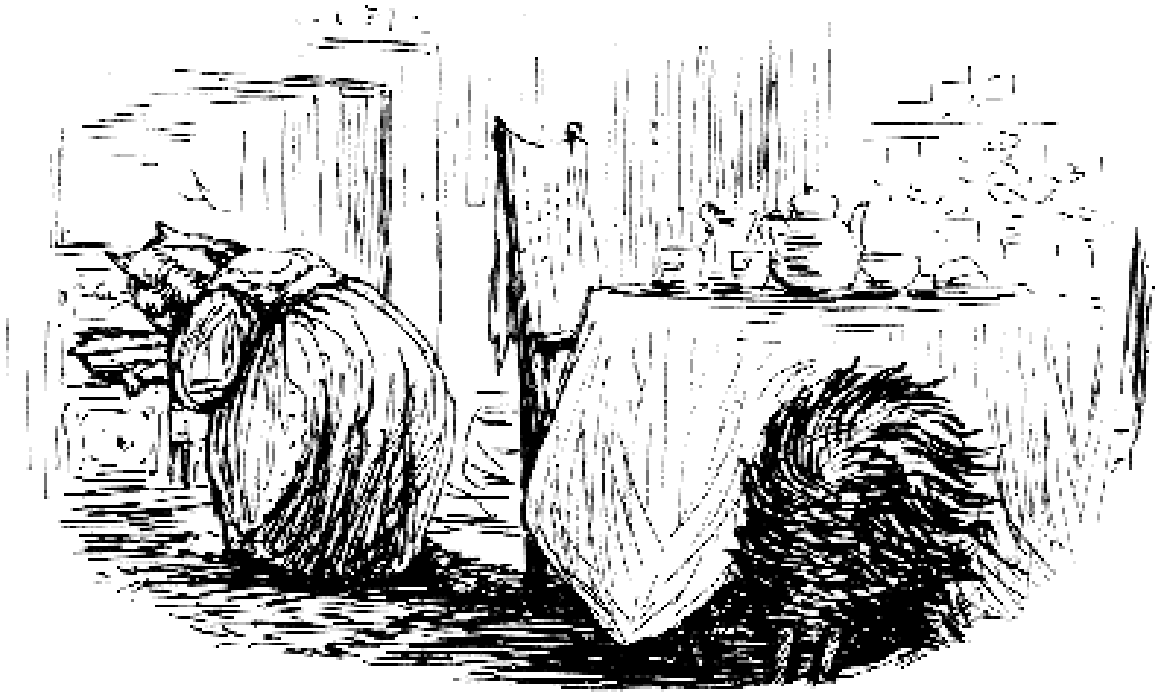
“I think it wants another five minutes,” said Ribby. “Just a shade longer; I will pour out the tea, while we wait. Do you take sugar, my dear Duchess?”

“Oh yes, please! my dear Ribby; and may I have a lump upon my nose?”

“With pleasure, my dear Duchess; how beautifully you beg! Oh, how sweetly pretty!”



Duchess sat up with the sugar on her nose and sniffed —
“How good that pie smells! I do love veal and ham — I mean to say
mouse and bacon— “



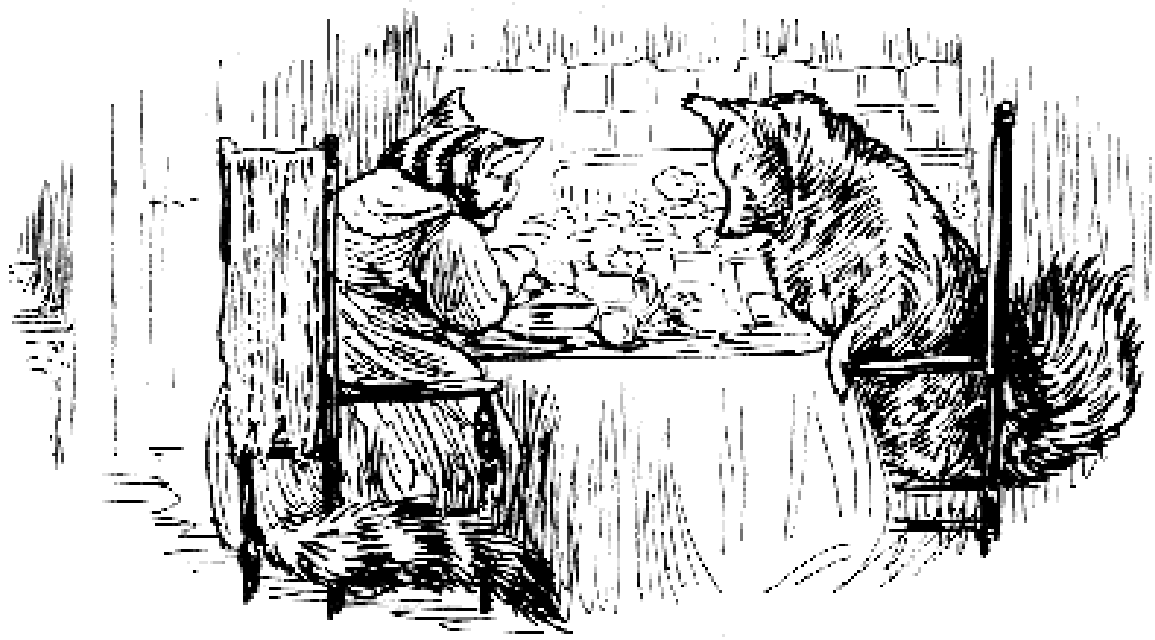
She dropped the sugar in confusion, and had to go hunting under the tea-table, so did not see which oven Ribby opened in order to get out the pie.

Ribby set the pie upon the table; there was a very savoury smell.

Duchess came out from under the table-cloth munching sugar, and sat up on a chair.

“I will first cut the pie for you; I am going to have muffin and marmalade,” said Ribby.

“Do you really prefer muffin? Mind the patty-pan!”



“I beg your pardon?” said Ribby.

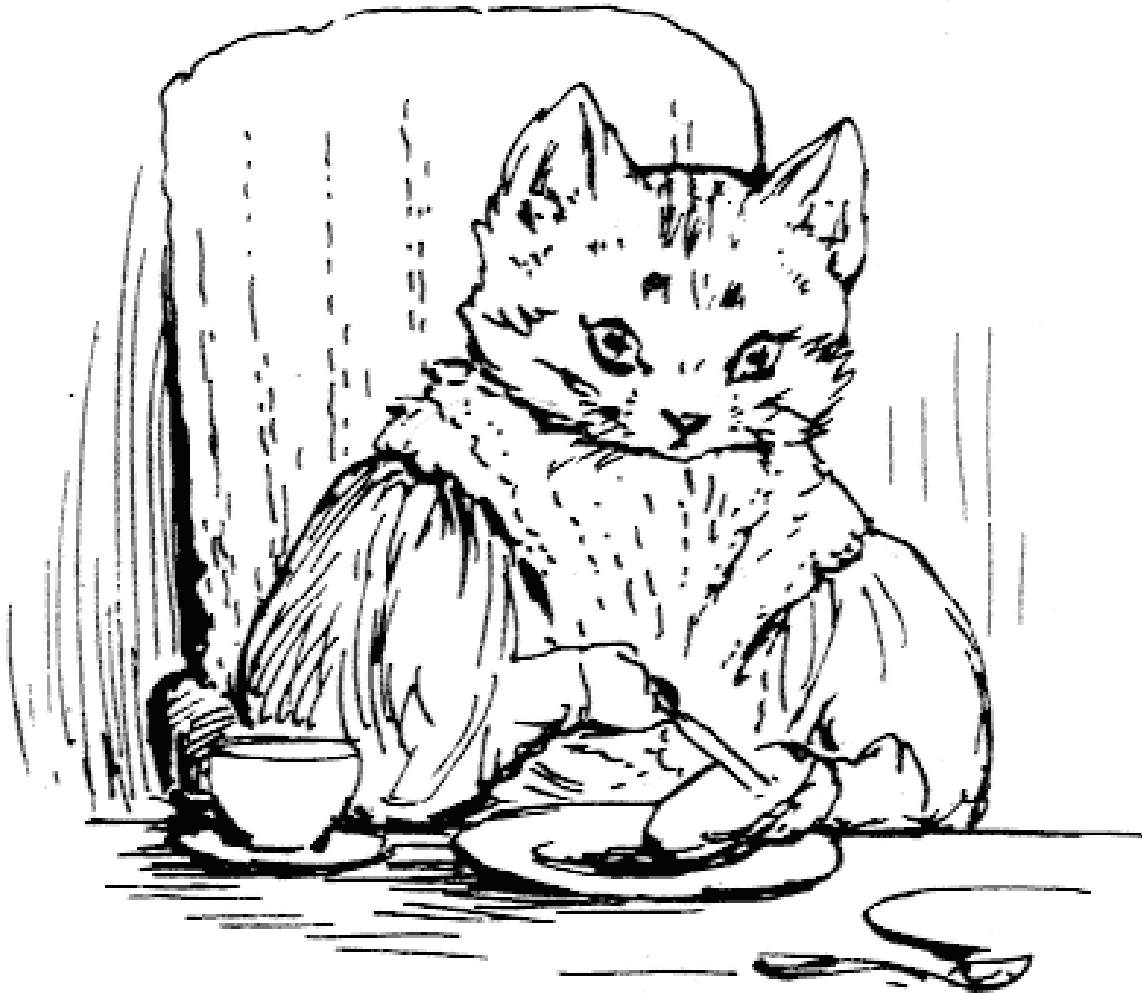
“May I pass you the marmalade?” said Duchess hurriedly.

The pie proved extremely toothsome, and the muffins light and hot. They disappeared rapidly, especially the pie!

“I think” — (thought the Duchess to herself)— “I *think* it would be wiser if I helped myself to pie; though Ribby did not seem to notice anything when she was cutting it. What very small fine pieces it has cooked into! I did not remember that I had minced it up so fine; I suppose this is a quicker oven than my own.”



“How fast Duchess is eating!” thought Ribby to herself, as she buttered her fifth muffin.



The pie-dish was emptying rapidly! Duchess had had four helps already, and was fumbling with the spoon. "A little more bacon, my dear Duchess?" said Ribby.

"Thank you, my dear Ribby; I was only feeling for the patty-pan."



“The patty-pan? my dear Duchess?”

“The patty-pan that held up the pie-crust,” said Duchess, blushing under her black coat.

“Oh, I didn’t put one in, my dear Duchess,” said Ribby; “I don’t think that it is necessary in pies made of mouse.”

Duchess fumbled with the spoon— “I can’t find it!” she said anxiously.

“There isn’t a patty-pan,” said Ribby, looking perplexed.

“Yes, indeed, my dear Ribby; where can it have gone to?” said Duchess.



“There most certainly is not one, my dear Duchess. I disapprove of tin articles in puddings and pies. It is most undesirable — (especially when people swallow in lumps!)” she added in a lower voice.

Duchess looked very much alarmed, and continued to scoop the inside of the pie-dish.

“My Great-aunt Squintina (grandmother of Cousin Tabitha Twitchit) — died of a thimble in a Christmas plum-pudding. *I* never put any article of metal in *my* puddings or pies.”

Duchess looked aghast, and tilted up the pie-dish.

“I have only four patty-pans, and they are all in the cupboard.”

Duchess set up a howl.

“I shall die! I shall die! I have swallowed a patty-pan! Oh, my dear Ribby, I do feel so ill!”

“It is impossible, my dear Duchess; there was not a patty-pan.”

Duchess moaned and whined and rocked herself about.

“Oh I feel so dreadful, I have swallowed a patty-pan!”

“There was *nothing* in the pie,” said Ribby severely.

“Yes there *was*, my dear Ribby, I am sure I have swallowed it!”

“Let me prop you up with a pillow, my dear Duchess; where do you think you feel it?”

“Oh I do feel so ill *all over* me, my dear Ribby; I have swallowed a large tin patty-pan with a sharp scalloped edge!”



“Shall I run for the doctor? I will just lock up the spoons!”

“Oh yes, yes! fetch Dr. Maggotty, my dear Ribby: he is a Pie himself, he will certainly understand.”

Ribby settled Duchess in an armchair before the fire, and went out and hurried to the village to look for the doctor.

She found him at the smithy.

He was occupied in putting rusty nails into a bottle of ink, which he had obtained at the post office.

“Gammon? ha! HA!” said he, with his head on one side.

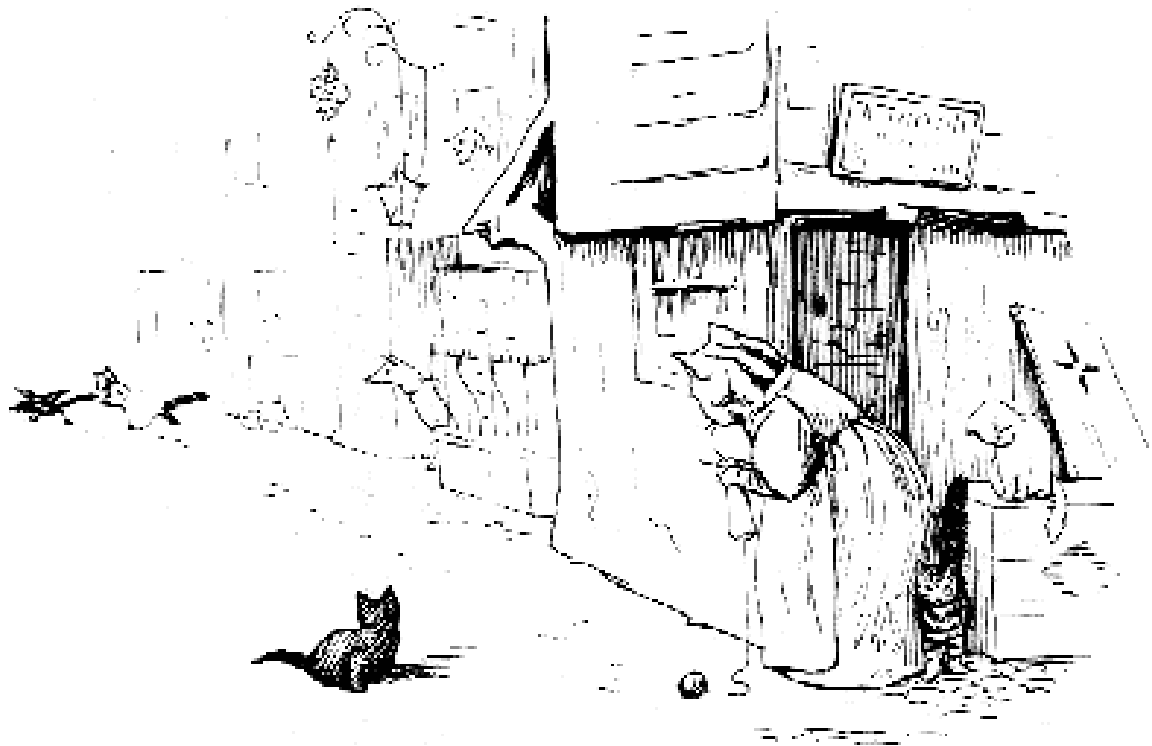
Ribby explained that her guest had swallowed a patty-pan.

“Spinach? ha! HA!” said he, and accompanied her with alacrity.



He hopped so fast that Ribby had to run. It was most conspicuous. All the village could see that Ribby was fetching the doctor.

“I *knew* they would over-eat themselves!” said Cousin Tabitha Twitchit.



But while Ribby had been hunting for the doctor — a curious thing had happened to Duchess, who had been left by herself, sitting before the fire, sighing and groaning and feeling very unhappy.

“How *could* I have swallowed it! such a large thing as a patty-pan!”

She got up and went to the table, and felt inside the pie-dish again with a spoon.

“No; there is no patty-pan, and I put one in; and nobody has eaten pie except me, so I must have swallowed it!”



She sat down again, and stared mournfully at the grate. The fire crackled and danced, and something sizz-z-zled!

Duchess started! She opened the door of the *top* oven; out came a rich steamy flavour of veal and ham, and there stood a fine brown pie, — and through a hole in the top of the pie-crust there was a glimpse of a little tin patty-pan!

Duchess drew a long breath —

“Then I must have been eating MOUSE!... No wonder I feel ill.... But perhaps I should feel worse if I had really swallowed a patty-pan!” Duchess reflected— “What a very awkward thing to have to explain to Ribby! I think I will put *my* pie in the back-yard and say nothing about it. When I go home, I will run round and take it away.” She put it outside the back-door, and sat down again by the fire, and shut her eyes; when Ribby arrived with the doctor, she seemed fast asleep.



“Gammon, ha, HA?” said the doctor.

“I am feeling very much better,” said Duchess, waking up with a jump.

“I am truly glad to hear it! He has brought you a pill, my dear Duchess!”

“I think I should feel *quite* well if he only felt my pulse,” said Duchess, backing away from the magpie, who sidled up with something in his beak.

“It is only a bread pill, you had much better take it; drink a little milk, my dear Duchess!”

“Gammon? Gammon?” said the doctor, while Duchess coughed and choked.

“Don’t say that again!” said Ribby, losing her temper— “Here, take this bread and jam, and get out into the yard!”



“Gammon and Spinach! ha ha HA!” shouted Dr. Maggotty triumphantly outside the back door.

“I am feeling very much better my dear Ribby,” said Duchess. “Do you not think that I had better go home before it gets dark?”

“Perhaps it might be wise, my dear Duchess. I will lend you a nice warm shawl, and you shall take my arm.”

“I would not trouble you for worlds; I feel wonderfully better. One pill of Dr. Maggotty— “

“Indeed it is most admirable, if it has cured you of a patty-pan! I will call directly after breakfast to ask how you have slept.”

Ribby and Duchess said goodbye affectionately, and Duchess started home. Half-way up the lane she stopped and looked back; Ribby had gone in and shut her door. Duchess slipped through the fence, and ran round to the back of Ribby’s house, and peeped into the yard.

Upon the roof of the pig-stye sat Dr. Maggotty and three jackdaws. The jackdaws were eating pie-crust, and the magpie was drinking gravy out of a

patty-pan.

“Gammon, ha, HA!” he shouted when he saw Duchess’s little black nose peeping round the corner.

Duchess ran home feeling uncommonly silly!

When Ribby came out for a pailful of water to wash up the tea-things, she found a pink and white pie-dish lying smashed in the middle of the yard. The patty-pan was under the pump, where Dr. Maggotty had considerably left it.

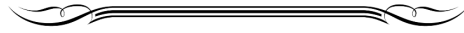


Ribby stared with amazement— “Did you ever see the like! so there really *was* a patty-pan?... But *my* patty-pans are all in the kitchen cupboard. Well I never did!... Next time I want to give a party — I will invite Cousin Tabitha Twitchit!”



THE END

THE TALE OF MR. JEREMY FISHER



The Tale of Mr Jeremy Fisher was published by Frederick Warne & Co in July 1906 and reflects Potter's love of the Lake District and the enjoyable summers her father spent fishing in Scotland. The tale had its origin in a letter Potter wrote as a child many years earlier but it was only in 1905, shortly before his death, that Norman Warne approved the idea of a frog for Potter's next work. When Warne's brother Harold became Potter's publisher she related to him her interest in pursuing the story which had received Norman's support and he agreed to publish it.

Jeremy Fisher is a frog that decides to go fishing one day and he determines that if he is able to catch more than five minnows then he will invite his friends to dinner. Jeremy does not have any success with his fishing and he just sits undisturbed upon a lily-pad until lunch time. However, he then begins to encounter other water creatures that torment him, culminating in an incredibly frightening incident with a trout.

The Tale of Mr Jeremy Fisher provided Potter with the opportunity to explore naturalist illustrations, at which she excelled as an artist; she also greatly enjoyed crafting these drawings. The inception of a frog story occurred in 1894 when she composed nine sketches called 'A Frog he would a-fishing go' which were published with the verse by Clifton Bingham in 1896. When Potter decided to create *Jeremy Fisher* she moved the setting from Scotland to the Lake District, but during the process of completing the work there were very few revisions to her drawings. This was unusual for the author who routinely made alterations to her books. When the tale was published in 1906 it was a commercial success and there were twenty thousand copies released in the July and ten thousand more produced during the year.

THE TALE OF
MR. JEREMY FISHER



BY
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO.

The first edition

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**THE TALE OF
MR. JEREMY FISHER**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.

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FOR
STEPHANIE
FROM
COUSIN B.

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Once upon a time there was a frog called Mr. Jeremy Fisher; he lived in a little damp house amongst the buttercups at the edge of a pond.

The water was all sloppy-sloppy in the larder and in the back passage.

But Mr. Jeremy liked getting his feet wet; nobody ever scolded him, and he never caught a cold!





He was quite pleased when he looked out and saw large drops of rain, splashing in the pond —

“I will get some worms and go fishing and catch a dish of minnows for my dinner,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher. “If I catch more than five fish, I will invite my friends Mr. Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise and Sir Isaac Newton. The Alderman, however, eats salad.”





Mr. Jeremy put on a macintosh, and a pair of shiny goloshes; he took his rod and basket, and set off with enormous hops to the place where he kept his boat.

The boat was round and green, and very like the other lily-leaves. It was tied to a water-plant in the middle of the pond.





Mr. Jeremy took a reed pole, and pushed the boat out into open water. “I know a good place for minnows,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

Mr. Jeremy stuck his pole into the mud and fastened the boat to it.

Then he settled himself cross-legged and arranged his fishing tackle. He had the dearest little red float. His rod was a tough stalk of grass, his line was a fine long white horse-hair, and he tied a little wriggling worm at the end.





The rain trickled down his back, and for nearly an hour he stared at the float.

“This is getting tiresome, I think I should like some lunch,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.

He punted back again amongst the water-plants, and took some lunch out of his basket.

“I will eat a butterfly sandwich, and wait till the shower is over,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher.





A great big water-beetle came up underneath the lily leaf and tweaked the toe of one of his goloshes.

Mr. Jeremy crossed his legs up shorter, out of reach, and went on eating his sandwich.

Once or twice something moved about with a rustle and a splash amongst the rushes at the side of the pond.

“I trust that is not a rat,” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher; “I think I had better get away from here.”





Mr. Jeremy shoved the boat out again a little way, and dropped in the bait. There was a bite almost directly; the float gave a tremendous bobbit!

“A minnow! a minnow! I have him by the nose!” cried Mr. Jeremy Fisher, jerking up his rod.

But what a horrible surprise! Instead of a smooth fat minnow, Mr. Jeremy landed little Jack Sharp the stickleback, covered with spines!





The stickleback floundered about the boat, pricking and snapping until he was quite out of breath. Then he jumped back into the water.

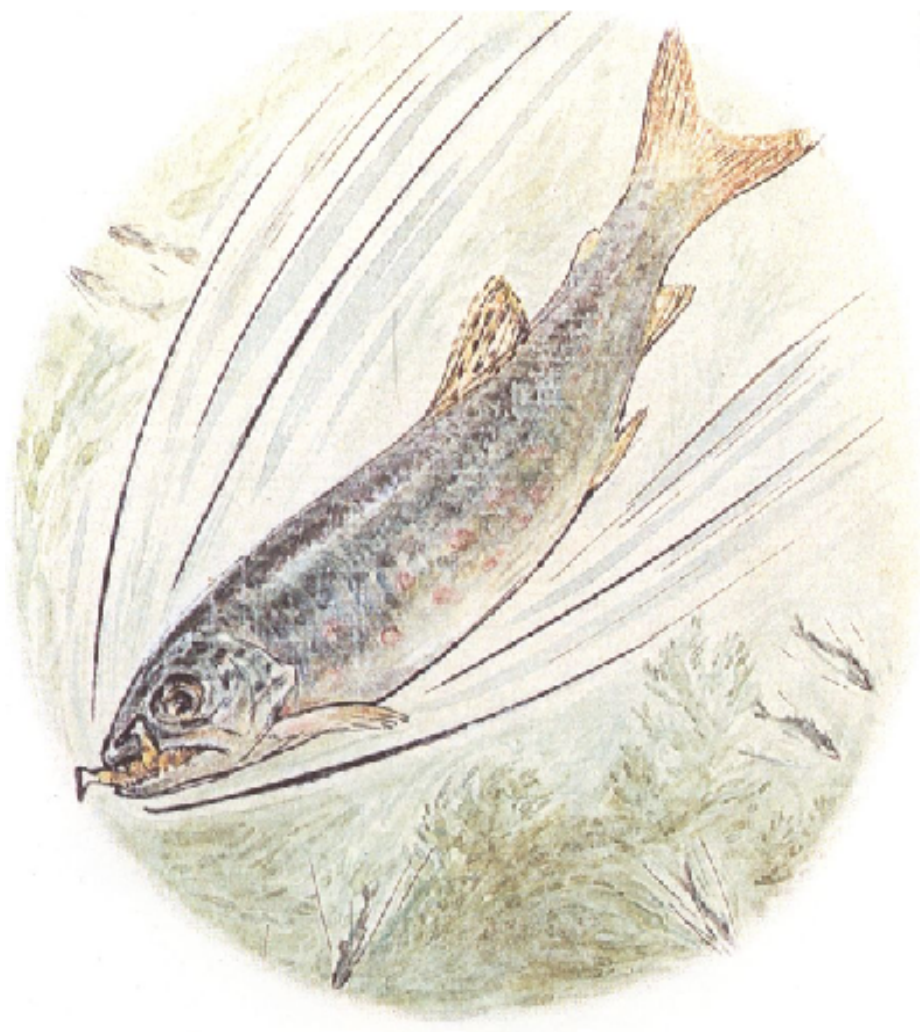
And a shoal of other little fishes put their heads out, and laughed at Mr. Jeremy Fisher.





And while Mr. Jeremy sat disconsolately on the edge of his boat — sucking his sore fingers and peering down into the water — a *much* worse thing happened; a really *frightful* thing it would have been, if Mr. Jeremy had not been wearing a macintosh!

A great big enormous trout came up — ker-pflop-p-p-p! with a splash — and it seized Mr. Jeremy with a snap, “Ow! Ow! Ow!” — and then it turned and dived down to the bottom of the pond!





But the trout was so displeased with the taste of the macintosh, that in less than half a minute it spat him out again; and the only thing it swallowed was Mr. Jeremy's goloshes.

Mr. Jeremy bounced up to the surface of the water, like a cork and the bubbles out of a soda water bottle; and he swam with all his might to the edge of the pond.





He scrambled out on the first bank he came to, and he hopped home across the meadow with his macintosh all in tatters.

“What a mercy that was not a pike!” said Mr. Jeremy Fisher. “I have lost my rod and basket; but it does not much matter, for I am sure I should never have dared to go fishing again!”





He put some sticking plaster on his fingers, and his friends both came to dinner. He could not offer them fish, but he had something else in his larder. Sir Isaac Newton wore his black and gold waistcoat,



And Mr. Alderman Ptolemy Tortoise brought a salad with him in a string bag.



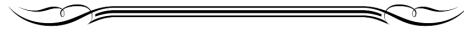


And instead of a nice dish of minnows — they had a roasted grasshopper with lady-bird sauce; which frogs consider a beautiful treat; but *I* think it must have been nasty!

THE END

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THE STORY OF A FIERCE BAD RABBIT



The Story of A Fierce Bad Rabbit was first published by Frederick & Co in December 1906. It is a tale Potter wrote for very young children or toddlers and contains minimal text. While it was commercially successful upon release and functioned to introduce small children to the *Peter Rabbit* 'universe', there are few copies of the book in circulation in the twenty-first century compared to many of the author's other works. Potter wrote the tale for Louie Warne, the daughter of her publisher Harold, who wanted a story about a very badly behaved rabbit; she did not find *Peter Rabbit* to be naughty enough so Potter created *The Story of A Fierce Bad Rabbit* to please her.

In the short tale, a good rabbit is sitting on a bench eating a carrot his mother has given him, when a bad rabbit comes along and seizes the carrot, whilst also scratching the good rabbit. A hunter appears and the good rabbit hides, as the hunter attempts to shoot the bad rabbit.

The book was originally printed in a panorama design style on a long strip of paper which was then folded into a wallet shape and tied by a ribbon. While this format was popular with readers, albeit probably not robust enough to withstand young children damaging it, booksellers disliked the new format as they found it difficult to keep folded and in decent condition after customers opened the work in the shop to look at the story. A decade later the book was reprinted in a smaller format, uniform to the other tales from Potter's series, and today it is printed in the standard small structure of the *Peter Rabbit* series. *The Story of A Bad Fierce Rabbit* is not considered to be one of Potter's greatest works, either in narrative or illustration. The story lacks creativity and has a simple moralising tone without any complexity or subverting of any genre traits.



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How the original book opened out

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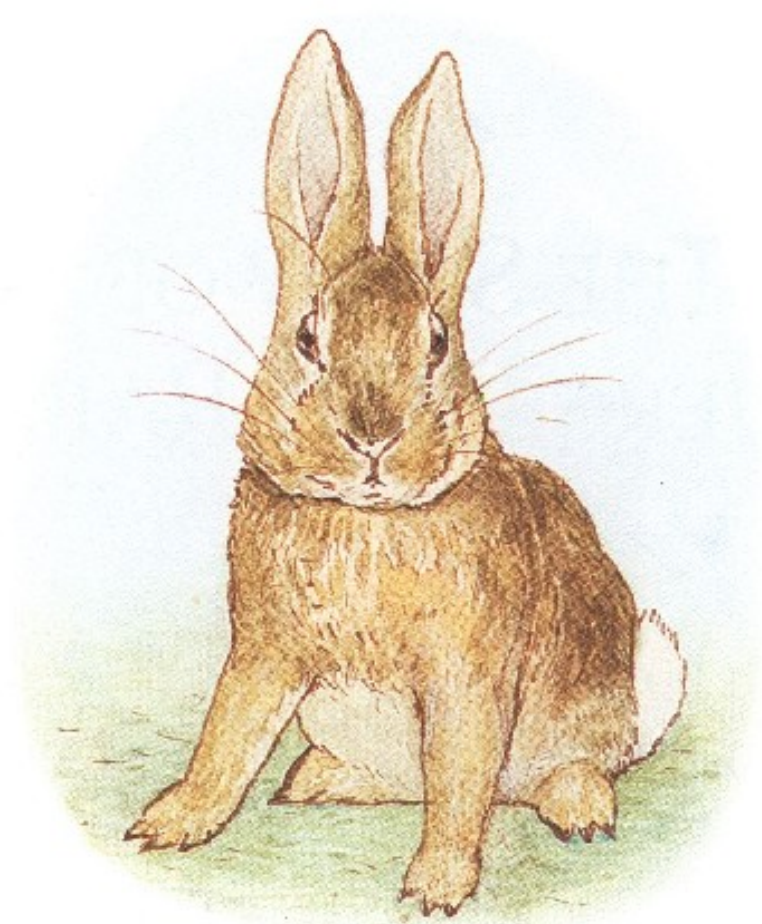
THE STORY OF A FIERCE BAD RABBIT



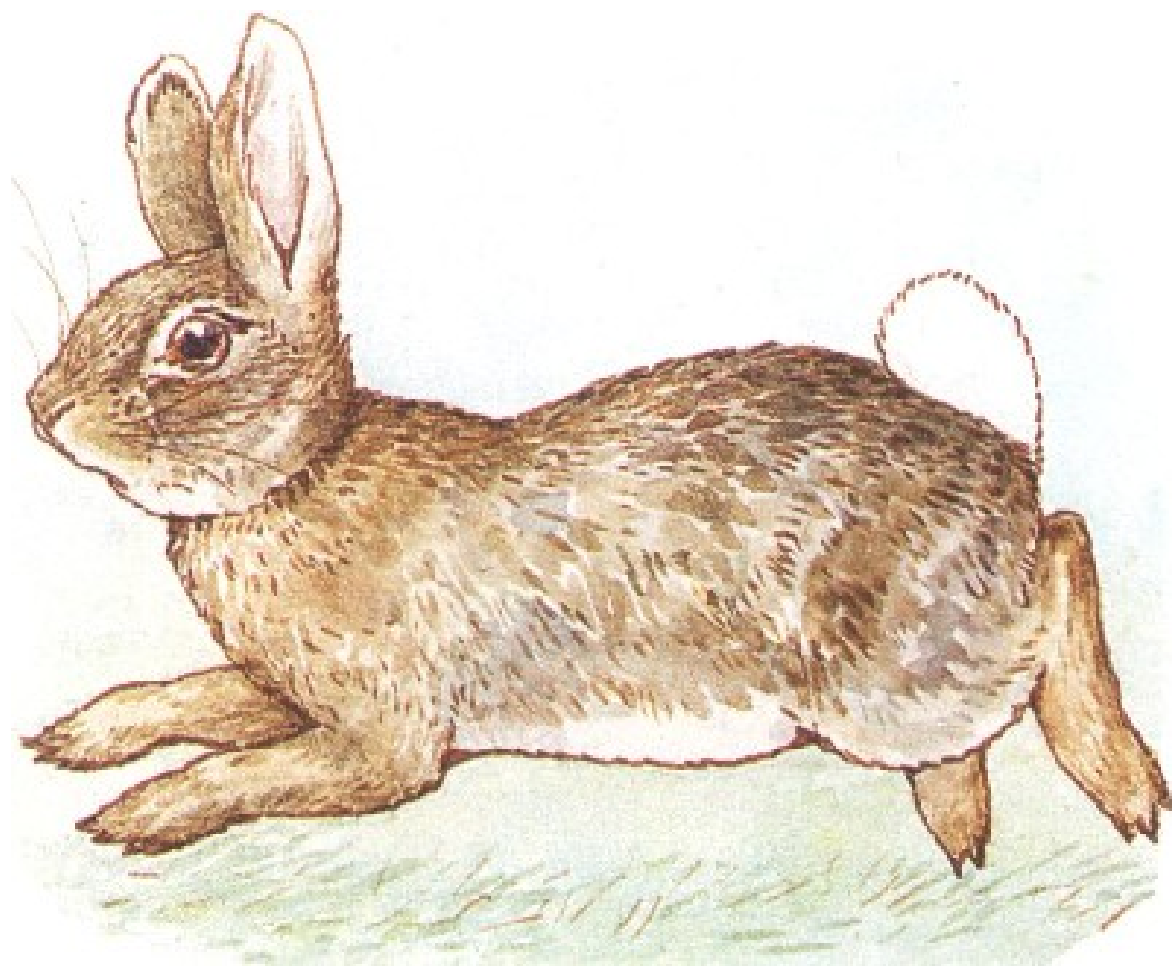
BY

BEATRIX POTTER

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THIS is a fierce bad Rabbit; look at his savage whiskers, and his claws and his turned-up tail.



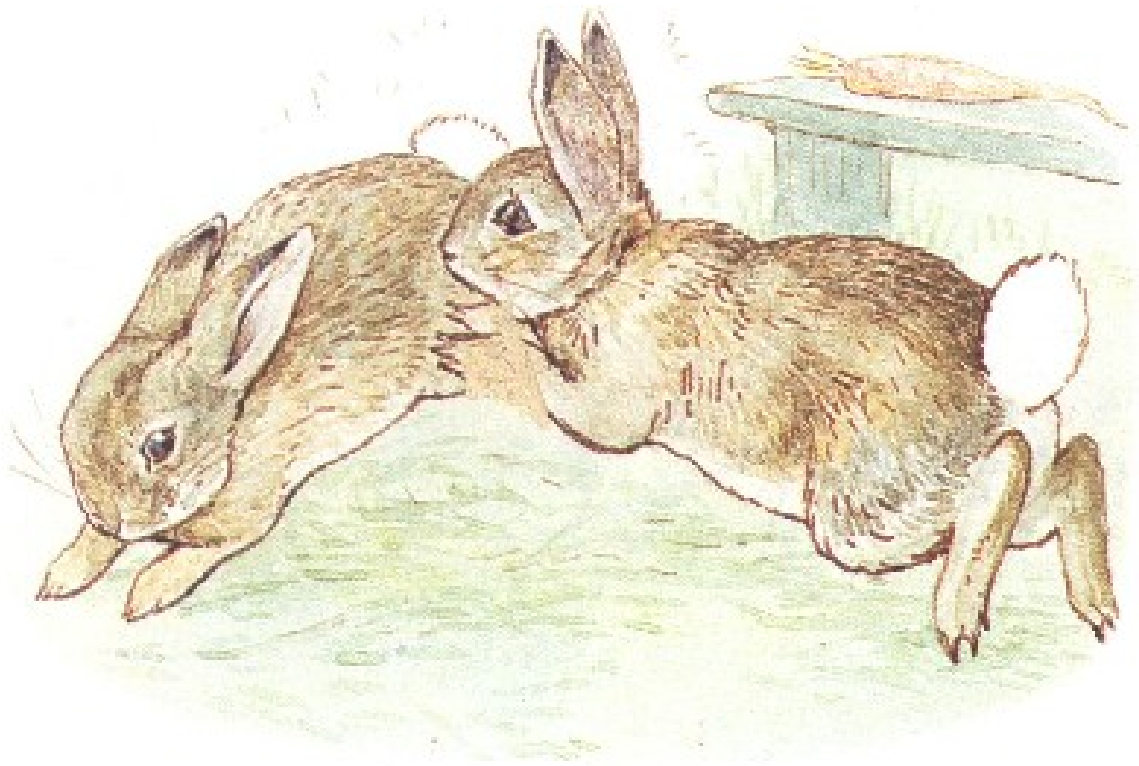


This is a nice gentle Rabbit. His mother has given him a carrot.



The bad Rabbit would like some carrot.
He doesn't say "Please." He takes it!





And he scratches the good Rabbit very badly.
The good Rabbit creeps away, and hides in a hole. It feels sad.



This is a man with a gun.



He sees something sitting on a bench. He thinks it is a very funny bird!





He comes creeping up behind the trees.

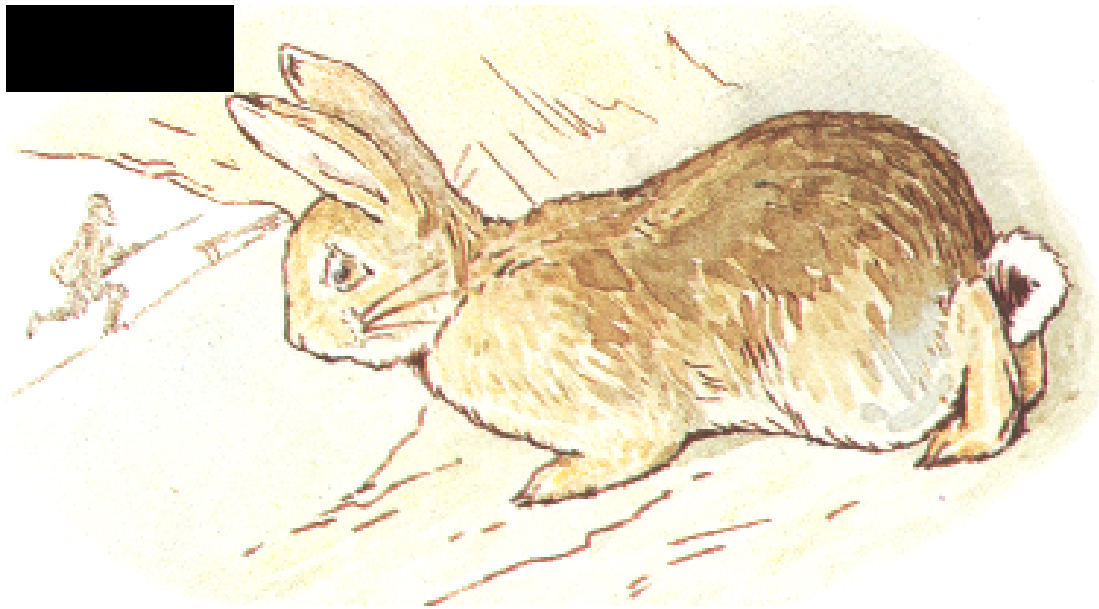


And then he shoots — Bang!
This is what happens —





But this is all he finds on the bench, when he rushes up with his gun.
The good Rabbit peeps out of its hole.

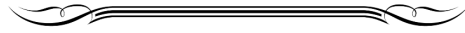


And it sees the bad Rabbit tearing past — without any tail or whiskers!

THE END

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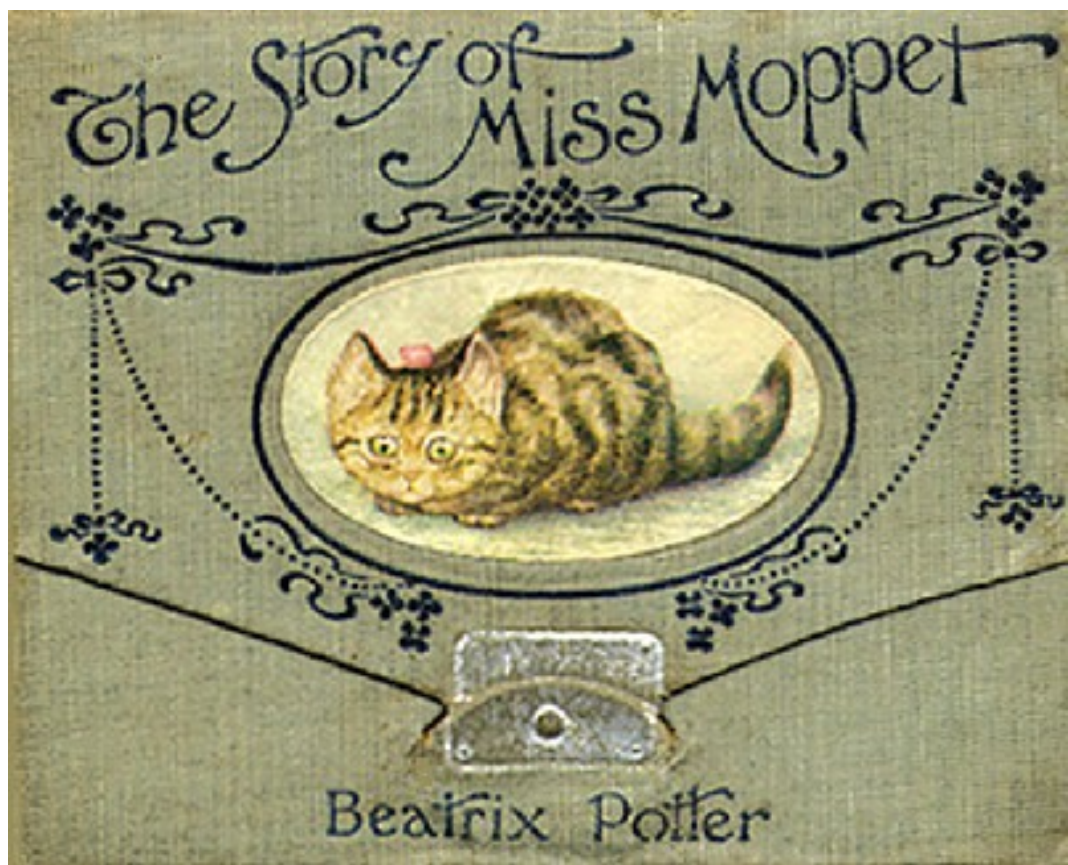
THE STORY OF MISS MOPPET



Frederick Warne & Co first published *The Story of Miss Moppet* in November 1906 for the impending Christmas season. This tale, like *The Story of a Fierce Bad Rabbit* and *The Old Sly Cat*, was published in the atypical panorama format which so frustrated booksellers. The folded paper was difficult to keep in good condition and not very practical for the retailers. The work was one of Potter's efforts to create stories for younger children to introduce them to her books.

The Story of Miss Moppet centres on the eponymous cat, who at the start of the tale is being mocked and teased by a mouse. Miss Moppet attempts to catch the mouse, but pounces at him and misses, hitting her head in the process. The unfolding tale focuses on whether the cat can catch the mouse and what she would do were she to be successful in trapping her foe. The book contains little text and tells a very simple narrative.

Potter borrowed a kitten from Windermere in 1906 to serve as her model for Miss Moppet, though she found her a rather difficult model due to her waywardness. However, she was pleased to have created the character of Miss Moppet who returns in two of her later books. Potter was very aware that she was writing for an audience of small children and she ensured that any instances of catching or capturing of the mouse by the cat would be very gentle and non-violent. Ten thousand copies of the work were released in November 1906 in the panorama format and a further ten thousand the next month. The unpopular format was abandoned after those twenty thousand copies and Potter later admitted that she understood why booksellers had refused to stock the work. In 1916 the story was published in a book form which was smaller than the standard *Peter Rabbit* series size and Potter provided illustrations for a frontispiece and a title page. The book has been praised for a lack of moralising and attempts to show parity, rather than domination, between the cat and the mouse.



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The inspiration for the character Miss Moppet came from Windermere

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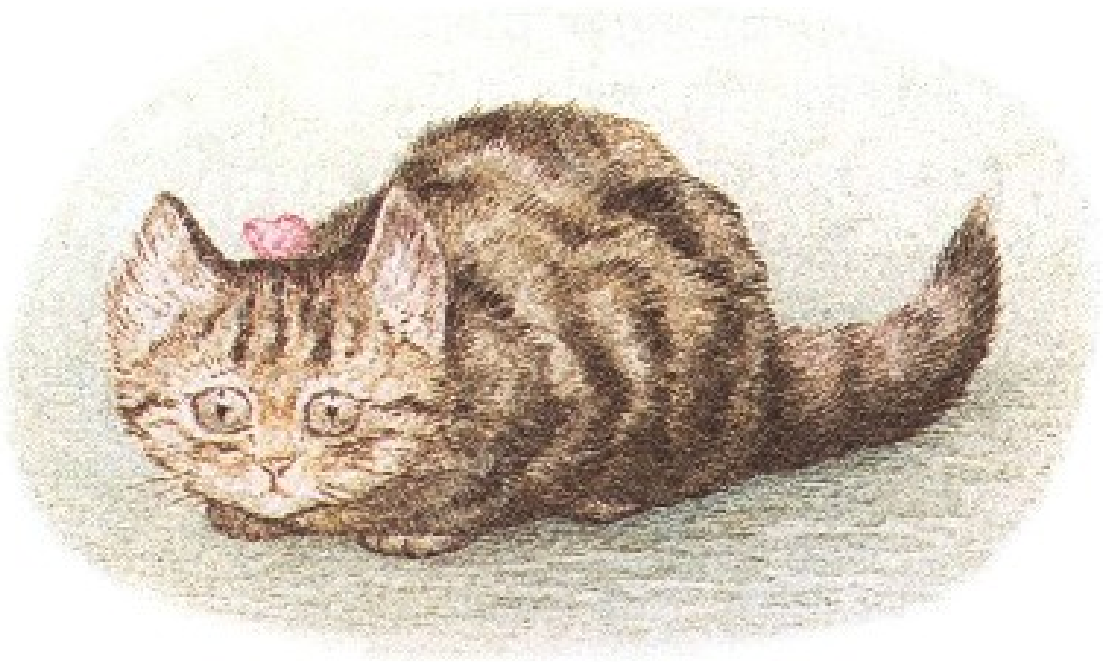
**THE STORY OF
MISS MOPPET**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

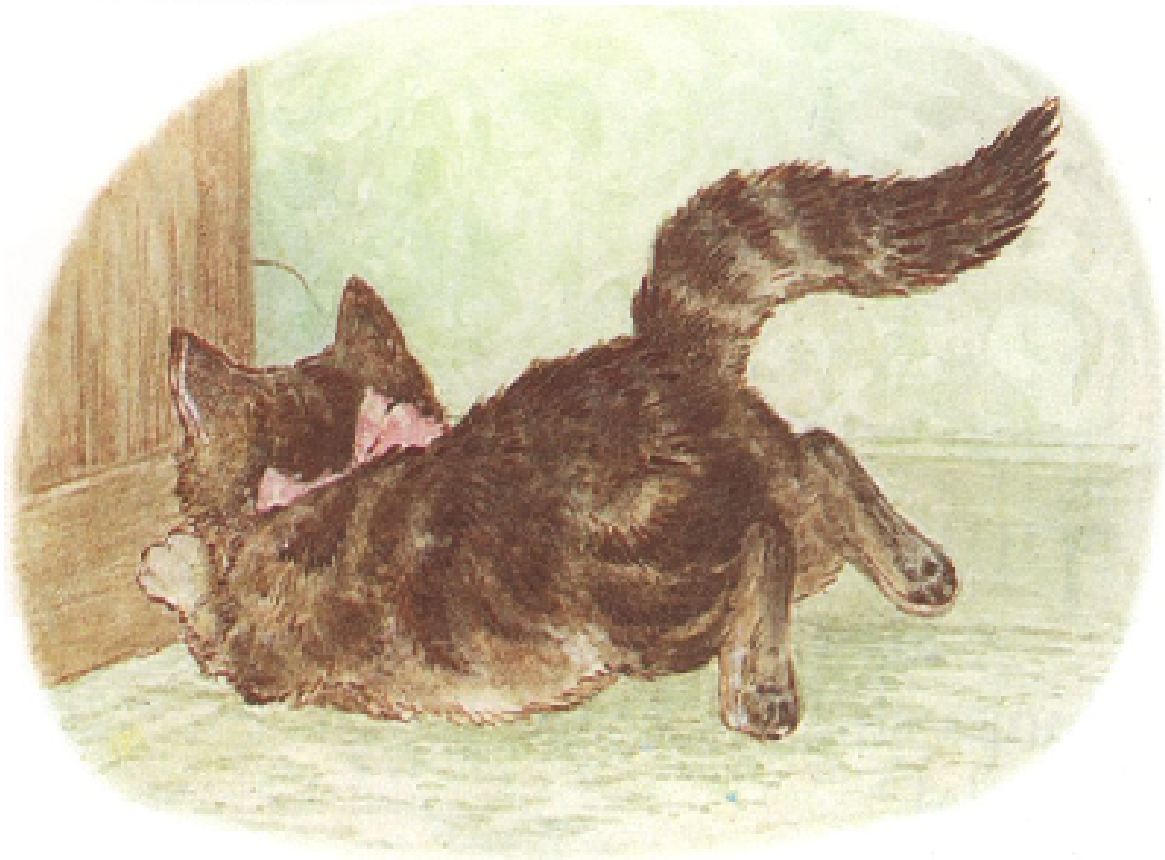
Author of The Tale of Peter Rabbit, ” etc

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This is a Pussy called Miss Moppet, she thinks she has heard a mouse!
This is the Mouse peeping out behind the cupboard, and making fun of
Miss Moppet. He is not afraid of a kitten.





This is Miss Moppet jumping just too late; she misses the Mouse and hits her own head.

She thinks it is a very hard cupboard!





The Mouse watches Miss Moppet from the top of the cupboard.
Miss Moppet ties up her head in a duster, and sits before the fire.



The Mouse thinks she is looking very ill. He comes sliding down the bell-pull.





Miss Moppet looks worse and worse. The Mouse comes a little nearer.



Miss Moppet holds her poor head in her paws, and looks at him through a hole in the duster. The Mouse comes *very* close.

And then all of a sudden — Miss Moppet jumps upon the Mouse!





And because the Mouse has teased Miss Moppet — Miss Moppet thinks she will tease the Mouse; which is not at all nice of Miss Moppet. She ties him up in the duster, and tosses it about like a ball.



But she forgot about that hole in the duster; and when she untied it — there was no Mouse!



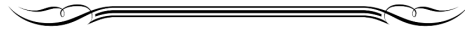


He has wriggled out and run away; and he is dancing a jig on the top of the cupboard!

THE END

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THE TALE OF TOM KITTEN



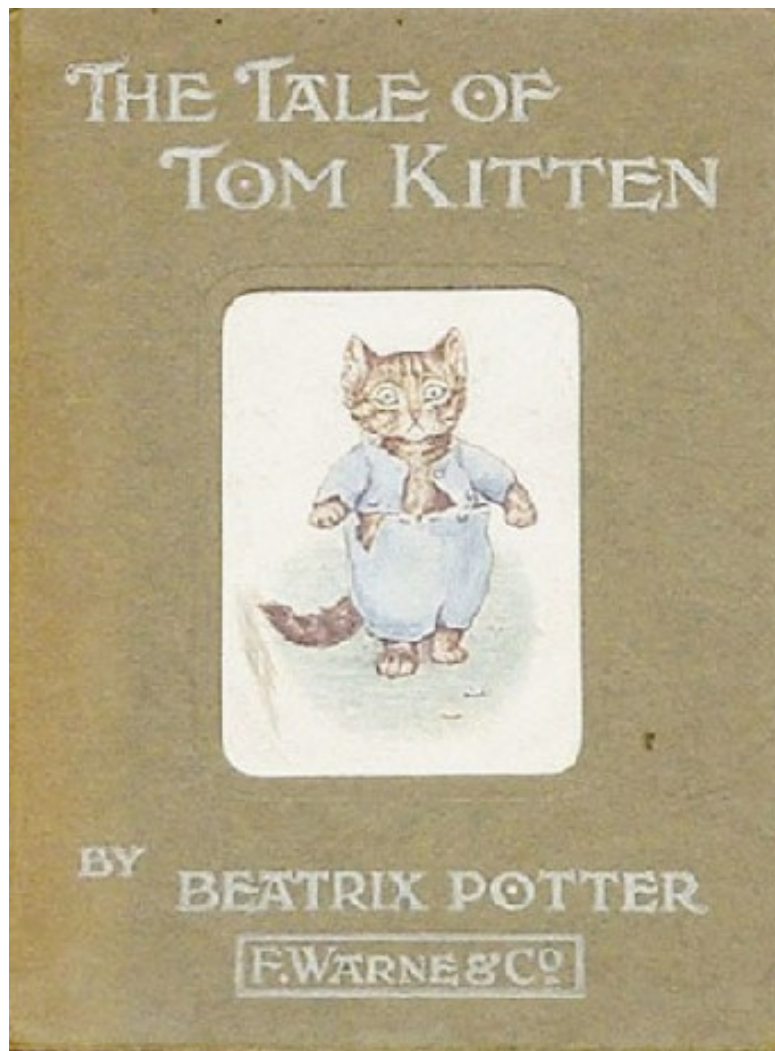
The Tale of Tom Kitten was published by Frederick Warne & Co in September 1907, a year after Potter began work on the project. Twenty thousand copies were released in the early autumn of 1907 and a further twelve thousand five hundred copies were published in December. A decade later Potter produced a painting book under Tom Kitten's name and in 1935 two books of piano music were written for children, which include a piece that was inspired by the character of Tom Kitten. Like many other Potter creations *The Tale of Tom Kitten* generated merchandising in the form of porcelain figurines and soft plush toys.

She began work on the book in the summer of 1906 and used the interiors of Hill Top, the house she had bought in Sawrey in the Lake District in 1905, as the backdrop to the story. The sketches of the naughty real-life kitten that Potter used for her illustrations in *Miss Moppet* also served as the inspiration for the characters in *Tom Kitten*. While alterations were happening to Hill Top, Potter stayed with Mrs Satterthwaite; she had a cat called Tabitha Twitchit, who would become Tom's mother in the book. A few of the ducks in the work were sketched in London after Potter visited a cousin who owned the birds in Putney Park.

The Tale of Tom Kitten was written in a cheap exercise book and divided into small paragraphs with illustrations drawn in the corners. Potter made several alterations to her manuscript and while she was unhappy with several of her drawings, she revealed an overall contentedness with the work. The tale opens with Tom and his two siblings playing in the dirt, when their mother informs them that she has good company coming to tea and that the children must be dressed smartly. Her attempts to put them in beautiful attire are disastrous because Tom scratches her and bursts the buttons on his clothes. Tabitha fixes the broken buttons and sends the children out of the house while she prepares for the Puddle-Ducks arriving. The naughty disobedient kittens then become involved in mischief and tomfoolery, which threatens to ruin their mother's evening plans. Tabitha has been viewed by some critics as a stern Victorian mother intent on discipline and keeping up appearances. Tom is rebellious and independent, paying no heed to parental guidelines or rules. He is arguably symbolic of

the dangers of the unnatural strictures and confines placed on children during the early twentieth century.

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The first edition

THE TALE OF TOM KITTEN



BY

BEATRIX POTTER

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit", &c.

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DEDICATED

TO ALL PICKLES,

— ESPECIALLY TO THOSE THAT GET UPON MY GARDEN WALL

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Once upon a time there were three little kittens, and their names were Mittens, Tom Kitten, and Moppet.

They had dear little fur coats of their own; and they tumbled about the doorstep and played in the dust.

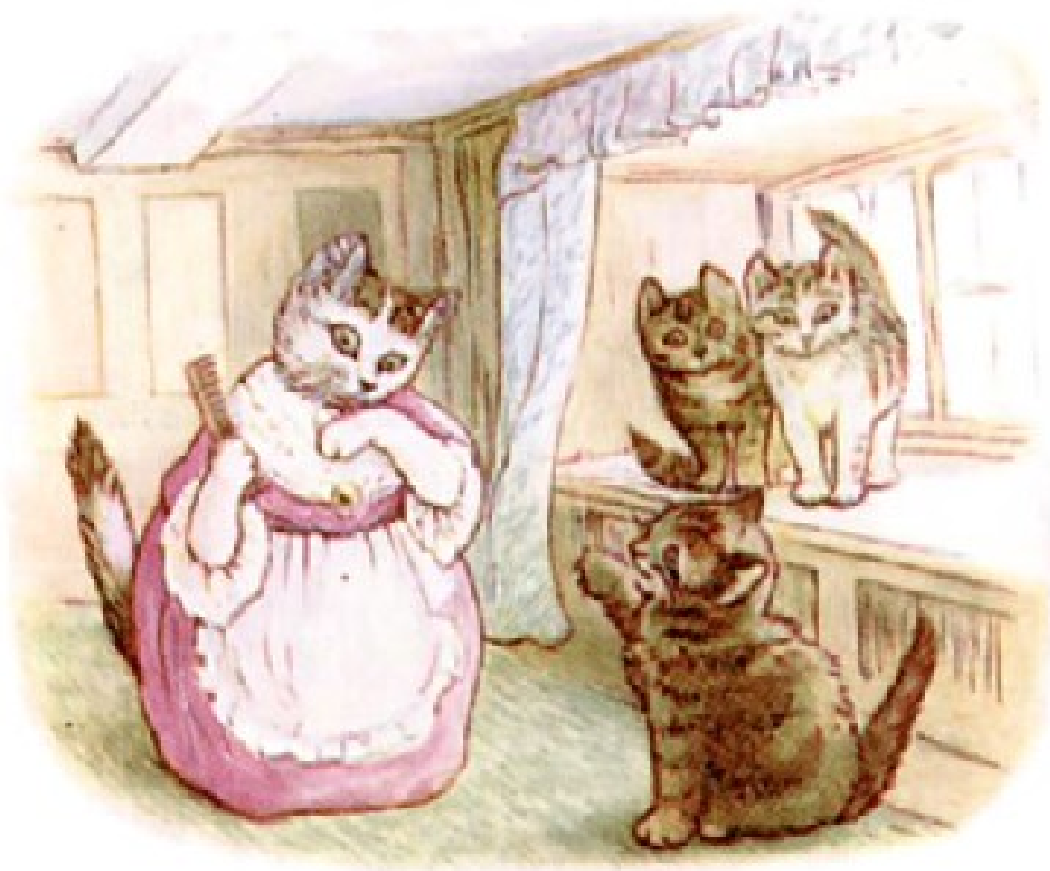
But one day their mother — Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit — expected friends to tea; so she fetched the kittens indoors, to wash and dress them, before the fine company arrived.





First she scrubbed their faces (this one is Moppet).
Then she brushed their fur, (this one is Mittens).





Then she combed their tails and whiskers (this is Tom Kitten).

Tom was very naughty, and he scratched.

Mrs. Tabitha dressed Moppet and Mittens in clean pinafores and tuckers; and then she took all sorts of elegant uncomfortable clothes out of a chest of drawers, in order to dress up her son Thomas.





Tom Kitten was very fat, and he had grown; several buttons burst off. His mother sewed them on again.

When the three kittens were ready, Mrs. Tabitha unwisely turned them out into the garden, to be out of the way while she made hot buttered toast.

“Now keep your frocks clean, children! You must walk on your hind legs. Keep away from the dirty ash-pit, and from Sally Henny Penny, and from the pig-stye and the Puddle-Ducks.”





Moppet and Mittens walked down the garden path unsteadily. Presently they trod upon their pinafores and fell on their noses.

When they stood up there were several green smears!

“Let us climb up the rockery, and sit on the garden wall,” said Moppet.

They turned their pinafores back to front, and went up with a skip and a jump; Moppet’s white tucker fell down into the road.





Tom Kitten was quite unable to jump when walking upon his hind legs in trousers. He came up the rockery by degrees, breaking the ferns, and shedding buttons right and left.

He was all in pieces when he reached the top of the wall.

Moppet and Mittens tried to pull him together; his hat fell off, and the rest of his buttons burst.





While they were in difficulties, there was a pit pat paddle pat! and the three Puddle-Ducks came along the hard high road, marching one behind the other and doing the goose step — pit pat paddle pat! pit pat waddle pat!

They stopped and stood in a row, and stared up at the kittens. They had very small eyes and looked surprised.





Then the two duck-birds, Rebecca and Jemima Puddle-Duck, picked up the hat and tucker and put them on.

Mittens laughed so that she fell off the wall. Moppet and Tom descended after her; the pinafores and all the rest of Tom's clothes came off on the way down.

"Come! Mr. Drake Puddle-Duck," said Moppet— "Come and help us to dress him! Come and button up Tom!"





Mr. Drake Puddle-Duck advanced in a slow sideways manner, and picked up the various articles.

But he put them on *himself*! They fitted him even worse than Tom Kitten.

“It’s a very fine morning!” said Mr. Drake Puddle-Duck.





And he and Jemima and Rebecca Puddle-Duck set off up the road, keeping step — pit pat, paddle pat! pit pat, waddle pat!

Then Tabitha Twitchit came down the garden and found her kittens on the wall with no clothes on.





She pulled them off the wall, smacked them, and took them back to the house.

“My friends will arrive in a minute, and you are not fit to be seen; I am affronted,” said Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit.

She sent them upstairs; and I am sorry to say she told her friends that they were in bed with the measles; which was not true.





Quite the contrary; they were not in bed: *not* in the least.

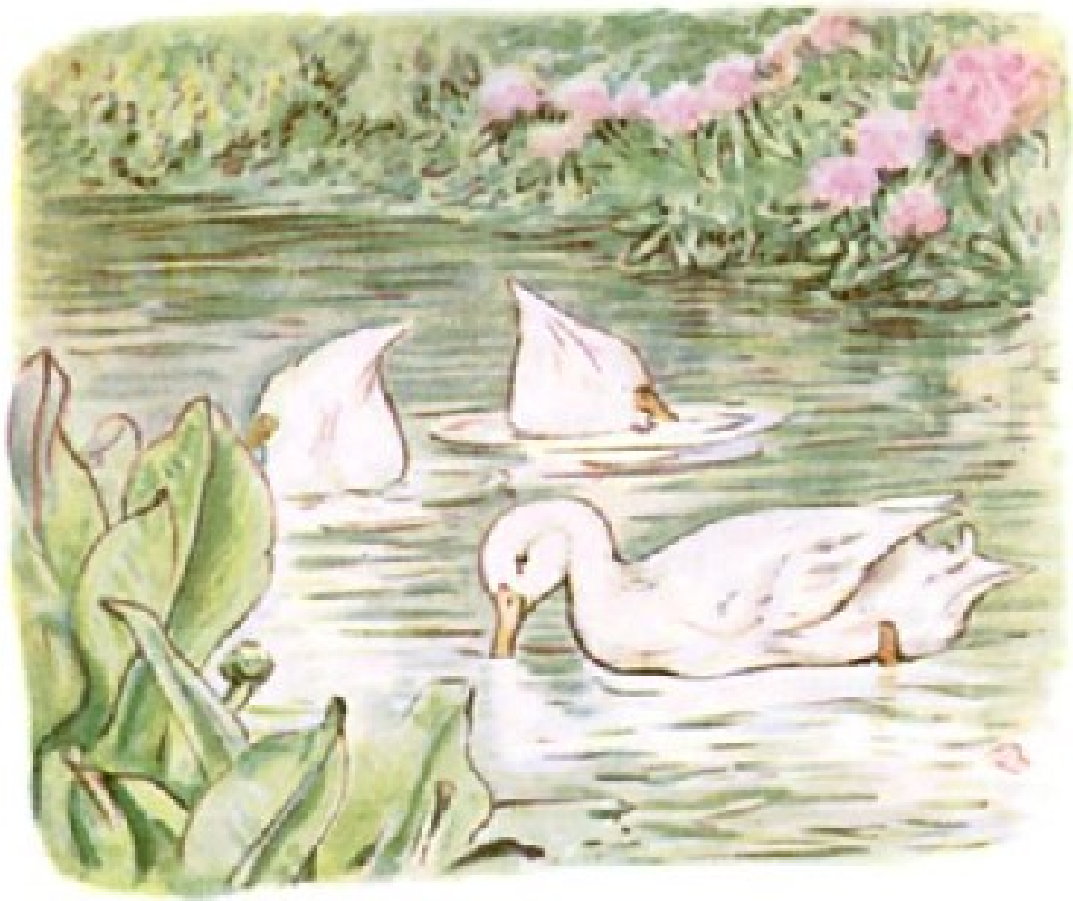
Somehow there were very extraordinary noises over-head, which disturbed the dignity and repose of the tea party.

And I think that some day I shall have to make another, larger, book, to tell you more about Tom Kitten!



As for the Puddle-Ducks — they went into a pond.
The clothes all came off directly, because there were no buttons.





And Mr. Drake Puddle-Duck, and Jemima and Rebecca, have been looking for them ever since.

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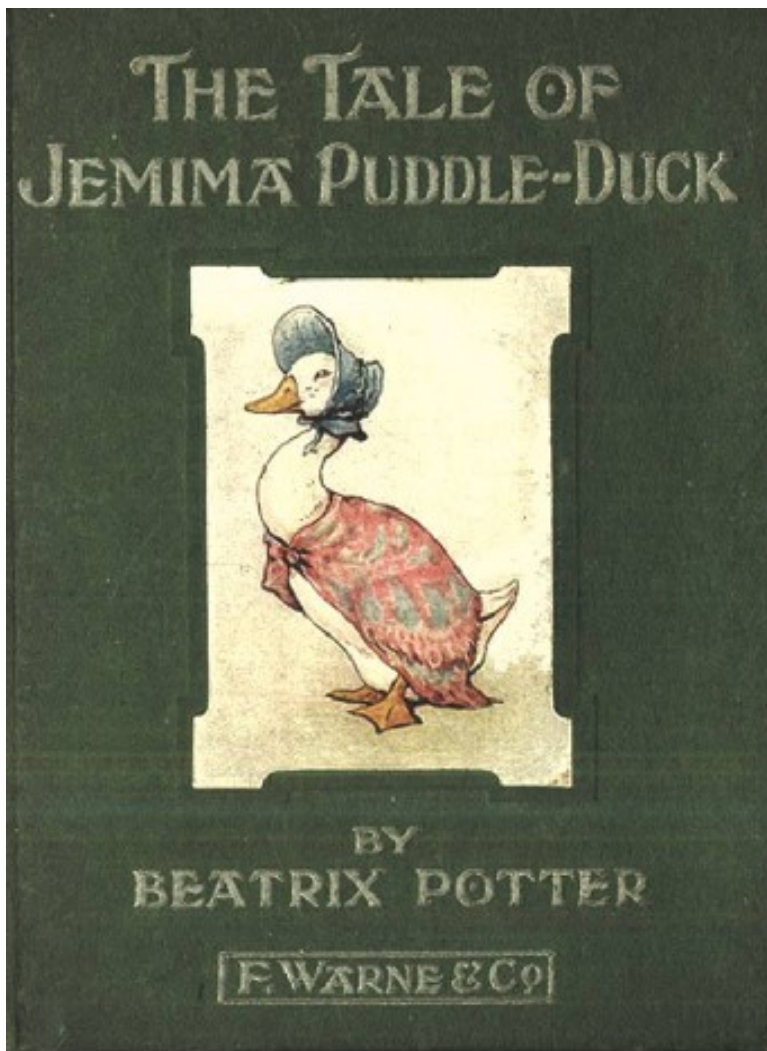
THE TALE OF JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK



Beatrix Potter composed *The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck* at her working farm house, Hill Top, in the Lake District, which she bought in the summer of 1905. The work was published by Frederick Warne & Co in July 1908 and it is the first of Potter's books to be set almost entirely around her farm, where she uses illustrations of the grounds and surrounding landscape for the background drawings of the work. The book has been hugely popular for more than a century and the story spawned a painting book in 1925, a soft Jemima Puddle-Duck toy and a Beswick porcelain figurine.

The author began sketches for the work in the winter of 1907 while she was recuperating from illness and continued to labour the following spring, while vacationing with her parents. Potter scoured her farmland to find the perfect place to situate Jemima's nest in the book. The illustrations of Jemima were also inspired by a duck at Hill Top, who managed to evade Mrs Cannon's attempt at removing her eggs. The name of the central character was in homage to Jemima Blackburn, a painter and illustrator Potter had adored since being a child. The work was dedicated to the children of her farm manager, John Cannon, and Potter includes them in one scene of her book where they collect eggs from a rhubarb patch.

The story centres on Jemima Puddle-Duck, who frequently has her eggs confiscated by the farmer. Jemima determines to find a safe place to lay and incubate her eggs when she encounters a charming fox, dressed like a gentleman. He persuades her to nest in his shed and the tale begins to mirror *Little Red Riding Hood*. Potter often mined fairytales in her narratives and *Jemima Puddle-Duck* explores the predator and prey dynamic and a possible hero appearing on the horizon. The fox is one of Potter's most effective and dangerous villains: the charming facade of a cunning cold killer. The book also highlights Potter's gift for building and maintaining tension within her narrative and her belief that nature can be brutal to the naïve and innocent.



The first edition

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Jemima Blackburn (1823–1909), the evocative painter of rural life in 19th-century Scotland, was the inspiration for Jemima Puddle-Duck's name

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The original frontispiece

**THE TALE OF
JEMIMA PUDDLE-DUCK**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of “The Tale of Peter Rabbit”, &c

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What a funny sight it is to see a brood of ducklings with a hen!
— Listen to the story of Jemima Puddle-duck, who was annoyed
because the farmer's wife would not let her hatch her own eggs.



Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rebecca Puddle-duck, was perfectly willing to leave the hatching to some one else— “I have not the patience to sit on a nest for twenty-eight days; and no more have you, Jemima. You would let them go cold; you know you would!”

“I wish to hatch my own eggs; I will hatch them all by myself,” quacked Jemima Puddle-duck.



She tried to hide her eggs; but they were always found and carried off.
Jemima Puddle-duck became quite desperate. She determined to make a nest right away from the farm.



She set off on a fine spring afternoon along the cart-road that leads over the hill.

She was wearing a shawl and a poke bonnet.



When she reached the top of the hill, she saw a wood in the distance. She thought that it looked a safe quiet spot.



Jemima Puddle-duck was not much in the habit of flying. She ran downhill a few yards flapping her shawl, and then she jumped off into the air.



She flew beautifully when she had got a good start.

She skimmed along over the tree-tops until she saw an open place in the middle of the wood, where the trees and brushwood had been cleared.



Jemima alighted rather heavily, and began to waddle about in search of a convenient dry nesting-place. She rather fancied a tree-stump amongst some tall fox-gloves.

But — seated upon the stump, she was startled to find an elegantly dressed gentleman reading a newspaper.

He had black prick ears and sandy coloured whiskers.

“Quack?” said Jemima Puddle-duck, with her head and her bonnet on one side— “Quack?”



The gentleman raised his eyes above his newspaper and looked curiously at Jemima —

“Madam, have you lost your way?” said he. He had a long bushy tail which he was sitting upon, as the stump was somewhat damp.

Jemima thought him mighty civil and handsome. She explained that she had not lost her way, but that she was trying to find a convenient dry nesting-place.



“Ah! is that so? indeed!” said the gentleman with sandy whiskers, looking curiously at Jemima. He folded up the newspaper, and put it in his coat-tail pocket.

Jemima complained of the superfluous hen.

“Indeed! how interesting! I wish I could meet with that fowl. I would teach it to mind its own business!”



“But as to a nest — there is no difficulty: I have a sackful of feathers in my wood-shed. No, my dear madam, you will be in nobody’s way. You may sit there as long as you like,” said the bushy long-tailed gentleman.

He led the way to a very retired, dismal-looking house amongst the fox-gloves.

It was built of faggots and turf, and there were two broken pails, one on top of another, by way of a chimney.



“This is my summer residence; you would not find my earth — my winter house — so convenient,” said the hospitable gentleman.

There was a tumble-down shed at the back of the house, made of old soap-boxes. The gentleman opened the door, and showed Jemima in.



The shed was almost quite full of feathers — it was almost suffocating; but it was comfortable and very soft.

Jemima Puddle-duck was rather surprised to find such a vast quantity of feathers. But it was very comfortable; and she made a nest without any trouble at all.



When she came out, the sandy whiskered gentleman was sitting on a log reading the newspaper — at least he had it spread out, but he was looking over the top of it.

He was so polite, that he seemed almost sorry to let Jemima go home for the night. He promised to take great care of her nest until she came back again next day.

He said he loved eggs and ducklings; he should be proud to see a fine nestful in his wood-shed.



Jemima Puddle-duck came every afternoon; she laid nine eggs in the nest. They were greeny white and very large. The foxy gentleman admired them immensely. He used to turn them over and count them when Jemima was not there.

At last Jemima told him that she intended to begin to sit next day— “and I will bring a bag of corn with me, so that I need never leave my nest until the eggs are hatched. They might catch cold,” said the conscientious Jemima.



“Madam, I beg you not to trouble yourself with a bag; I will provide oats. But before you commence your tedious sitting, I intend to give you a treat. Let us have a dinner-party all to ourselves!”

“May I ask you to bring up some herbs from the farm-garden to make a savoury omelette? Sage and thyme, and mint and two onions, and some parsley. I will provide lard for the stuff — lard for the omelette,” said the hospitable gentleman with sandy whiskers.



Jemima Puddle-duck was a simpleton: not even the mention of sage and onions made her suspicious.

She went round the farm-garden, nibbling off snippets of all the different sorts of herbs that are used for stuffing roast duck.



And she waddled into the kitchen, and got two onions out of a basket.

The collie-dog Kep met her coming out, “What are you doing with those onions? Where do you go every afternoon by yourself, Jemima Puddle-duck?”

Jemima was rather in awe of the collie; she told him the whole story.

The collie listened, with his wise head on one side; he grinned when she described the polite gentleman with sandy whiskers.



He asked several questions about the wood, and about the exact position of the house and shed.

Then he went out, and trotted down the village. He went to look for two fox-hound puppies who were out at walk with the butcher.



Jemima Puddle-duck went up the cart-road for the last time, on a sunny afternoon. She was rather burdened with bunches of herbs and two onions in a bag.

She flew over the wood, and alighted opposite the house of the bushy long-tailed gentleman.



He was sitting on a log; he sniffed the air, and kept glancing uneasily round the wood. When Jemima alighted he quite jumped.

“Come into the house as soon as you have looked at your eggs. Give me the herbs for the omelette. Be sharp!”

He was rather abrupt. Jemima Puddle-duck had never heard him speak like that.

She felt surprised, and uncomfortable.



While she was inside she heard pattering feet round the back of the shed. Some one with a black nose sniffed at the bottom of the door, and then locked it.

Jemima became much alarmed.



A moment afterwards there were most awful noises — barking, baying, growls and howls, squealing and groans.

And nothing more was ever seen of that foxy-whiskered gentleman.

Presently Kep opened the door of the shed, and let out Jemima Puddle-duck.



Unfortunately the puppies rushed in and gobbled up all the eggs before he could stop them.

He had a bite on his ear and both the puppies were limping.



Jemima Puddle-duck was escorted home in tears on account of those eggs.



She laid some more in June, and she was permitted to keep them herself: but only four of them hatched.

Jemima Puddle-duck said that it was because of her nerves; but she had always been a bad sitter.

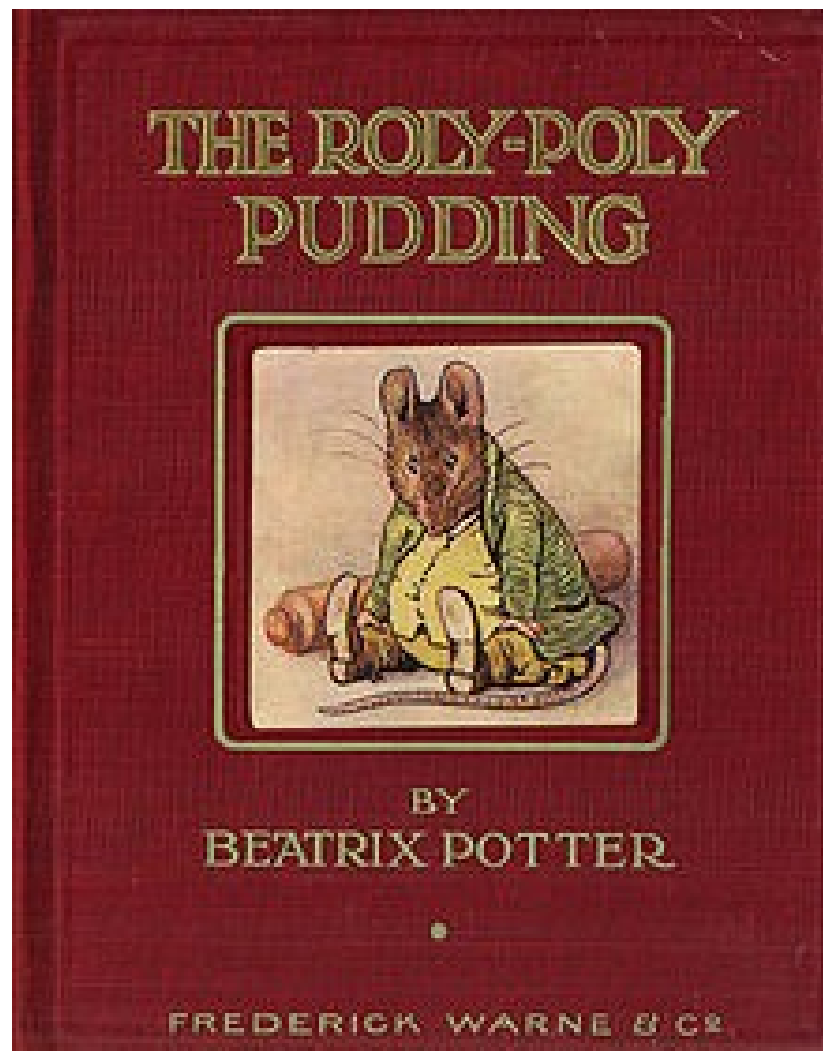
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THE TALE OF SAMUEL WHISKERS OR, THE ROLY-POLY PUDDING



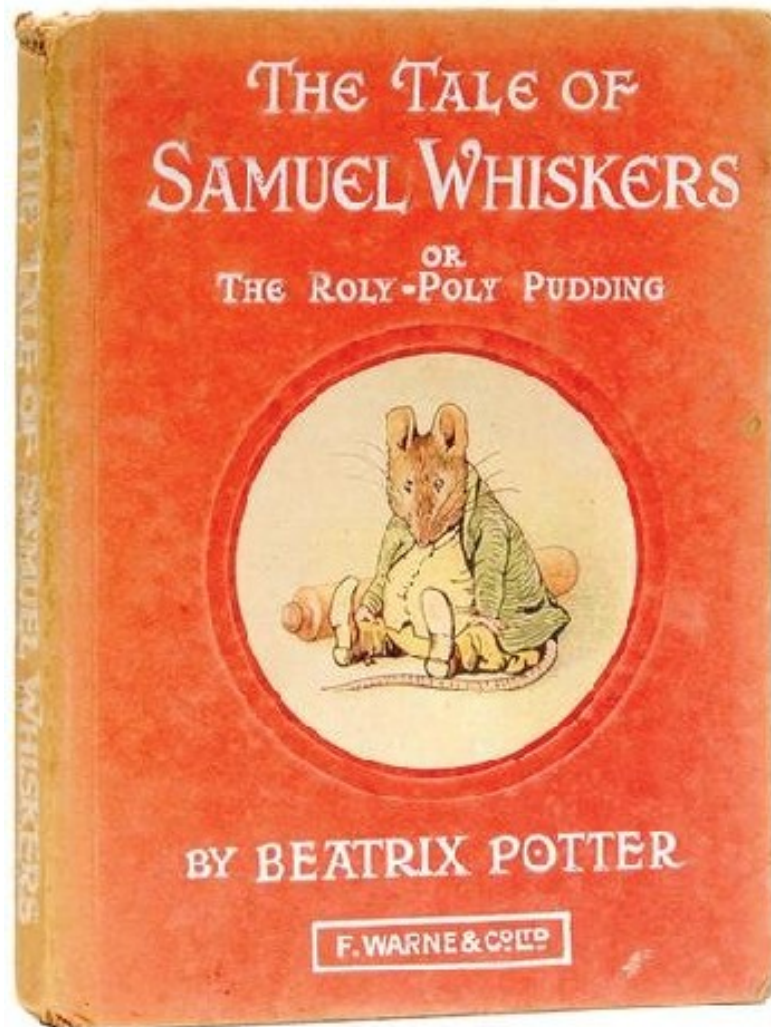
The Tale of Samuel Whiskers was first published under the name *The Roly-Poly Pudding* by Frederick Warne & Co in October 1908. The story features some of Potter's previous characters, Tom Kitten and Tabitha Twitchit, from *The Tale of Tom Kitten*, and Ribby the cat from *The Tale of the Pie and the Patty-Pan*. It also includes two new characters; the eponymous Samuel Whiskers, and his wife Anna Maria who are dastardly rats. Tabitha Twitchit is frustrated by her naughty children so she intends to lock them up in the cupboard, but Tom escapes up the chimney and into the attic floorboards. It is here that he encounters Samuel and his wife who catch him and attempt to roll him into a pie for them to consume. Once again, Potter creates a successful story that manages to negotiate the difficult task of producing a work which children will find suspenseful without being frightened or terrified. Samuel Whiskers is a strong, intimidating character creation and he leaves a lasting impact on the imagination of the reader.

The Tale of Samuel Whiskers is actually the story Potter promised at the conclusion of *Tom Kitten* and is another of Potter's books deriving its background illustrations from her farmhouse in the Lake District. After Potter purchased Hill Top and became increasingly successful, she had less time to sketch from real life examples. She began to use photographs to help inform her illustrations instead, particularly with regards to any human characters in her texts. The book was originally published in a larger format before it was reduced to the small series size when it was republished and renamed in 1926. Potter dedicated the tale to her old pet 'Sammy', or to give his full name, Samuel Whiskers.



The first edition

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The alternative title

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**THE TALE OF
SAMUEL WHISKERS**



**Or,
THE ROLY POLY PUDDING**

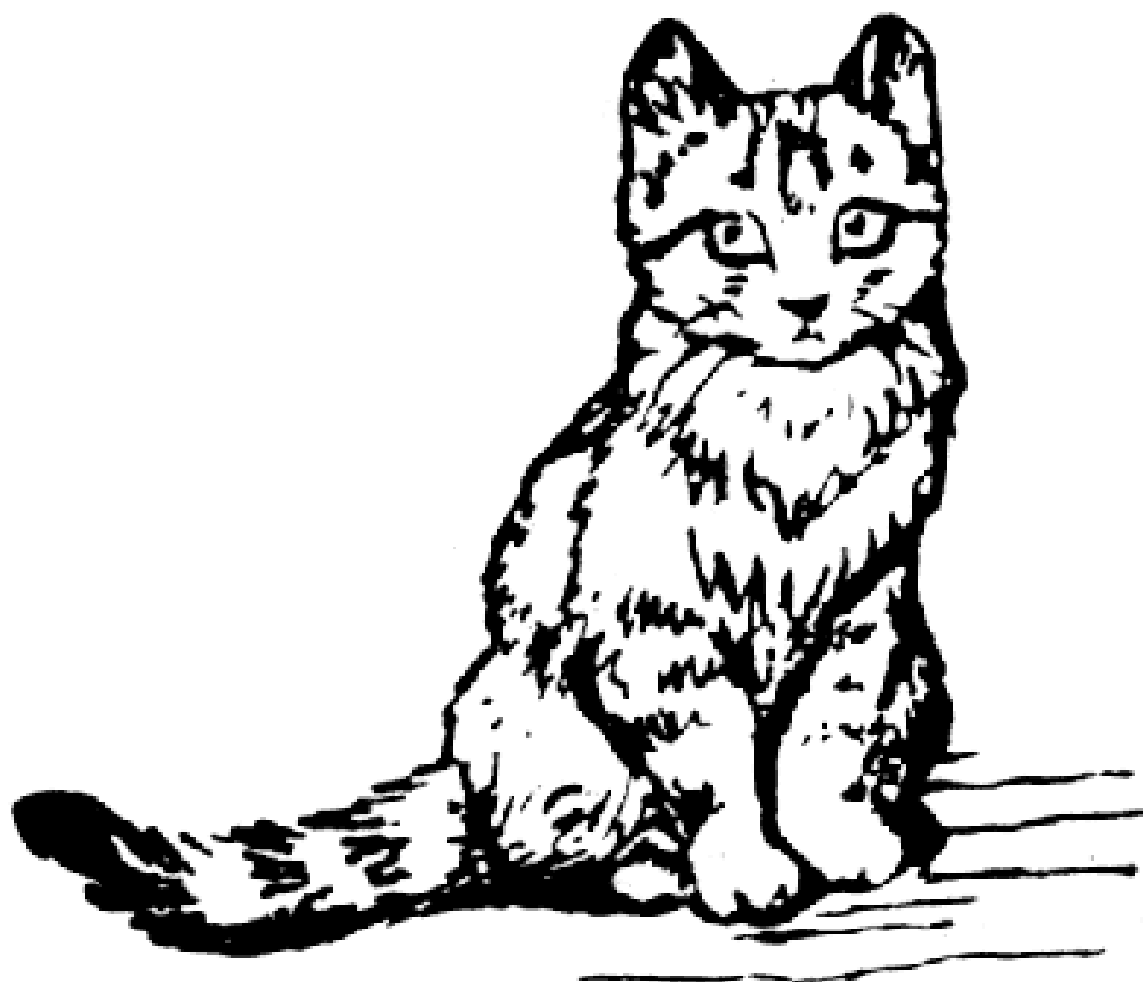
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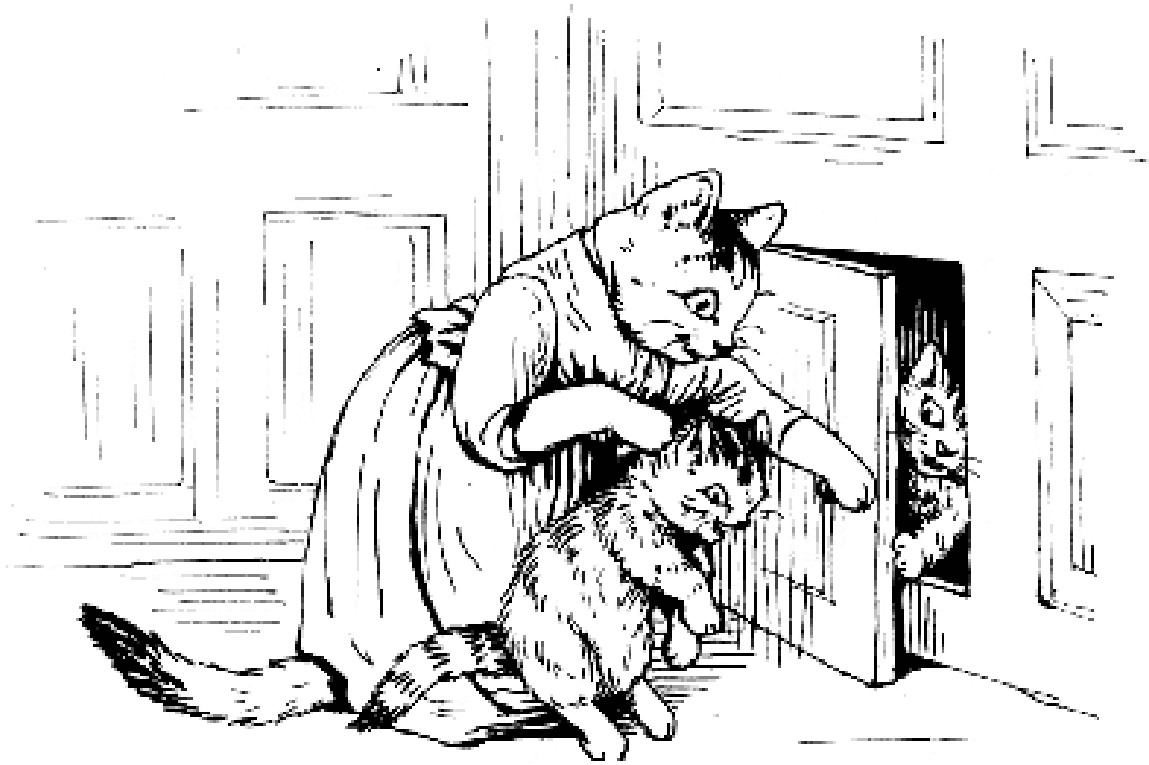
In Remembrance of
“SAMMY,”
The intelligent pink-eyed Representative
of
a Persecuted (but Irrepressible) Race
An affectionate little Friend,
and most accomplished
thief

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Once upon a time there was an old cat, called Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit, who was an anxious parent. She used to lose her kittens continually, and whenever they were lost they were always in mischief!

On baking day she determined to shut them up in a cupboard.

She caught Moppet and Mittens, but she could not find Tom.

Mrs. Tabitha went up and down all over the house, mewing for Tom Kitten. She looked in the pantry under the staircase, and she searched the best spare bedroom that was all covered up with dust sheets. She went right upstairs and looked into the attics, but she could not find him anywhere.

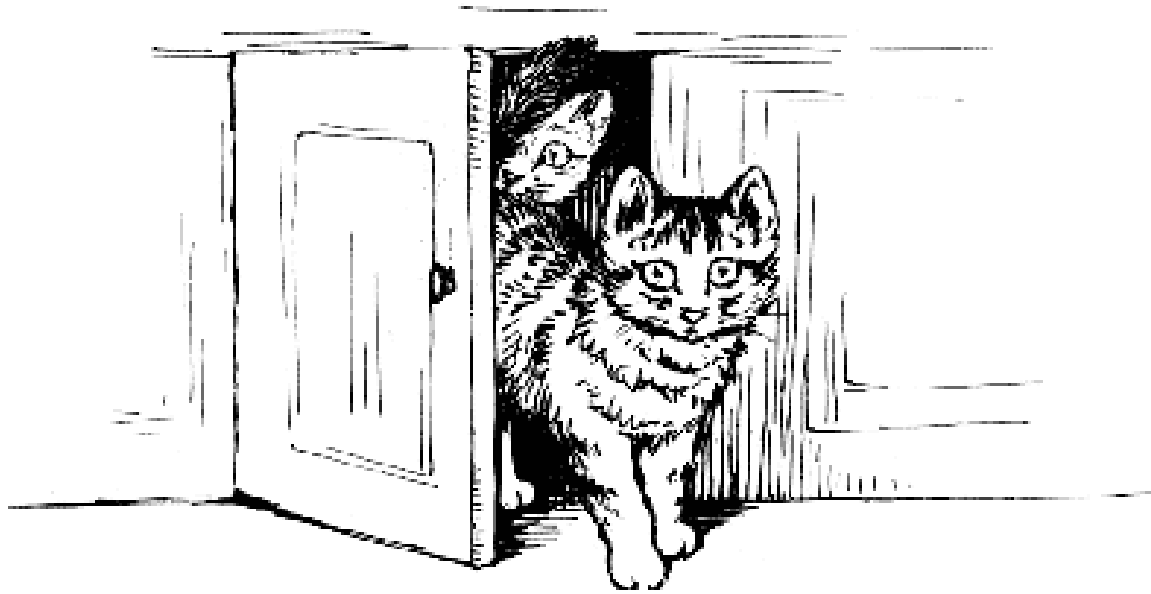
It was an old, old house, full of cupboards and passages. Some of the walls were four feet thick, and there used to be queer noises inside them, as if there might be a little secret staircase. Certainly there were odd little jagged doorways in the wainscot, and things disappeared at night — especially cheese and bacon.

Mrs. Tabitha became more and more distracted, and mewed dreadfully.



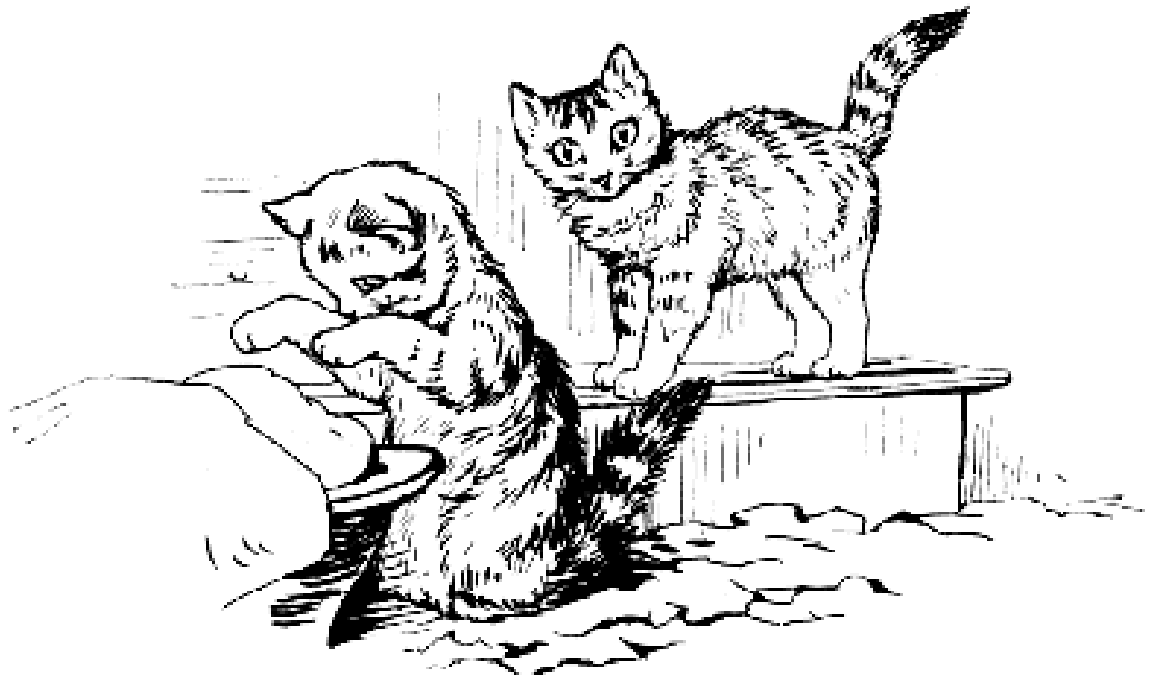
While their mother was searching the house, Moppet and Mittens had got into mischief.

The cupboard door was not locked, so they pushed it open and came out.



They went straight to the dough which was set to rise in a pan before the fire.

They patted it with their little soft paws— “Shall we make dear little muffins?” said Mittens to Moppet.



But just at that moment somebody knocked at the front door, and Moppet jumped into the flour barrel in a fright.



Mittens ran away to the dairy, and hid in an empty jar on the stone shelf where the milk pans stand.



The visitor was a neighbour, Mrs. Ribby; she had called to borrow some yeast.



Mrs. Tabitha came downstairs mewling dreadfully— “Come in, Cousin Ribby, come in, and sit ye down! I’m in sad trouble, Cousin Ribby,” said Tabitha, shedding tears. “I’ve lost my dear son Thomas; I’m afraid the rats have got him.” She wiped her eyes with her apron.

“He’s a bad kitten, Cousin Tabitha; he made a cat’s cradle of my best bonnet last time I came to tea. Where have you looked for him?”

“All over the house! The rats are too many for me. What a thing it is to have an unruly family!” said Mrs. Tabitha Twitchit.



“I’m not afraid of rats; I will help you to find him; and whip him too!
What is all that soot in the fender?”



“The chimney wants sweeping — Oh, dear me, Cousin Ribby — now Moppet and Mittens are gone!”

“They have both got out of the cupboard!”



Ribby and Tabitha set to work to search the house thoroughly again. They poked under the beds with Ribby's umbrella, and they rummaged in cupboards. They even fetched a candle, and looked inside a clothes chest in one of the attics. They could not find anything, but once they heard a door bang and somebody scuttered downstairs.

"Yes, it is infested with rats," said Tabitha tearfully. "I caught seven young ones out of one hole in the back kitchen, and we had them for dinner last Saturday. And once I saw the old father rat — an enormous old rat, Cousin Ribby. I was just going to jump upon him, when he showed his yellow teeth at me and whisked down the hole."

"The rats get upon my nerves, Cousin Ribby," said Tabitha.



Ribby and Tabitha searched and searched. They both heard a curious roly-poly noise under the attic floor. But there was nothing to be seen.



They returned to the kitchen. “Here’s one of your kittens at least,” said Ribby, dragging Moppet out of the flour barrel.

They shook the flour off her and set her down on the kitchen floor. She seemed to be in a terrible fright.

“Oh! Mother, Mother,” said Moppet, “there’s been an old woman rat in the kitchen, and she’s stolen some of the dough!”

The two cats ran to look at the dough pan. Sure enough there were marks of little scratching fingers, and a lump of dough was gone!

“Which way did she go, Moppet?”

But Moppet had been too much frightened to peep out of the barrel again.

Ribby and Tabitha took her with them to keep her safely in sight, while they went on with their search.



They went into the dairy.



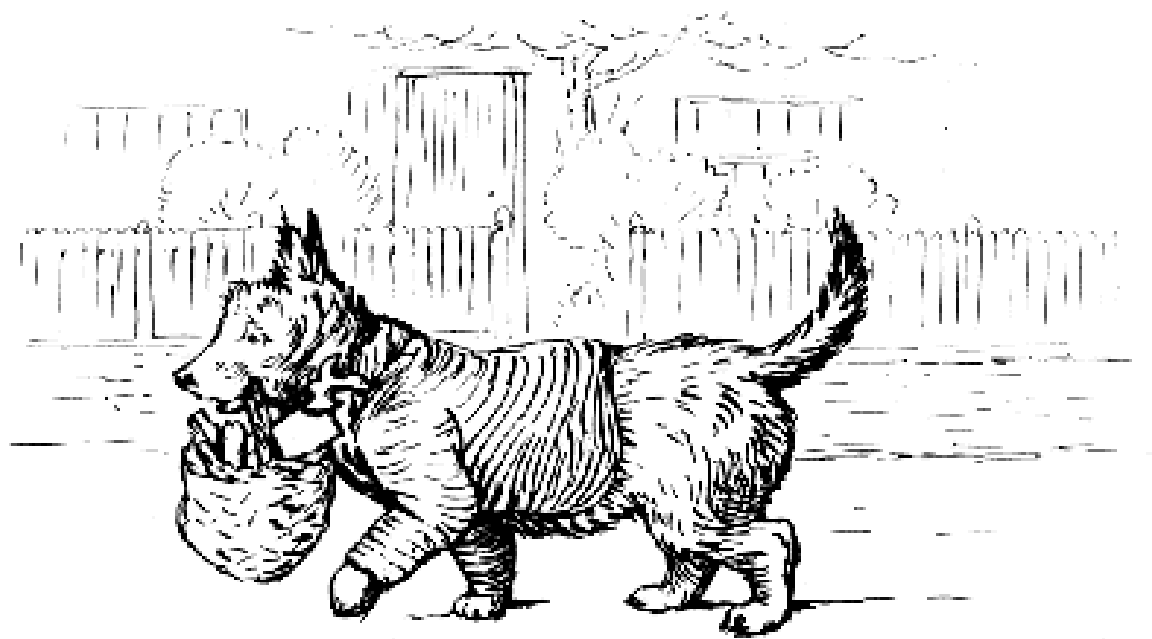
“Oh! Mother, Mother, there has been an old man rat in the dairy — a dreadful ‘normous big rat, mother; and he’s stolen a pat of butter and the rolling-pin.”

Ribby and Tabitha looked at one another.

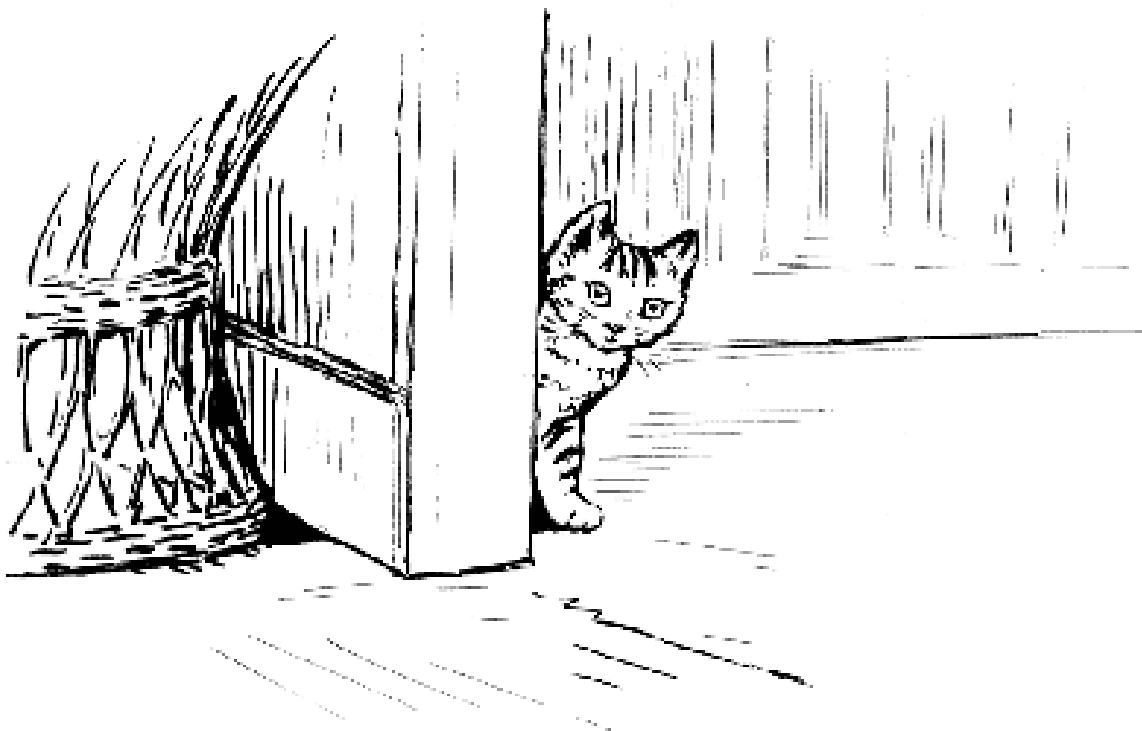
“A rolling-pin and butter! Oh, my poor son Thomas!” exclaimed Tabitha, wringing her paws.

“A rolling-pin?” said Ribby. “Did we not hear a roly-poly noise in the attic when we were looking into that chest?”

Ribby and Tabitha rushed upstairs again. Sure enough the roly-poly noise was still going on quite distinctly under the attic floor.



“This is serious, Cousin Tabitha,” said Ribby. “We must send for John Joiner at once, with a saw.”



Now this is what had been happening to Tom Kitten, and it shows how very unwise it is to go up a chimney in a very old house, where a person does not know his way, and where there are enormous rats.

Tom Kitten did not want to be shut up in a cupboard. When he saw that his mother was going to bake, he determined to hide.

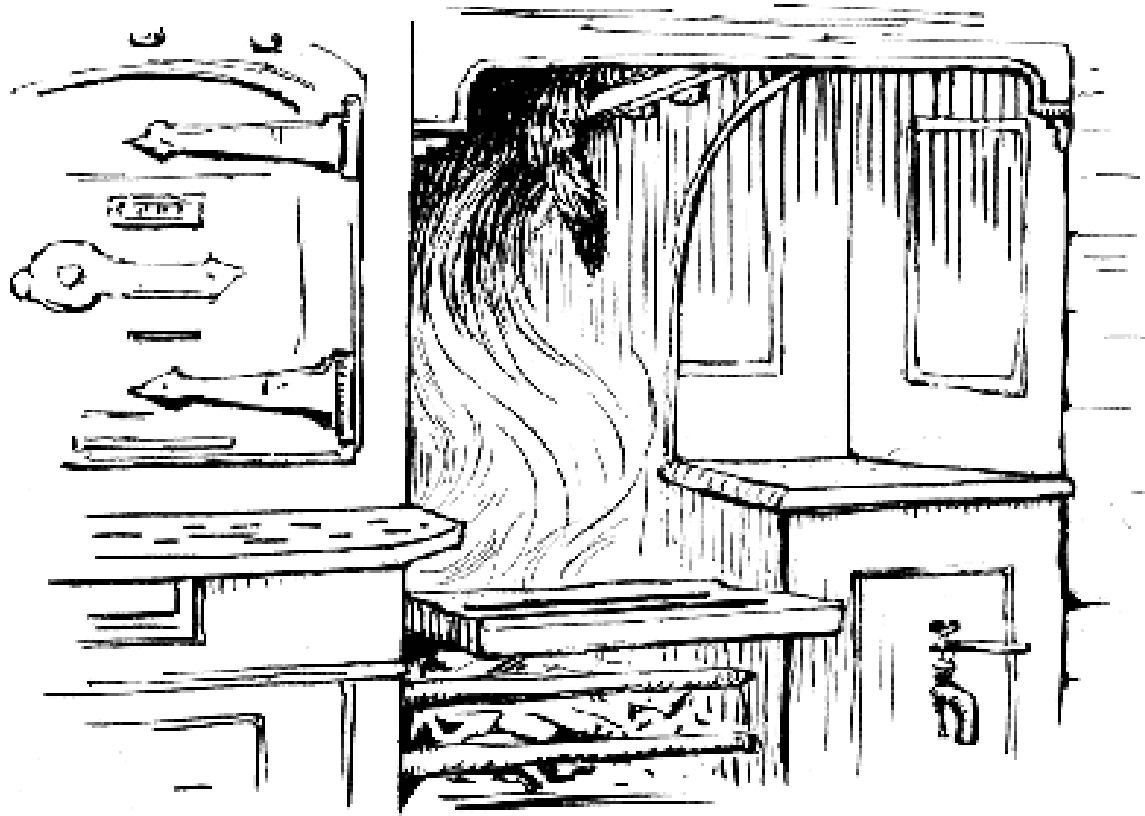
He looked about for a nice convenient place, and he fixed upon the chimney.

The fire had only just been lighted, and it was not hot; but there was a white choky smoke from the green sticks. Tom Kitten got upon the fender and looked up. It was a big old-fashioned fire-place.

The chimney itself was wide enough inside for a man to stand up and walk about. So there was plenty of room for a little Tom Cat.



He jumped right up into the fire-place, balancing himself upon the iron bar where the kettle hangs.



Tom Kitten took another big jump off the bar, and landed on a ledge high up inside the chimney, knocking down some soot into the fender.



Tom Kitten coughed and choked with the smoke; and he could hear the sticks beginning to crackle and burn in the fire-place down below. He made up his mind to climb right to the top, and get out on the slates, and try to catch sparrows.

“I cannot go back. If I slipped I might fall in the fire and singe my beautiful tail and my little blue jacket.”

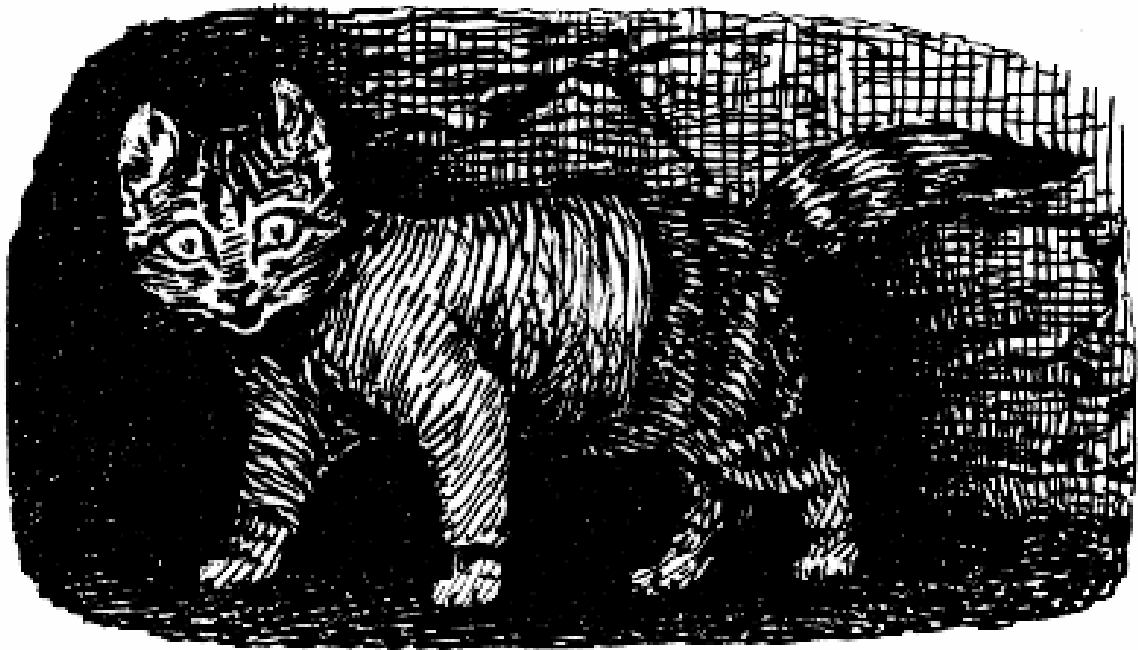


The chimney was a very big old-fashioned one. It was built in the days when people burnt logs of wood upon the hearth.

The chimney stack stood up above the roof like a little stone tower, and the daylight shone down from the top, under the slanting slates that kept out the rain.



Tom Kitten was getting very frightened! He climbed up, and up, and up.



Then he waded sideways through inches of soot. He was like a little sweep himself.

It was most confusing in the dark. One flue seemed to lead into another.

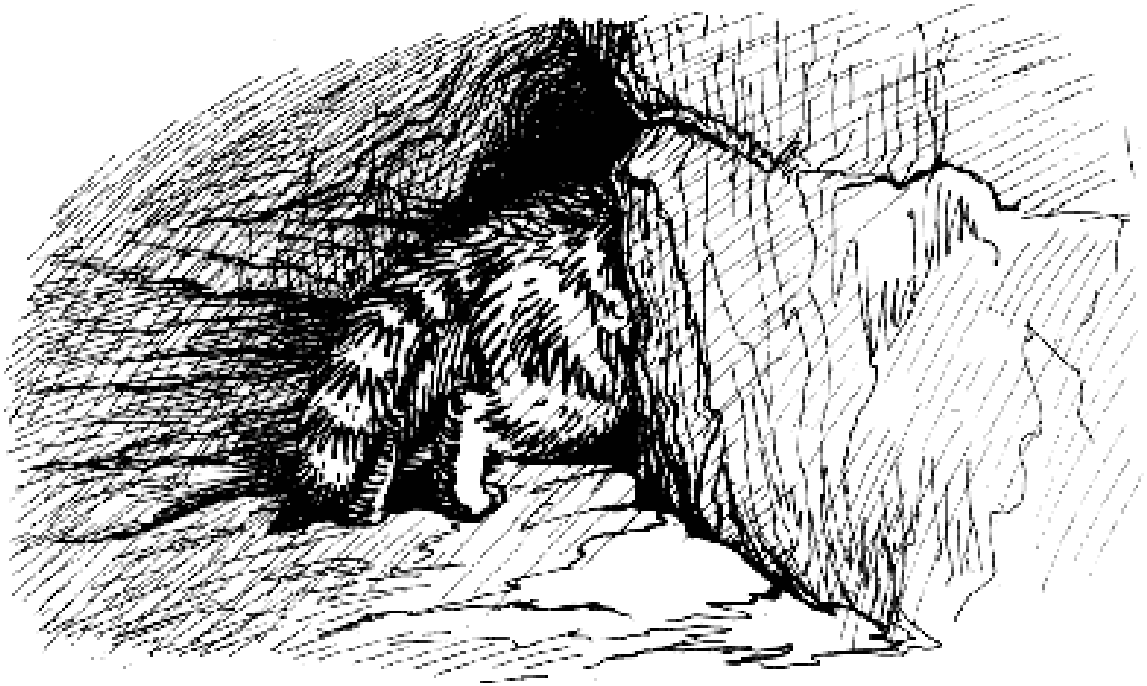
There was less smoke, but Tom Kitten felt quite lost.

He scrambled up and up; but before he reached the chimney top he came to a place where somebody had loosened a stone in the wall. There were some mutton bones lying about —

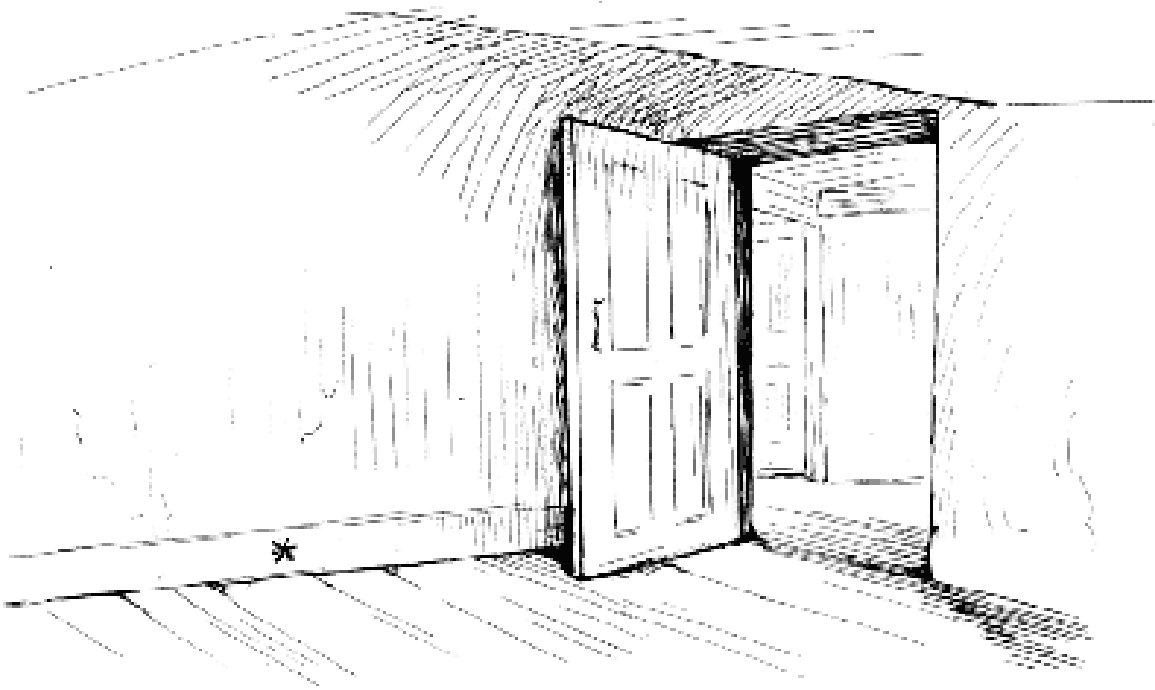
“This seems funny,” said Tom Kitten. “Who has been gnawing bones up here in the chimney? I wish I had never come! And what a funny smell? It is something like mouse; only dreadfully strong. It makes me sneeze,” said Tom Kitten.



He squeezed through the hole in the wall, and dragged himself along a most uncomfortably tight passage where there was scarcely any light.



He groped his way carefully for several yards; he was at the back of the skirting-board in the attic, where there is a little mark * in the picture.



All at once he fell head over heels in the dark, down a hole, and landed on a heap of very dirty rags.

When Tom Kitten picked himself up and looked about him — he found himself in a place that he had never seen before, although he had lived all his life in the house.

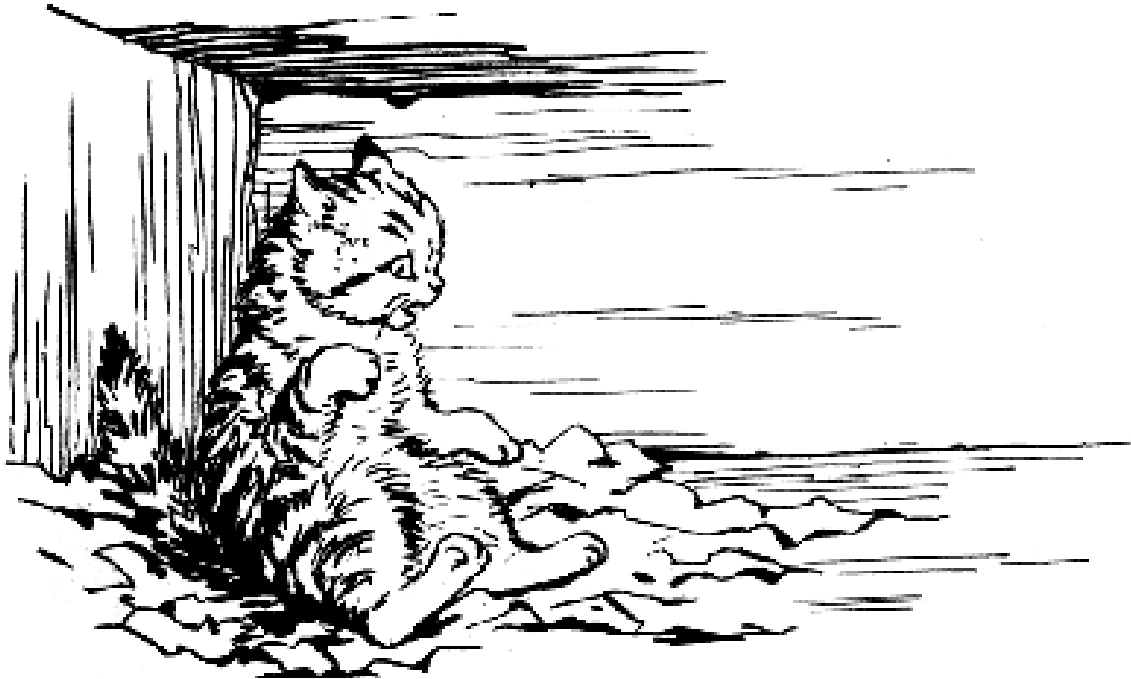
It was a very small stuffy fusty room, with boards, and rafters, and cobwebs, and lath and plaster.

Opposite to him — as far away as he could sit — was an enormous rat.

“What do you mean by tumbling into my bed all covered with smuts?” said the rat, chattering his teeth.



“Please sir, the chimney wants sweeping,” said poor Tom Kitten.



“Anna Maria! Anna Maria!” squeaked the rat. There was a pattering noise and an old woman rat poked her head round a rafter.



All in a minute she rushed upon Tom Kitten, and before he knew what was happening —

His coat was pulled off, and he was rolled up in a bundle, and tied with string in very hard knots.

Anna Maria did the tying. The old rat watched her and took snuff. When she had finished, they both sat staring at him with their mouths open.

“Anna Maria,” said the old man rat (whose name was Samuel Whiskers), — “Anna Maria, make me a kitten dumpling roly-poly pudding for my dinner.”

“It requires dough and a pat of butter, and a rolling-pin,” said Anna Maria, considering Tom Kitten with her head on one side.





“No,” said Samuel Whiskers, “make it properly, Anna Maria, with breadcrumbs.”



“Nonsense! Butter and dough,” replied Anna Maria.

The two rats consulted together for a few minutes and then went away.

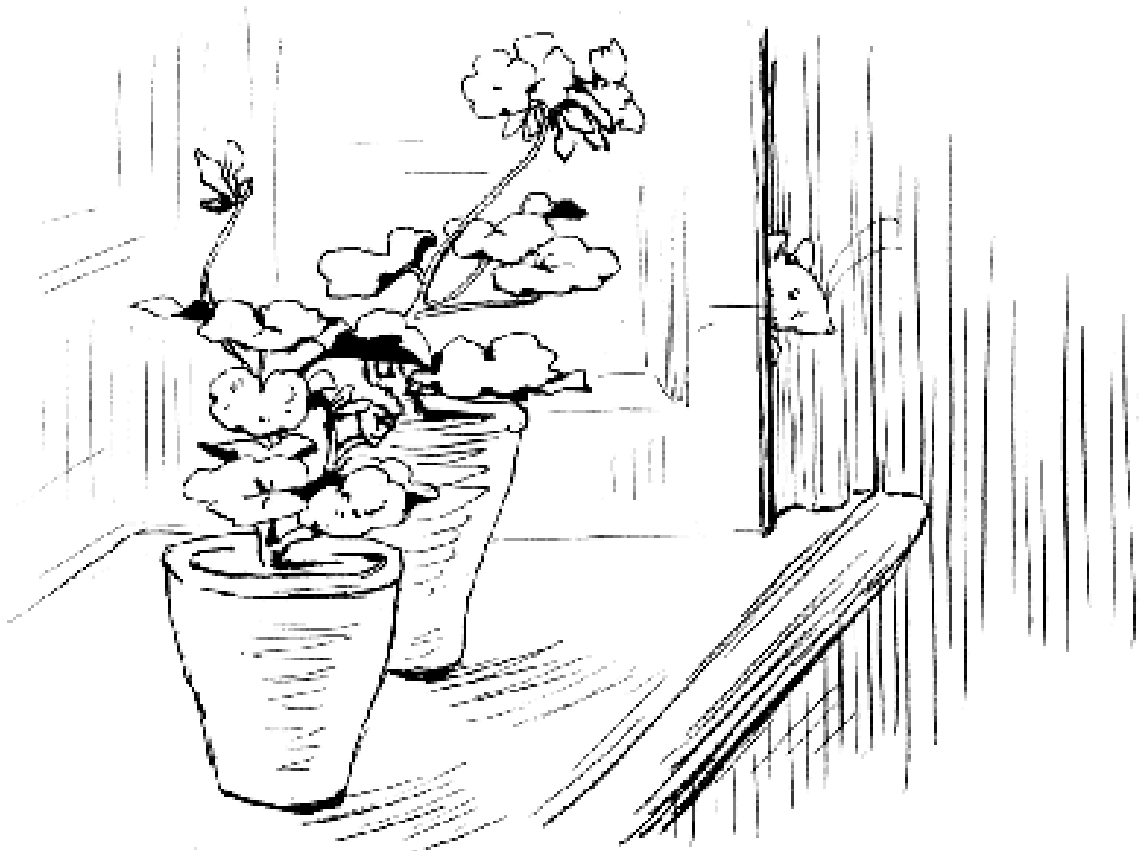
Samuel Whiskers got through a hole in the wainscot, and went boldly down the front staircase to the dairy to get the butter. He did not meet anybody.



He made a second journey for the rolling-pin. He pushed it in front of him with his paws, like a brewer's man trundling a barrel.

He could hear Ribby and Tabitha talking, but they were busy lighting the candle to look into the chest.

They did not see him.



Anna Maria went down by way of the skirting-board and a window shutter to the kitchen to steal the dough.



She borrowed a small saucer, and scooped up the dough with her paws. She did not observe Moppet.

While Tom Kitten was left alone under the floor of the attic, he wriggled about and tried to mew for help.

But his mouth was full of soot and cobwebs, and he was tied up in such very tight knots, he could not make anybody hear him.

Except a spider, which came out of a crack in the ceiling and examined the knots critically, from a safe distance.

It was a judge of knots because it had a habit of tying up unfortunate blue-bottles. It did not offer to assist him.

Tom Kitten wriggled and squirmed until he was quite exhausted.

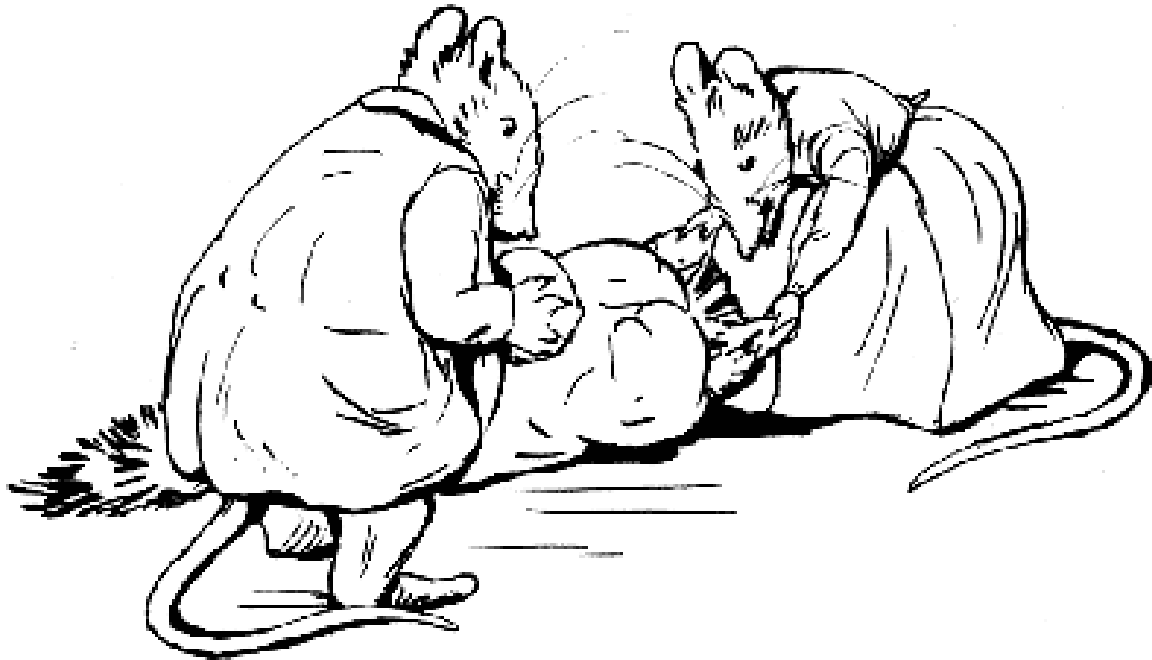


Presently the rats came back and set to work to make him into a dumpling. First they smeared him with butter, and then they rolled him in the dough.

“Will not the string be very indigestible, Anna Maria?” inquired Samuel Whiskers.



Anna Maria said she thought that it was of no consequence; but she wished that Tom Kitten would hold his head still, as it disarranged the pastry. She laid hold of his ears.



Tom Kitten bit and spat, and mewed and wriggled; and the rolling-pin went roly-poly, roly; roly, poly, roly. The rats each held an end.



“His tail is sticking out! You did not fetch enough dough, Anna Maria.”

“I fetched as much as I could carry,” replied Anna Maria.

“I do not think” — said Samuel Whiskers, pausing to take a look at Tom Kitten— “I do *not* think it will be a good pudding. It smells sooty.”

Anna Maria was about to argue the point, when all at once there began to be other sounds up above — the rasping noise of a saw; and the noise of a little dog, scratching and yelping!



The rats dropped the rolling-pin, and listened attentively.

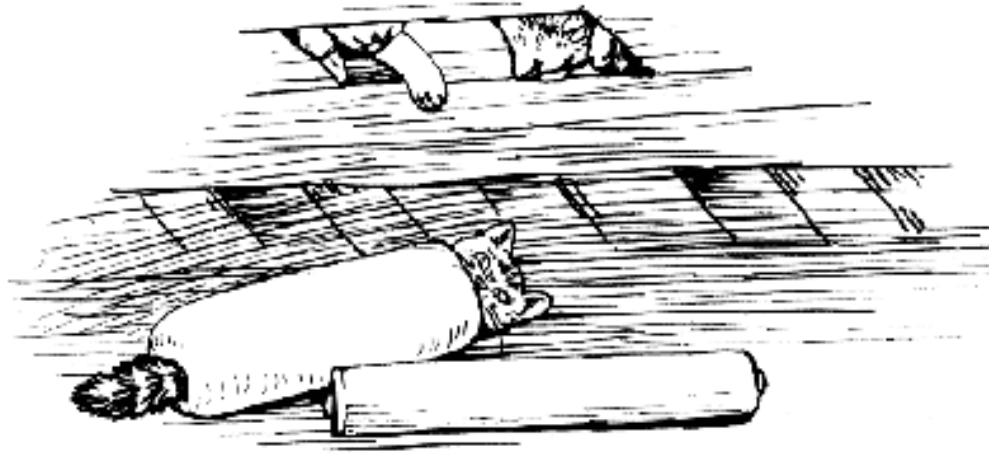
“We are discovered and interrupted, Anna Maria; let us collect our property — and other people’s, — and depart at once.”

“I fear that we shall be obliged to leave this pudding.”



“But I am persuaded that the knots would have proved indigestible, whatever you may urge to the contrary.”

“Come away at once and help me to tie up some mutton bones in a counterpane,” said Anna Maria. “I have got half a smoked ham hidden in the chimney.”



So it happened that by the time John Joiner had got the plank up — there was nobody under the floor except the rolling-pin and Tom Kitten in a very dirty dumpling!



But there was a strong smell of rats; and John Joiner spent the rest of the morning sniffing and whining, and wagging his tail, and going round and round with his head in the hole like a gimlet.



Then he nailed the plank down again and put his tools in his bag, and came downstairs.

The cat family had quite recovered. They invited him to stay to dinner.

The dumpling had been peeled off Tom Kitten, and made separately into a bag pudding, with currants in it to hide the smuts.

They had been obliged to put Tom Kitten into a hot bath to get the butter off.

John Joiner smelt the pudding; but he regretted that he had not time to stay to dinner, because he had just finished making a wheel-barrow for Miss Potter, and she had ordered two hen-coops.

And when I was going to the post late in the afternoon — I looked up the lane from the corner, and I saw Mr. Samuel Whiskers and his wife on the run, with big bundles on a little wheel-barrow, which looked very like mine.

They were just turning in at the gate to the barn of Farmer Potatoes.

Samuel Whiskers was puffing and out of breath. Anna Maria was still arguing in shrill tones.

She seemed to know her way, and she seemed to have a quantity of luggage.

I am sure *I* never gave her leave to borrow my wheel-barrow!



They went into the barn, and hauled their parcels with a bit of string to the top of the hay mow.



After that, there were no more rats for a long time at Tabitha Twitchit's.



As for Farmer Potatoes, he has been driven nearly distracted. There are rats, and rats, and rats in his barn! They eat up the chicken food, and steal the oats and bran, and make holes in the meal bags.



And they are all descended from Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Whiskers — children and grand-children and great great grand-children.



There is no end to them!



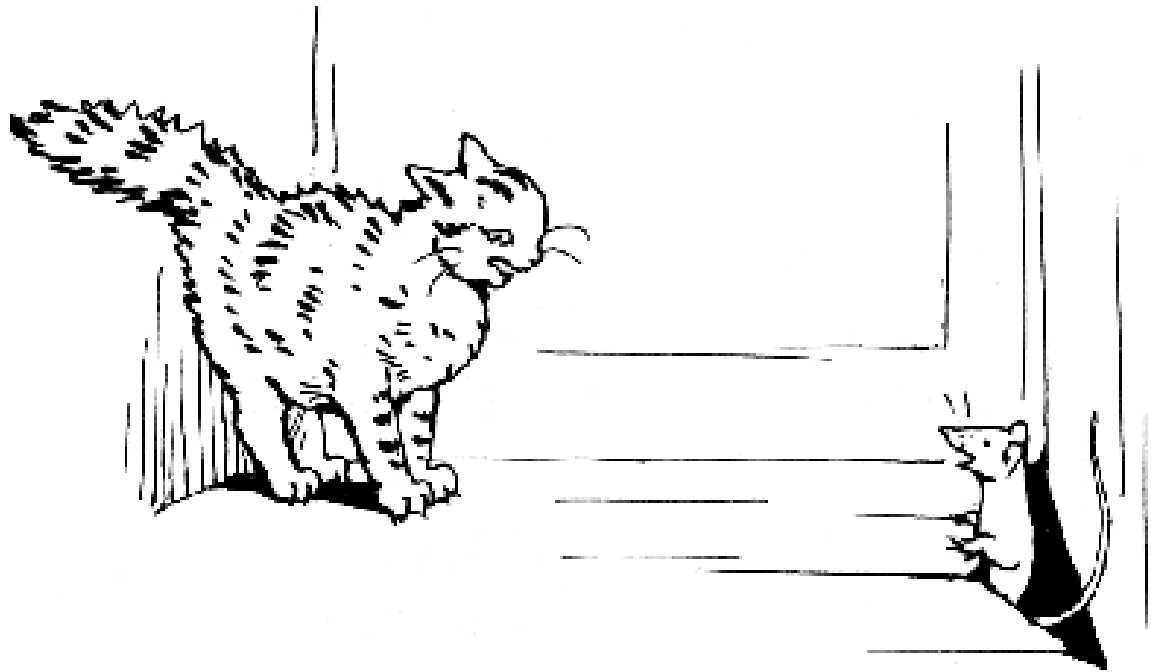
Moppet and Mittens have grown up into very good rat-catchers.

They go out rat-catching in the village, and they find plenty of employment. They charge so much a dozen, and earn their living very comfortably.





They hang up the rats' tails in a row on the barn door, to show how many they have caught — dozens and dozens of them.



But Tom Kitten has always been afraid of a rat; he never durst face anything that is bigger than —



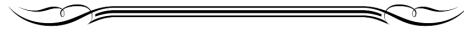
A Mouse.



THE END

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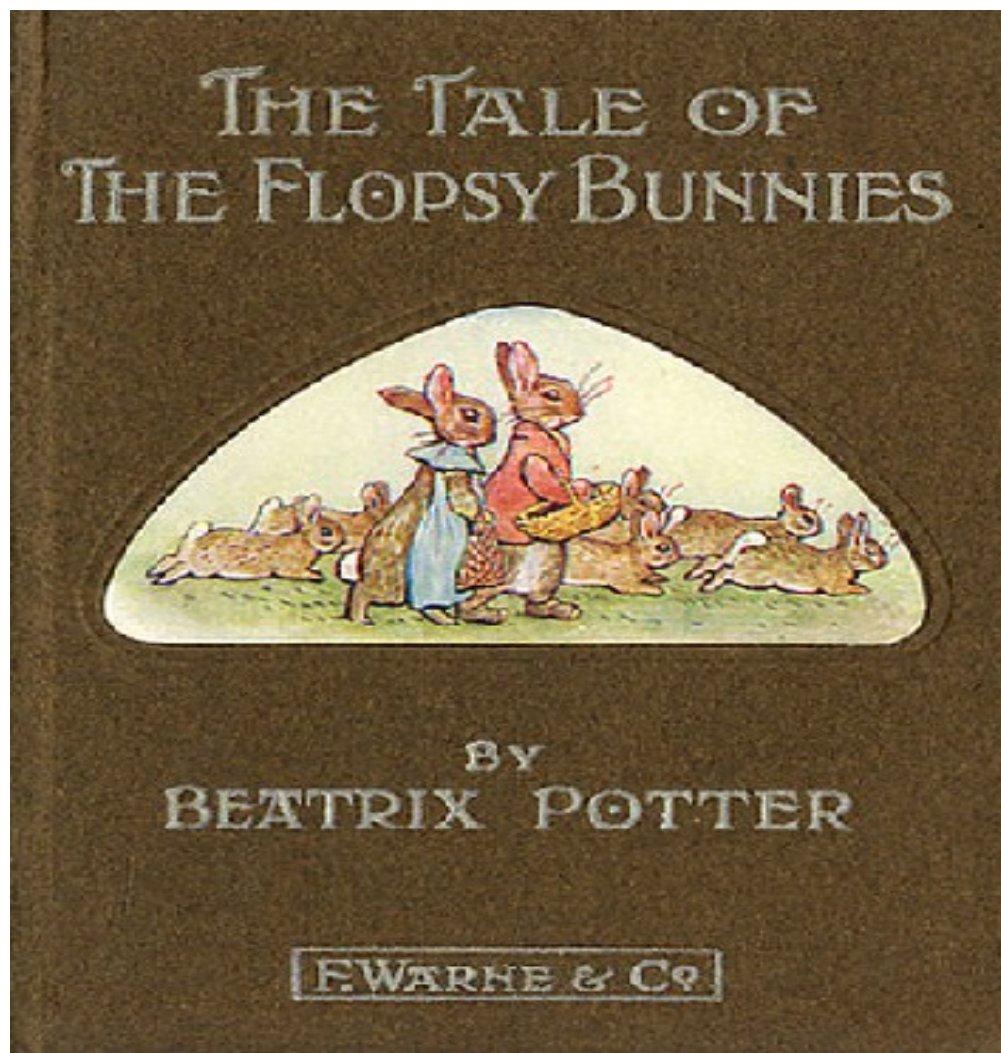
THE TALE OF THE FLOPSY BUNNIES



Frederick Warne & Co published *The Tale of Flopsy Bunnies* in July 1909 and this story once again focuses on rabbits, including the famous characters Benjamin Bunny and Peter Rabbit. Potter began illustrations for the work in February 1909 at Hill Top during a period of particularly poor weather. However, unlike several of her other books, the background setting of *Flopsy Bunnies* was not her farmhouse, but an estate in Denbigh in Wales. Potter's uncle and aunt lived on the estate and she had visited many years before where she had sketched multiple pictures of the gardens and the Estate's exterior. Potter had not been eager to create another tale that centred on rabbits, but she became aware that children enjoyed these animals and decided to write and illustrate another book featuring them.

In the tale, Benjamin Bunny, Flopsy and Peter Rabbit are now adults and the first two are married with six children. Peter is a florist and owns a nursery garden, but the children are often hungry when Peter cannot help his cousins provide food for the family. The children, known as the Flopsy Bunnies, enter Mr McGregor's garden in search of nourishment and become trapped by Mr McGregor with their parents unable to help them alone. Thomasina Tittlemouse is the potential hero of story when she attempts to free the captured bunnies with Flopsy and Benjamin Bunny.

Potter has been criticised for demonstrating a lack of emotional involvement in the fate of the bunnies and showing a greater interest in the background illustrations than in characterisation. It is possible that while she greatly enjoyed and connected with the story of *Peter Rabbit*, she did not have the same affection for the sequels. These books were produced due to demand from consumers rather than a creative inspiration from the author. However *Benjamin Bunny* and *Flopsy Bunnies* still remain two of the most successful and popular of Potter's works and the trick playing element of the latter text offers a fun and mischievous book for children.



The first edition

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THE TALE OF THE FLOPSY BUNNIES



BY

BEATRIX POTTER

Author of The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.

OceanofPDF.com

FOR ALL LITTLE FRIENDS
OF MR. MCGREGOR & PETER & BENJAMIN

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It is said that the effect of eating too much lettuce is “soporific.”
I have never felt sleepy after eating lettuces; but then *I* am not a rabbit.
They certainly had a very soporific effect upon the Flopsy Bunnies!



When Benjamin Bunny grew up, he married his Cousin Flopsy. They had a large family, and they were very improvident and cheerful.

I do not remember the separate names of their children; they were generally called the “Flopsy Bunnies.”



As there was not always quite enough to eat, — Benjamin used to borrow cabbages from Flopsy's brother, Peter Rabbit, who kept a nursery garden.



Sometimes Peter Rabbit had no cabbages to spare.

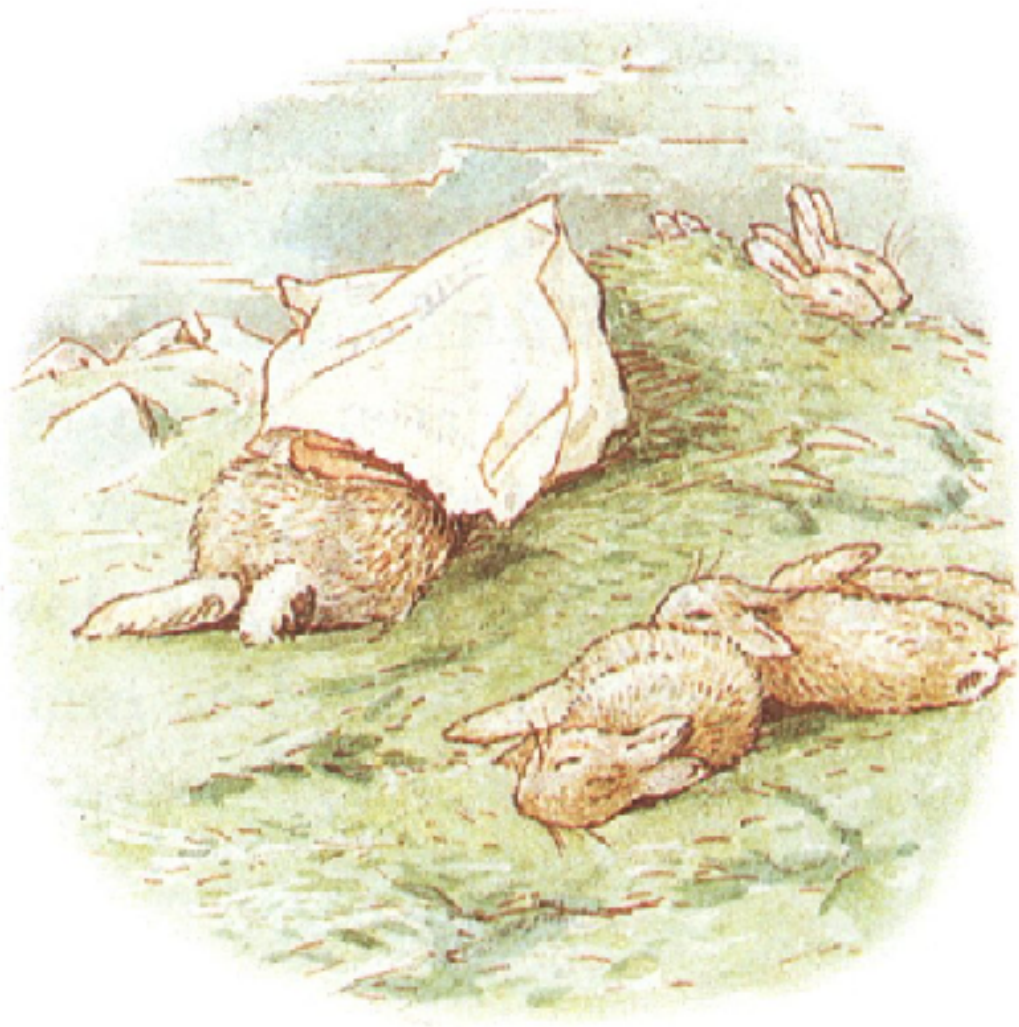


When this happened, the Flopsy Bunnies went across the field to a rubbish heap, in the ditch outside Mr. McGregor's garden.

Mr. McGregor's rubbish heap was a mixture. There were jam pots and paper bags, and mountains of chopped grass from the mowing machine (which always tasted oily), and some rotten vegetable marrows and an old boot or two. One day — oh joy! — there were a quantity of overgrown lettuces, which had "shot" into flower.



The Flopsy Bunnies simply stuffed lettuces. By degrees, one after another, they were overcome with slumber, and lay down in the mown grass.



Benjamin was not so much overcome as his children. Before going to sleep he was sufficiently wide awake to put a paper bag over his head to keep off the flies.

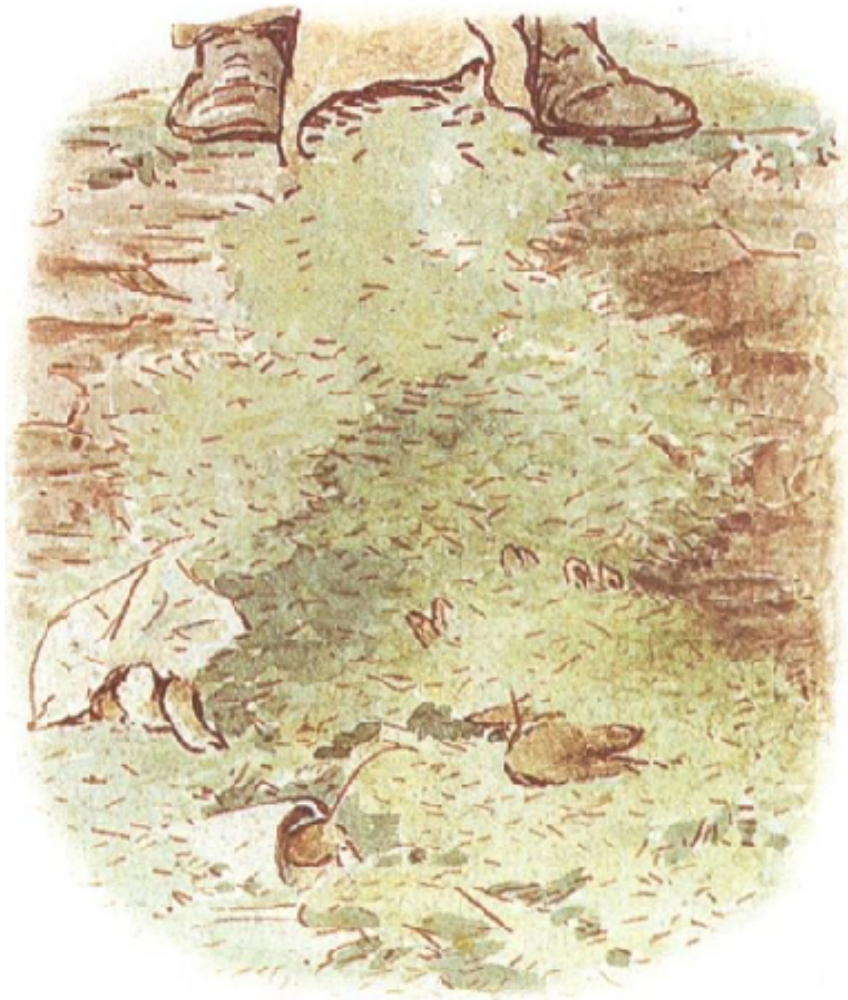


The little Flopsy Bunnies slept delightfully in the warm sun. From the lawn beyond the garden came the distant clacketty sound of the mowing machine. The bluebottles buzzed about the wall, and a little old mouse picked over the rubbish among the jam pots.

(I can tell you her name, she was called Thomasina Tittlemouse, a woodmouse with a long tail.)



She rustled across the paper bag, and awakened Benjamin Bunny.
The mouse apologized profusely, and said that she knew Peter Rabbit.



While she and Benjamin were talking, close under the wall, they heard a heavy tread above their heads; and suddenly Mr. McGregor emptied out a sackful of lawn mowings right upon the top of the sleeping Flopsy Bunnies! Benjamin shrank down under his paper bag. The mouse hid in a jam pot.



The little rabbits smiled sweetly in their sleep under the shower of grass; they did not awake because the lettuces had been so soporific.

They dreamt that their mother Flopsy was tucking them up in a hay bed.

Mr. McGregor looked down after emptying his sack. He saw some funny little brown tips of ears sticking up through the lawn mowings. He stared at them for some time.



Presently a fly settled on one of them and it moved.

Mr. McGregor climbed down on to the rubbish heap —

“One, two, three, four! five! six leetle rabbits!” said he as he dropped them into his sack. The Flopsy Bunnies dreamt that their mother was turning them over in bed. They stirred a little in their sleep, but still they did not wake up.



Mr. McGregor tied up the sack and left it on the wall.
He went to put away the mowing machine.



While he was gone, Mrs. Flopsy Bunny (who had remained at home) came across the field.

She looked suspiciously at the sack and wondered where everybody was?



Then the mouse came out of her jam pot, and Benjamin took the paper bag off his head, and they told the doleful tale.

Benjamin and Flopsy were in despair, they could not undo the string.

But Mrs. Tittlemouse was a resourceful person. She nibbled a hole in the bottom corner of the sack.



The little rabbits were pulled out and pinched to wake them.
Their parents stuffed the empty sack with three rotten vegetable marrows, an old blacking-brush and two decayed turnips.



Then they all hid under a bush and watched for Mr. McGregor.



Mr. McGregor came back and picked up the sack, and carried it off. He carried it hanging down, as if it were rather heavy. The Flopsy Bunnies followed at a safe distance.



The watched him go into his house.
And then they crept up to the window to listen.



Mr. McGregor threw down the sack on the stone floor in a way that would have been extremely painful to the Flopsy Bunnies, if they had happened to have been inside it.

They could hear him drag his chair on the flags, and chuckle —

“One, two, three, four, five, six leetle rabbits!” said Mr. McGregor.



“Eh? What’s that? What have they been spoiling now?” enquired Mrs. McGregor.

“One, two, three, four, five, six leetle fat rabbits!” repeated Mr. McGregor, counting on his fingers— “one, two, three— “

“Don’t you be silly; what do you mean, you silly old man?”

“In the sack! one, two, three, four, five, six!” replied Mr. McGregor.
(The youngest Flopsy Bunny got upon the window-sill.)



Mrs. McGregor took hold of the sack and felt it. She said she could feel six, but they must be *old* rabbits, because they were so hard and all different shapes.

“Not fit to eat; but the skins will do fine to line my old cloak.”

“Line your old cloak?” shouted Mr. McGregor— “I shall sell them and buy myself baccy!”

“Rabbit tobacco! I shall skin them and cut off their heads.”



Mrs. McGregor untied the sack and put her hand inside.
When she felt the vegetables she became very very angry. She said that Mr. McGregor had “done it a purpose.”



And Mr. McGregor was very angry too. One of the rotten marrows came flying through the kitchen window, and hit the youngest Flopsy Bunny. It was rather hurt.



Then Benjamin and Flopsy thought that it was time to go home.



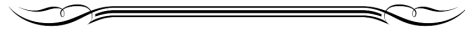
So Mr. McGregor did not get his tobacco, and Mrs. McGregor did not get her rabbit skins.

But next Christmas Thomasina Tittlemouse got a present of enough rabbit-wool to make herself a cloak and a hood, and a handsome muff and a pair of warm mittens.

THE END

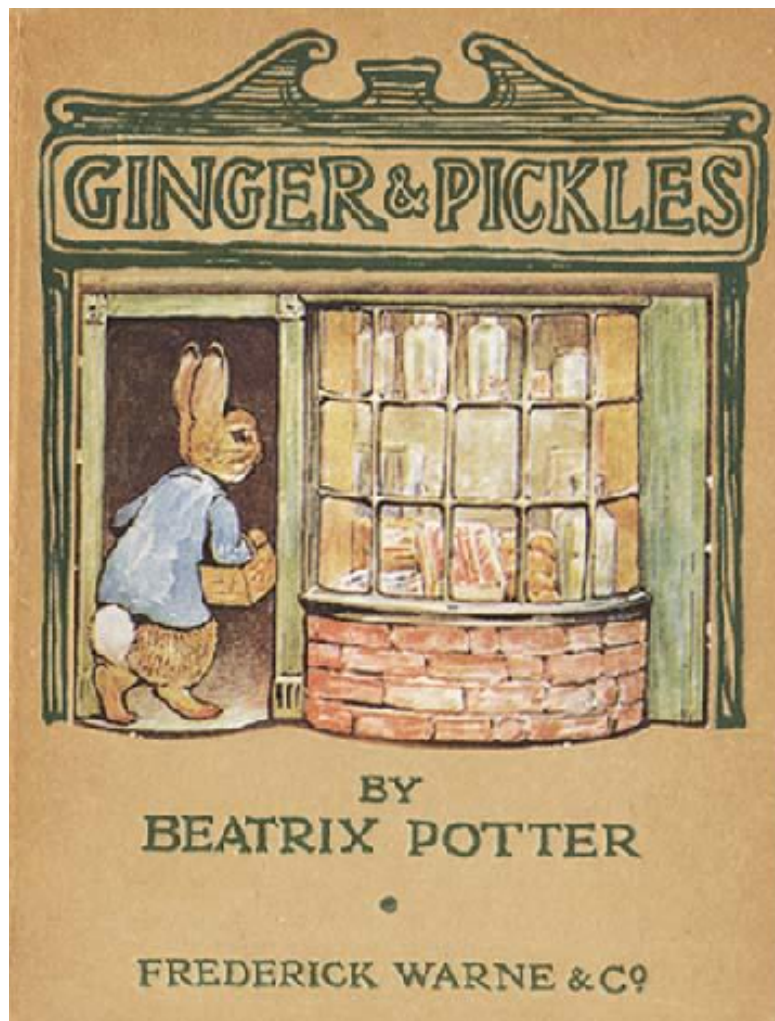
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THE TALE OF GINGER AND PICKLES



The Tale of Ginger and Pickles is story about a cat and a terrier and the shop they run together. It was first published by Frederick Warne & Co in 1909 in a large format, allowing Potter to illustrate in precise detail. The author was inspired to write this book by a shop in Sawrey where villagers often gathered to buy goods and to gossip and socialise. Potter dedicated the tale to the shop owner and blacksmith John Taylor whose wife and daughter ran the shop when he was unable to leave his bed due to ill health. Potter created the character John Dormouse for him, but sadly he did not survive to see the completion of the book. Ginger, the cat, was modelled on the schoolmistress' pet, Tommy Bunkle, who Potter thought an odd, unique and unusual creature. The book was a gift for Louie Warne, the daughter of her publisher Harold, to whom Potter had grown close. The illustrator worked on the project in the summer of 1909, during her stay at a country house near Bowness-on-Windermere and completed the book by the end of August.

In the narrative, Ginger and Pickles run the local village shop together and manage to inspire fear in many of their customers; the mice fear Ginger and the rabbits are very watchful of Pickles. The shop owners must control their predatory instincts in order to sell products and attain financial security. Unfortunately they allow their customers unlimited credit which results in bankruptcy. The shop's closing is exploited by Tabitha Twitchit, who owns the other village shop; she drives the prices up, upsetting the villagers. Potter includes many of her popular characters in the tale including not only Tabitha, but Mrs Twiggy-Winkle, Peter Rabbit and Samuel Whiskers. The reappearance of previous characters contributes to the creation of a Potter universe. However, this book explores the human world through a cast of animals; the notions of finance, village life and interacting with neighbours in a professional and personal manner.



The first edition

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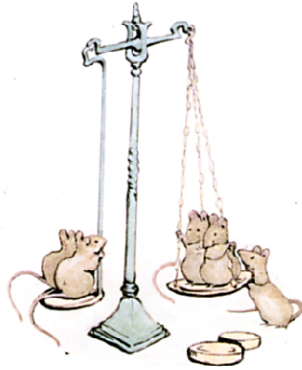


The shop featured in 'Ginger and Pickles'

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**THE TALE OF
GINGER AND PICKLES**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

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DEDICATED

WITH VERY KIND REGARDS TO OLD MR. JOHN TAYLOR,
WHO “THINKS HE MIGHT PASS AS A DORMOUSE!”
(THREE YEARS IN BED AND NEVER A GRUMBLE!)

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**THE TALE OF
GINGER & PICKLES**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.

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THE TALE OF GINGER AND PICKLES



Once upon a time there was a village shop. The name over the window was "Ginger and Pickles."

It was a little small shop just the right size for Dolls — Lucinda and Jane Doll-cook always bought their groceries at Ginger and Pickles.

The counter inside was a convenient height for rabbits. Ginger and Pickles sold red spotty pocket-handkerchiefs at a penny three farthings.

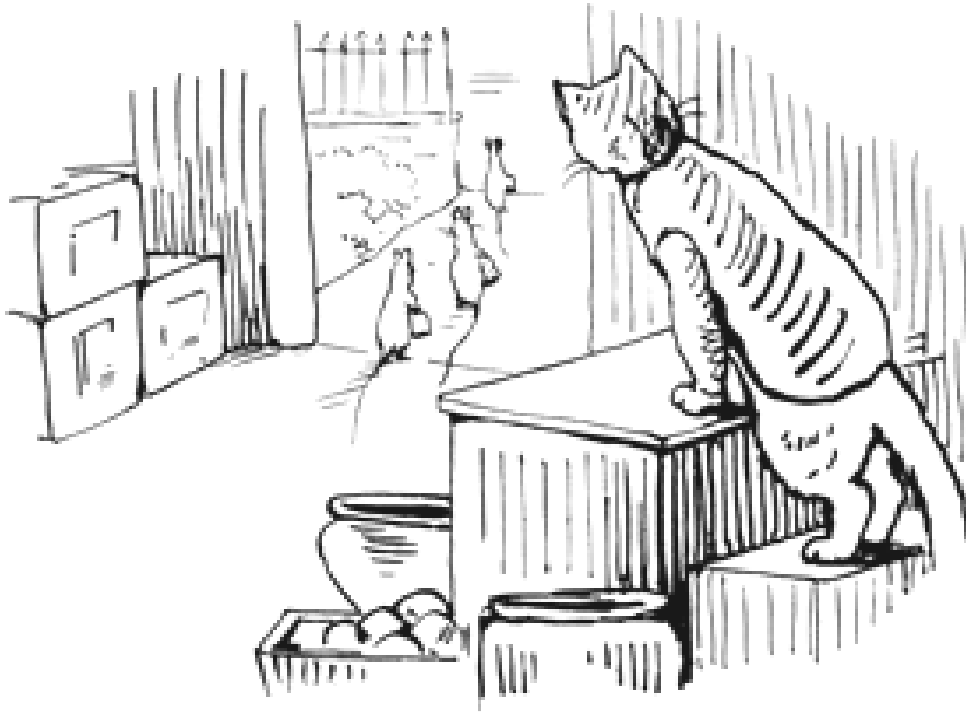
They also sold sugar, and snuff and galoshes.

In fact, although it was such a small shop it sold nearly everything — except a few things that you want in a hurry — like bootlaces, hair-pins and mutton chops.

Ginger and Pickles were the people who kept the shop. Ginger was a yellow tom-cat, and Pickles was a terrier.

The rabbits were always a little bit afraid of Pickles.





The shop was also patronized by mice — only the mice were rather afraid of Ginger.

Ginger usually requested Pickles to serve them, because he said it made his mouth water.

“I cannot bear,” said he, “to see them going out at the door carrying their little parcels.”

“I have the same feeling about rats,” replied Pickles, “but it would never do to eat our own customers; they would leave us and go to Tabitha Twitchit’s.”

“On the contrary, they would go nowhere,” replied Ginger gloomily.

(Tabitha Twitchit kept the only other shop in the village. She did not give credit.)





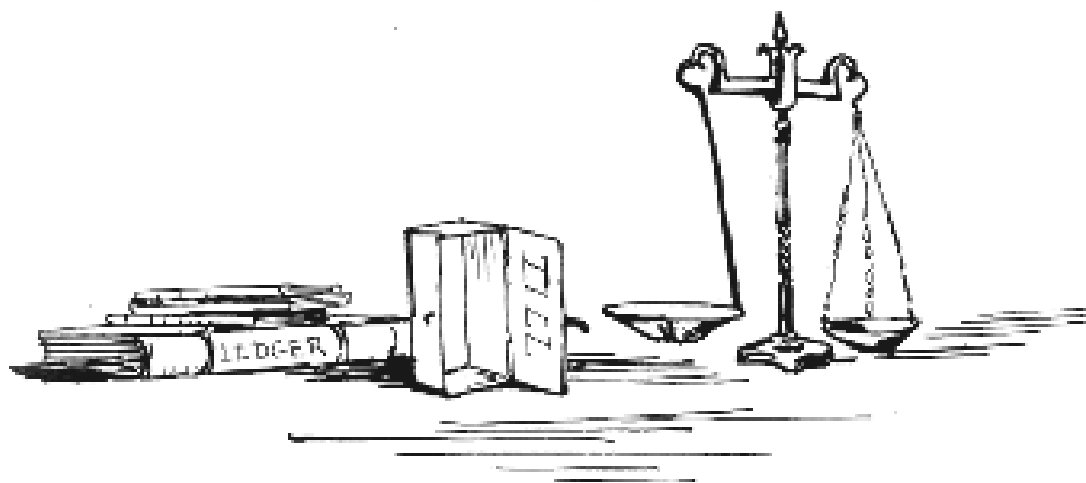
Ginger and Pickles gave unlimited credit.

Now the meaning of “credit” is this — when a customer buys a bar of soap, instead of the customer pulling out a purse and paying for it — she says she will pay another time.

And Pickles makes a low bow and says, “With pleasure, madam,” and it is written down in a book.

The customers come again and again, and buy quantities, in spite of being afraid of Ginger and Pickles.

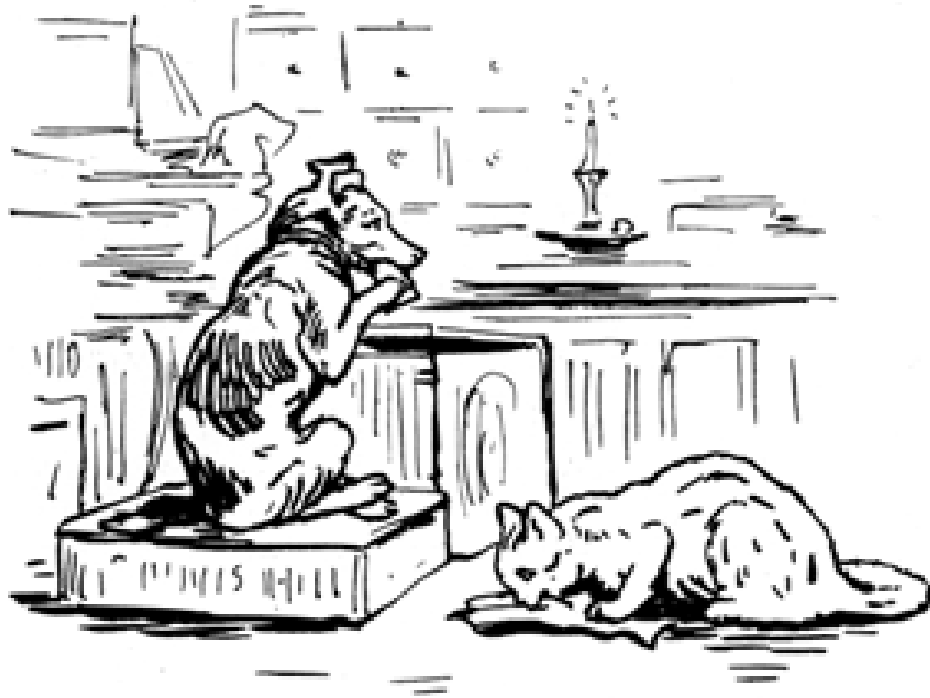
But there is no money in what is called the “till.”





The customers came in crowds every day and bought quantities, especially the toffee customers. But there was always no money; they never paid for as much as a pennyworth of peppermints.

But the sales were enormous, ten times as large as Tabitha Twitchit's.



As there was always no money, Ginger and Pickles were obliged to eat their own goods.

Pickles ate biscuits and Ginger ate a dried haddock.

They ate them by candle-light after the shop was closed.



When it came to Jan. 1st there was still no money, and Pickles was unable to buy a dog licence.

"It is very unpleasant, I am afraid of the police," said Pickles.

"It is your own fault for being a terrier; *I* do not require a licence, and neither does Kep, the Collie dog."

"It is very uncomfortable, I am afraid I shall be summoned. I have tried in vain to get a licence upon credit at the Post Office;" said Pickles. "The place is full of policemen. I met one as I was coming home."

"Let us send in the bill again to Samuel Whiskers, Ginger, he owes 22/9 for bacon."

"I do not believe that he intends to pay at all," replied Ginger.



“And I feel sure that Anna Maria pockets things — Where are all the cream crackers?”

“You have eaten them yourself,” replied Ginger.



Ginger and Pickles retired into the back parlour.

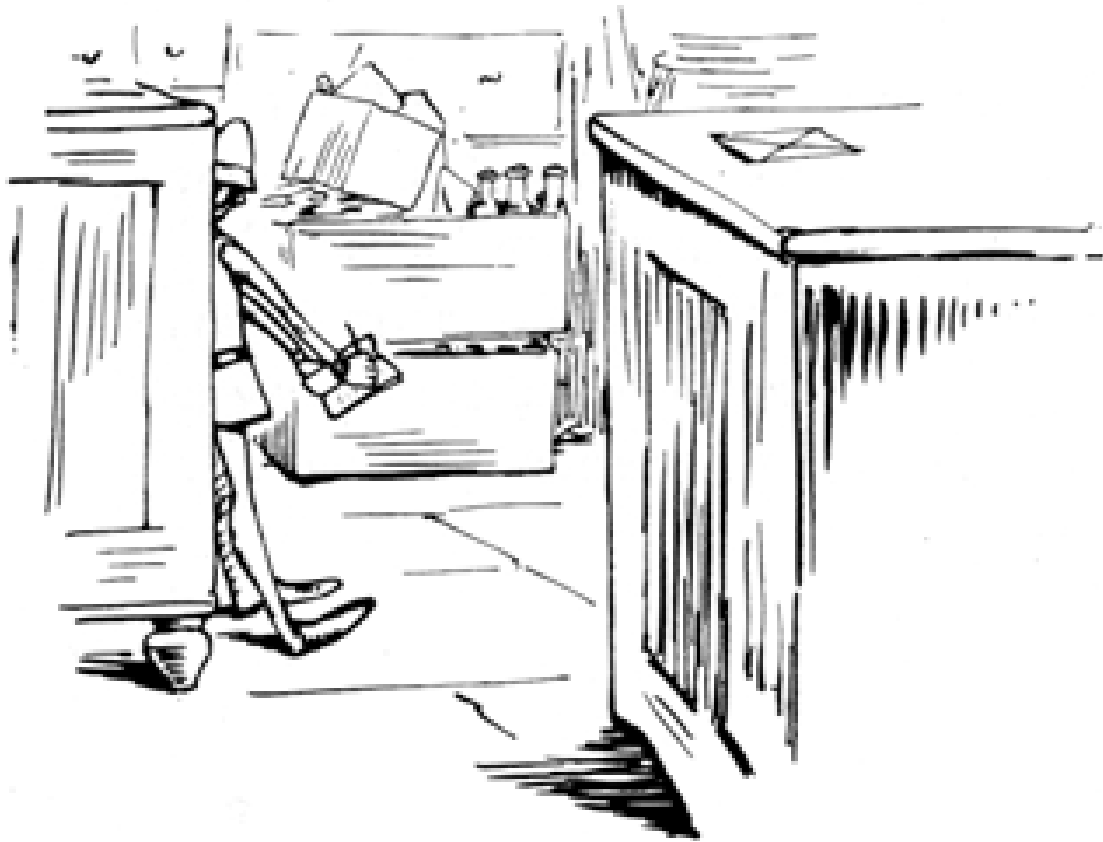
They did accounts. They added up sums and sums, and sums.

“Samuel Whiskers has run up a bill as long as his tail; he has had an ounce and three-quarters of snuff since October.”

“What is seven pounds of butter at $\frac{1}{3}$, and a stick of sealing wax and four matches?”

“Send in all the bills again to everybody ‘with comp^{ts},’” replied Ginger.





After a time they heard a noise in the shop, as if something had been pushed in at the door. They came out of the back parlour. There was an envelope lying on the counter, and a policeman writing in a note-book!

Pickles nearly had a fit, he barked and he barked and made little rushes.

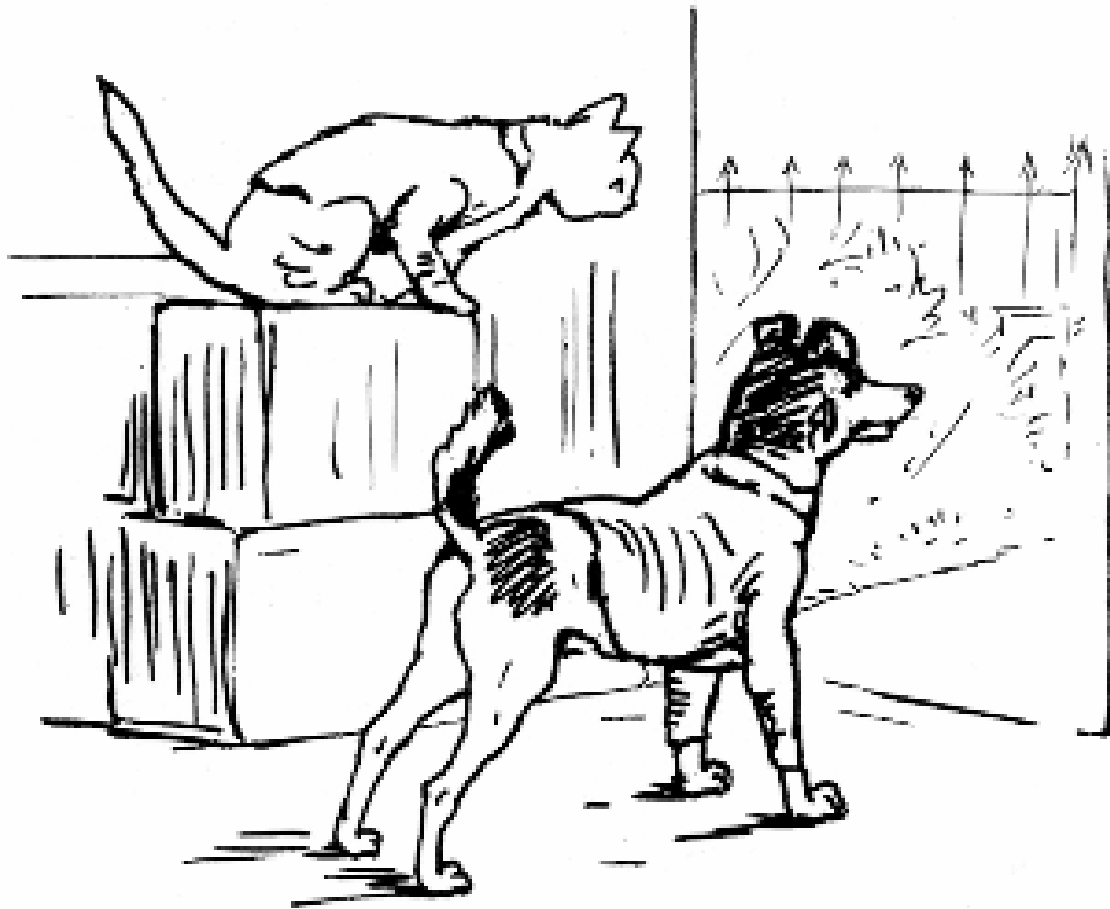
“Bite him, Pickles! bite him!” spluttered Ginger behind a sugar-barrel, “he’s only a German doll!”

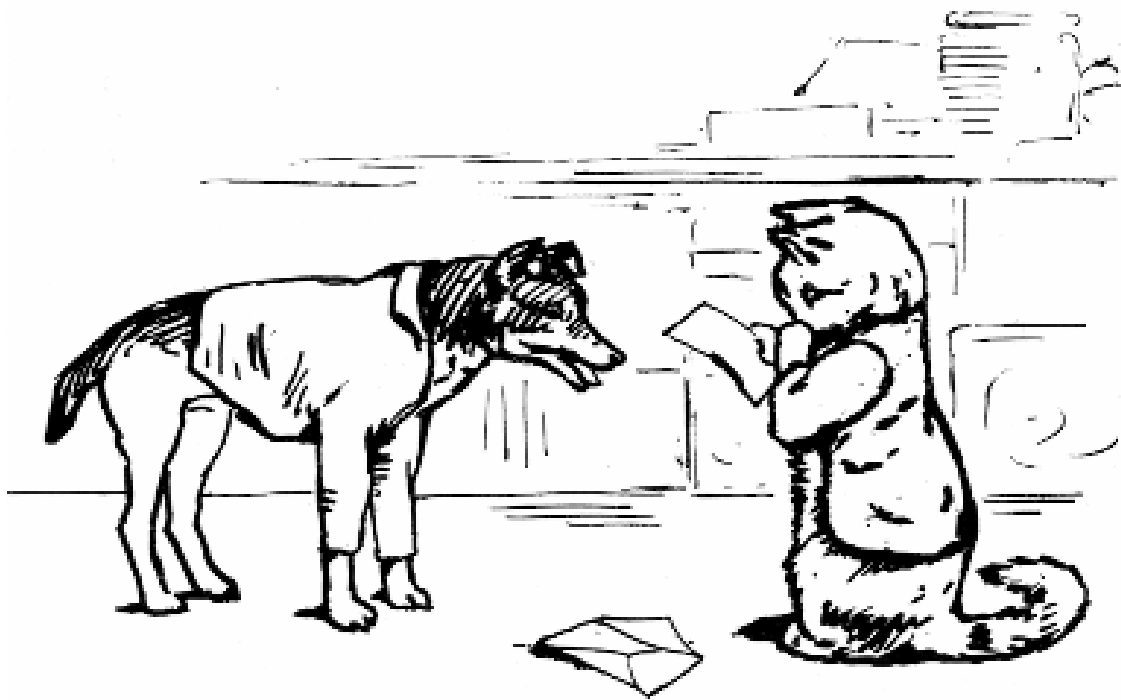
The policeman went on writing in his notebook; twice he put his pencil in his mouth, and once he dipped it in the treacle.

Pickles barked till he was hoarse. But still the policeman took no notice. He had bead eyes, and his helmet was sewed on with stitches.



At length on his last little rush — Pickles found that the shop was empty.
The policeman had disappeared.
But the envelope remained.





“Do you think that he has gone to fetch a real live policeman? I am afraid it is a summons,” said Pickles.

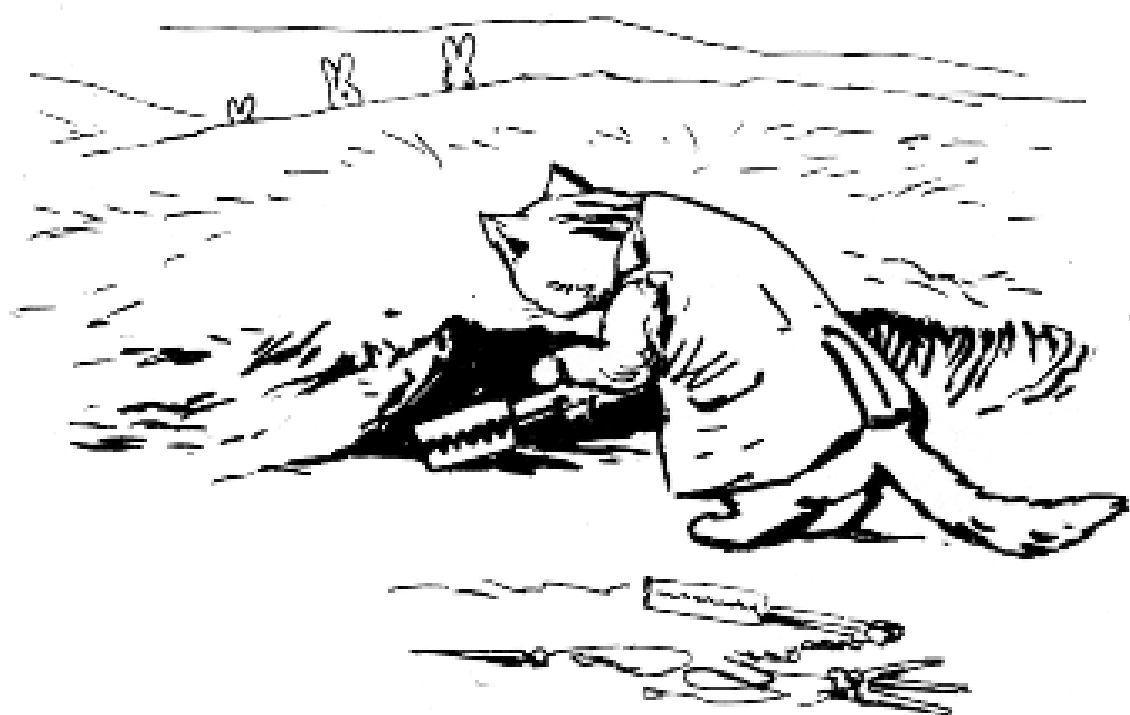
“No,” replied Ginger, who had opened the envelope, “it is the rates and taxes, £3 19 11-3/4.”

“This is the last straw,” said Pickles, “let us close the shop.”

They put up the shutters, and left. But they have not removed from the neighbourhood. In fact some people wish they had gone further.

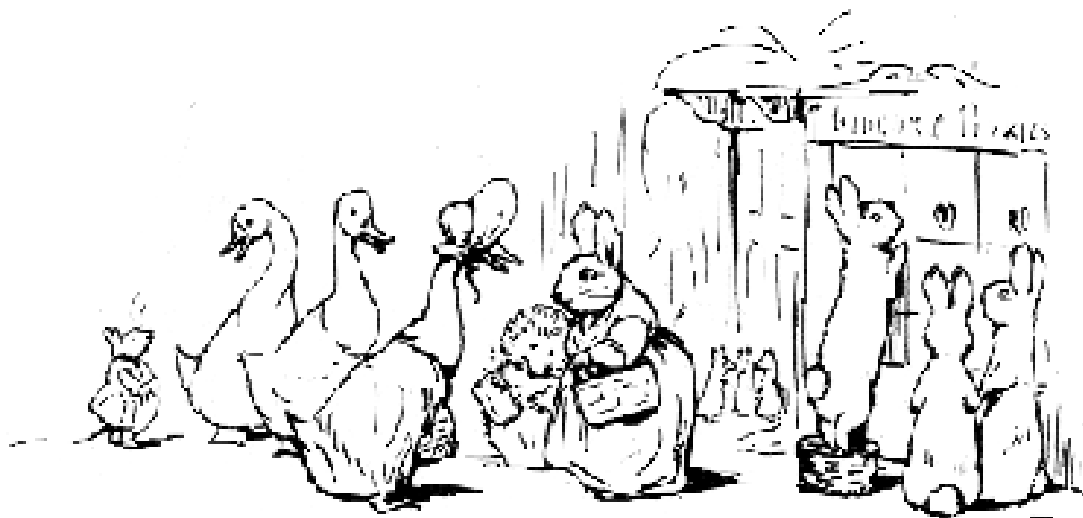


Ginger is living in the warren. I do not know what occupation he pursues; he looks stout and comfortable.





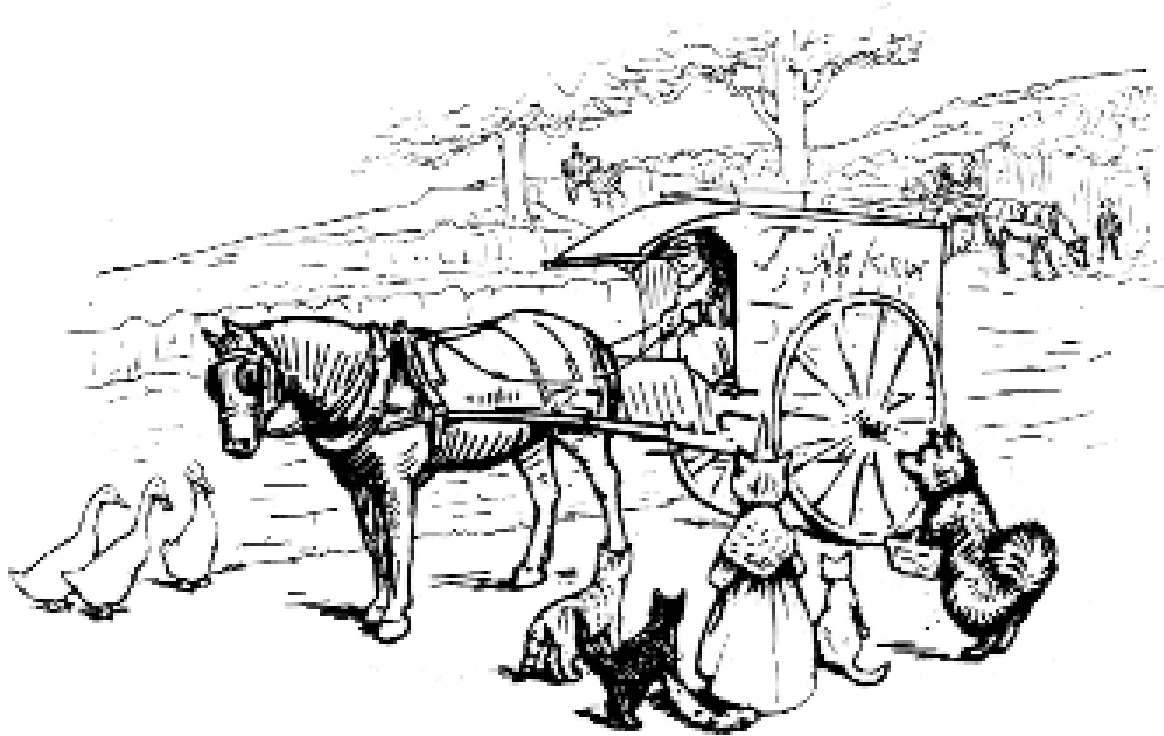
Pickles is at present a gamekeeper.



The closing of the shop caused great inconvenience. Tabitha Twitchit immediately raised the price of everything a half-penny; and she continued to refuse to give credit.

Of course there are the tradesmen's carts — the butcher, the fish-man and Timothy Baker.

But a person cannot live on “seed wigs” and sponge-cake and butter-buns — not even when the sponge-cake is as good as Timothy's!



After a time Mr. John Dormouse and his daughter began to sell peppermints and candles.

But they did not keep “self-fitting sixes”; and it takes five mice to carry one seven inch candle.



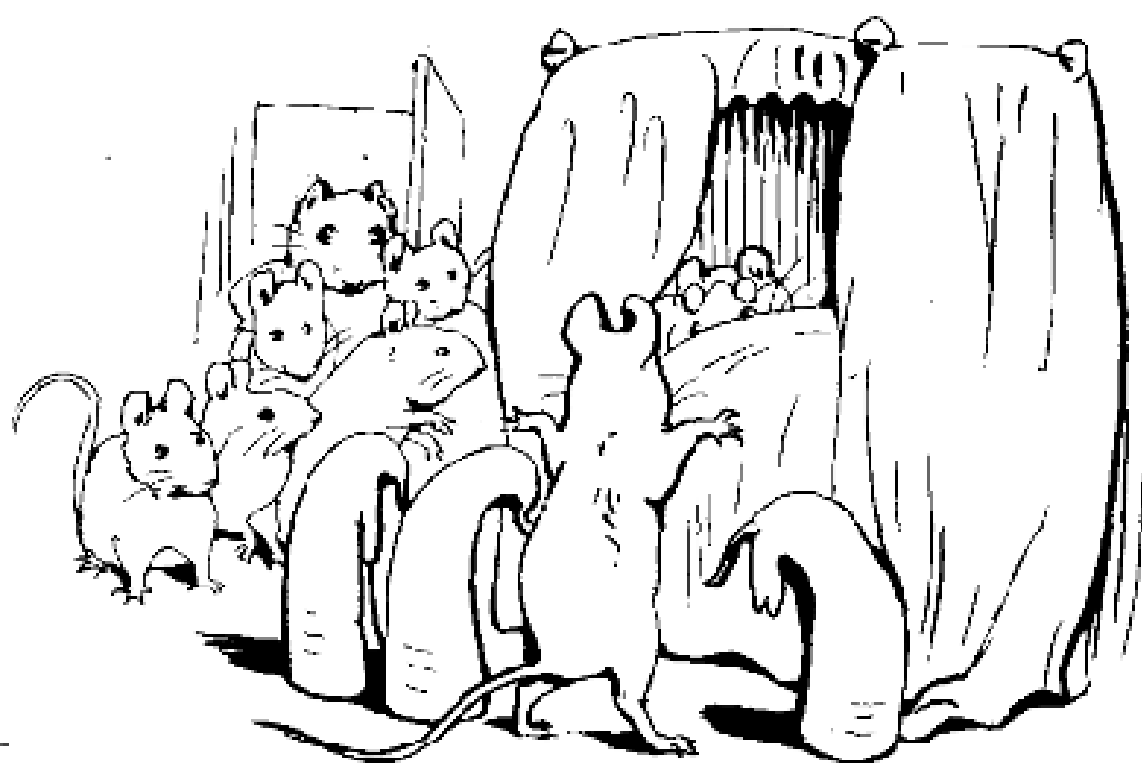


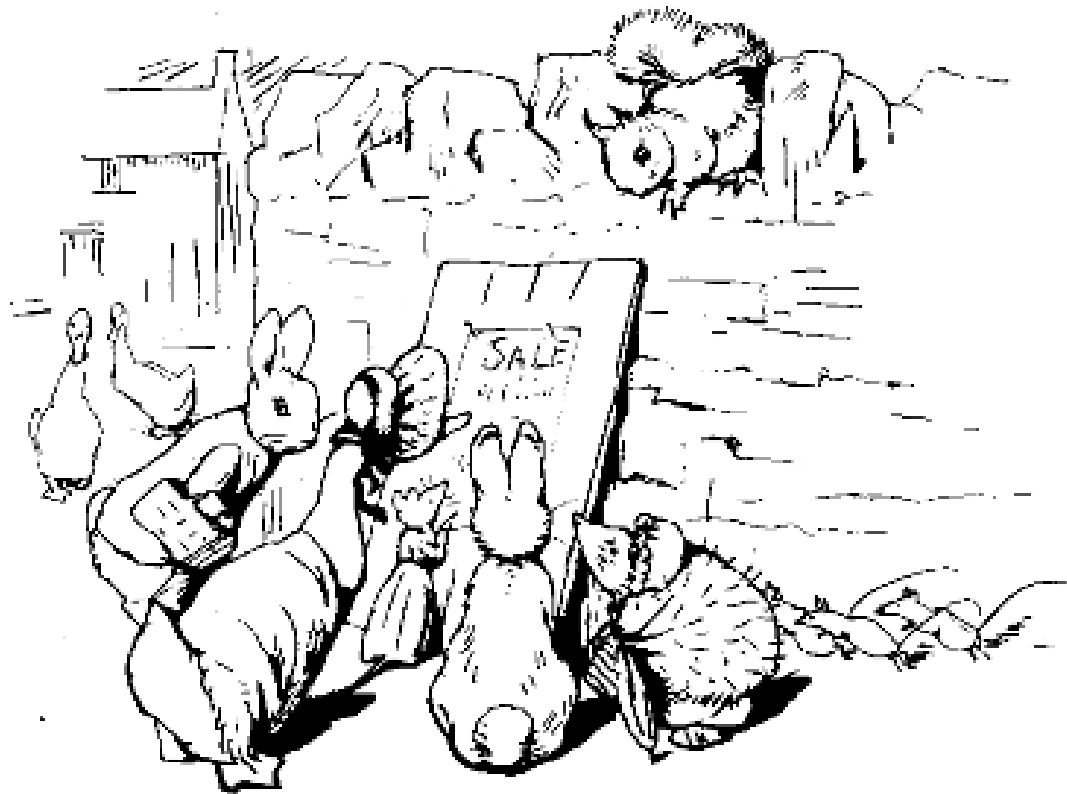
Besides — the candles which they sell behave very strangely in warm weather.



And Miss Dormouse refused to take back the ends when they were brought back to her with complaints.

And when Mr. John Dormouse was complained to, he stayed in bed, and would say nothing but “very snug;” which is not the way to carry on a retail business.





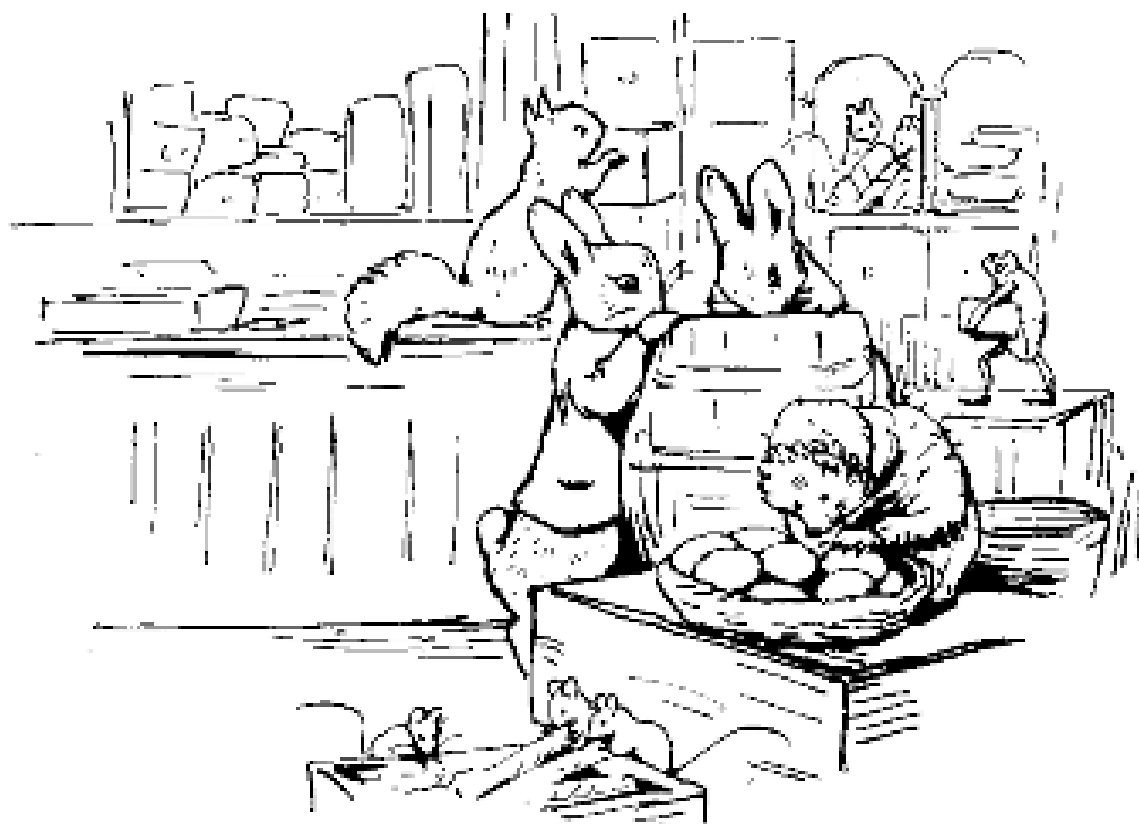
So everybody was pleased when Sally Henny Penny sent out a printed poster to say that she was going to re-open the shop — Henny's Opening Sale! Grand co-operative Jumble! Penny's penny prices! Come buy, come try, come buy!"

The poster really was most 'ticing.



There was a rush upon the opening day. The shop was crammed with customers, and there were crowds of mice upon the biscuit canisters.

Sally Henny Penny gets rather flustered when she tries to count out change, and she insists on being paid cash; but she is quite harmless.

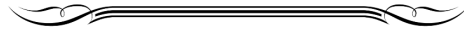


And she has laid in a remarkable assortment of bargains.
There is something to please everybody.

THE END

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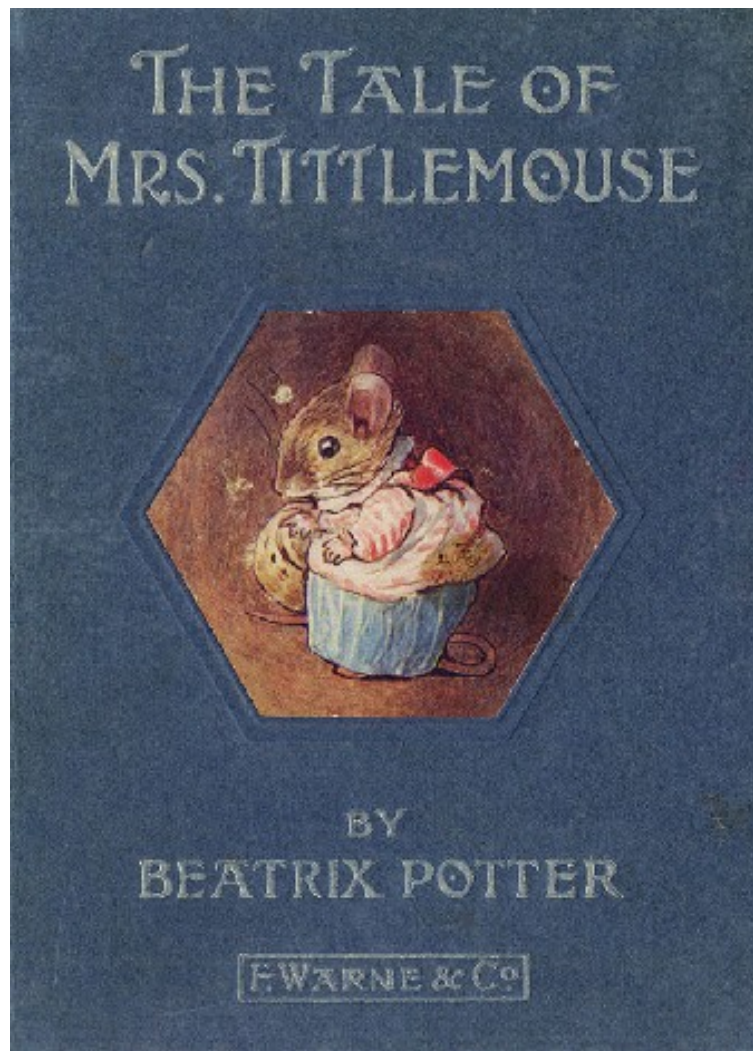
THE TALE OF MRS. TITTMOUSE



The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse was first published by Frederick Warne & Co in July 1910 when twenty five thousand copies of the text were released. It was the only Potter book published in that year, deviating from her trend of producing at least two works annually. It has been speculated that the maintenance of Hill Top combined with the author needing to care for her increasingly ailing parents contributed to a decline in her productivity. The character of Mrs Tittlemouse first appeared in *The Tale of Flopsy Bunnies* where she assisted the bunnies in their imminent danger.

The Tale of Mrs Tittlemouse finds the eponymous character in a domestic setting where she is seen obsessively tidying and cleaning. She is constantly forced to defend her neat home from insect invasions and the arrival of Mr Jackson, a toad, in her parlour is the worst of all the uninvited guests. He not only drips water everywhere, but begins rummaging through her kitchen causing mayhem and disruption, deeply upsetting and infuriating Mrs Tittlemouse.

Potter was keen to depict insects in minute and accurate detail and had no qualms about exposing her audience to the less aesthetically pleasing aspects of many bugs. She originally sketched earwigs, woodlice and centipedes and intended them to be among the creatures invading Mrs Tittlemouse's house. However, her publisher, Harold Warner, did not think they were appropriate for a children's book and requested that Potter made changes to her insect selection. The earwig was altered to a beetle and the centipede became a much more attractive butterfly. The drawings of insects derive from Potter's sketches as a young adult when she directly observed the creatures and the accuracy with which she depicts them in the book is exceptional. Potter dedicated the book to Nellie Warne, Harold's youngest daughter, as a New Year gift and the author believed the work would be popular with young girls. Mrs Tittlemouse was one of the first characters to become a porcelain figurine in 1947 and she has also featured on a 1955 biscuit tin and as a soft plush toy in 1973.



The first edition

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**THE TALE OF
MRS. TITTMOUSE**



BY BEATRIX POTTER

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" etc.

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NELLIE'S LITTLE BOOK

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Once upon a time there was a wood-mouse, and her name was Mrs. Tittlemouse.

She lived in a bank under a hedge.

Such a funny house! There were yards and yards of sandy passages, leading to storerooms and nut-cellars and seed-cellars, all amongst the roots of the hedge.





There was a kitchen, a parlour, a pantry, and a larder.

Also, there was Mrs. Tittlemouse's bedroom, where she slept in a little box bed!

Mrs. tittlemouse was a most terribly tidy particular little mouse, always sweeping and dusting the soft sandy floors.

Sometimes a beetle lost its way in the passages.

"Shuh! shuh! little dirty feet!" said Mrs. Tittlemouse, clattering her dust-pan.





And one day a little old woman ran up and down in a red spotty cloak.

“Your house is on fire, Mother Ladybird! Fly away home to your children!”

Another day, a big fat spider came in to shelter from the rain.

“Beg pardon, is this not Miss Muffet’s?”

“Go away, you bold bad spider! Leaving ends of cobweb all over my nice clean house!”





She bundled the spider out at a window.

He let himself down the hedge with a long thin bit of string.

Mrs. tittlemouse went on her way to a distant storeroom, to fetch cherry-stones and thistle-down seed for dinner.

All along the passage she sniffed, and looked at the floor.

“I smell a smell of honey; is it the cowslips outside, in the hedge? I am sure I can see the marks of little dirty feet.”





Suddenly round a corner, she met Babbitty Bumble— “Zizz, Bizz, Bizz!” said the bumble bee.

Mrs. Tittlemouse looked at her severely. She wished that she had a broom.

“Good-day, Babbitty Bumble; I should be glad to buy some beeswax. But what are you doing down here? Why do you always come in at a window, and say Zizz, Bizz, Bizz?” Mrs. Tittlemouse began to get cross.

“Zizz, Wizz, Wizz!” replied Babbitty Bumble in a peevish squeak. She sidled down a passage, and disappeared into a storeroom which had been used for acorns.

Mrs. Tittlemouse had eaten the acorns before Christmas; the storeroom ought to have been empty.

But it was full of untidy dry moss.





Mrs. tittlemouse began to pull out the moss. Three or four other bees put their heads out, and buzzed fiercely.

“I am not in the habit of letting lodgings; this is an intrusion!” said Mrs. Tittlemouse. “I will have them turned out— “ “Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!”— “I wonder who would help me?” “Bizz, Wizz, Wizz!”

— “I will not have Mr. Jackson; he never wipes his feet.”

Mrs. tittlemouse decided to leave the bees till after dinner.

When she got back to the parlour, she heard some one coughing in a fat voice; and there sat Mr. Jackson himself!

He was sitting all over a small rocking-chair, twiddling his thumbs and smiling, with his feet on the fender.

He lived in a drain below the hedge, in a very dirty wet ditch.





“How do you do, Mr. Jackson? Deary me, you have got very wet!”

“Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! I’ll sit awhile and dry myself,” said Mr. Jackson.

He sat and smiled, and the water dripped off his coat tails. Mrs. Tittlemouse went round with a mop.

He sat such a while that he had to be asked if he would take some dinner?

First she offered him cherry-stones. “Thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! No teeth, no teeth, no teeth!” said Mr. Jackson.

He opened his mouth most unnecessarily wide; he certainly had not a tooth in his head.





Then she offered him thistle-down seed— “Tiddly, widdly, widdly! Pouff, pouff, puff!” said Mr. Jackson. He blew the thistle-down all over the room.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Tittlemouse! Now what I really — *really* should like — would be a little dish of honey!”

“I am afraid I have not got any, Mr. Jackson,” said Mrs. Tittlemouse.

“Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs. Tittlemouse!” said the smiling Mr. Jackson, “I can *smell* it; that is why I came to call.”

Mr. Jackson rose ponderously from the table, and began to look into the cupboards.

Mrs. Tittlemouse followed him with a dish-cloth, to wipe his large wet footmarks off the parlour floor.





When he had convinced himself that there was no honey in the cupboards, he began to walk down the passage.

“Indeed, indeed, you will stick fast, Mr. Jackson!”

“Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs. Tittlemouse!”

First he squeezed into the pantry.

“Tiddly, widdly, widdly? no honey? no honey, Mrs. Tittlemouse?”

There were three creepy-crawly people hiding in the plate-rack. Two of them got away; but the littlest one he caught.





Then he squeezed into the larder. Miss Butterfly was tasting the sugar; but she flew away out of the window.

“Tiddly, widdly, widdly, Mrs. Tittlemouse; you seem to have plenty of visitors!”

“And without any invitation!” said Mrs. Thomasina Tittlemouse.

They went along the sandy passage —

“Tiddly widdly— “ “Buzz! Wizz! Wizz!”

He met Babbitty round a corner, and snapped her up, and put her down again.

“I do not like bumble bees. They are all over bristles,” said Mr. Jackson, wiping his mouth with his coat-sleeve.

“Get out, you nasty old toad!” shrieked Babbitty Bumble.

“I shall go distracted!” scolded Mrs. Tittlemouse.





She shut herself up in the nut-cellar while Mr. Jackson pulled out the bees-nest. He seemed to have no objection to stings.

When Mrs. Tittlemouse ventured to come out — everybody had gone away.

But the untidiness was something dreadful— “Never did I see such a mess — smears of honey; and moss, and thistledown — and marks of big and little dirty feet — all over my nice clean house!”

She gathered up the moss and the remains of the beeswax.

Then she went out and fetched some twigs, to partly close up the front door.

“I will make it too small for Mr. Jackson!”





She fetched soft soap, and flannel, and a new scrubbing brush from the storeroom. But she was too tired to do any more. First she fell asleep in her chair, and then she went to bed.

“Will it ever be tidy again?” said poor Mrs. Tittlemouse.

Next morning she got up very early and began a spring cleaning which lasted a fortnight.

She swept, and scrubbed, and dusted; and she rubbed up the furniture with beeswax, and polished her little tin spoons.





When it was all beautifully neat and clean, she gave a party to five other little mice, without Mr. Jackson.

He smelt the party and came up the bank, but he could not squeeze in at the door.

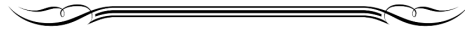
So they handed him out acorn-cupfuls of honey-dew through the window, and he was not at all offended.

He sat outside in the sun, and said— “Tiddly, widdly, widdly! Your very good health, Mrs. Tittlemouse!”



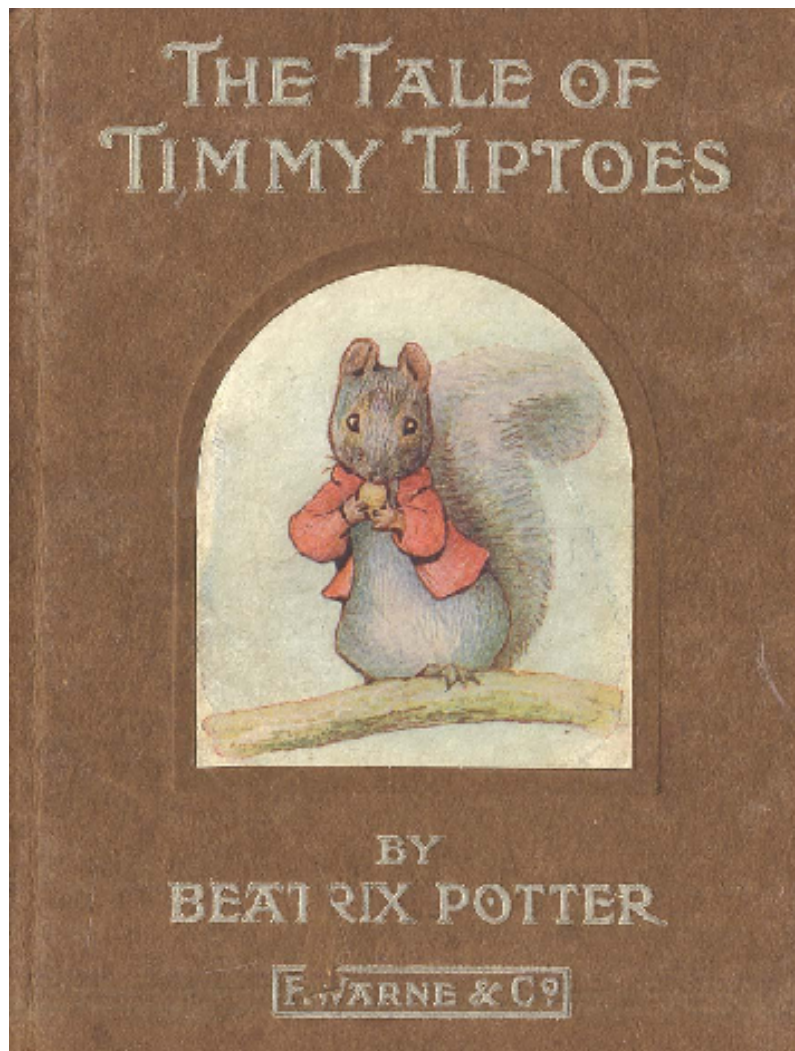
THE END

THE TALE OF TIMMY TIPTOES



Frederick Warner & Co published *The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes* in October 1911, being the first Potter work in over a year. The book was initially successful, though it has subsequently come to be regarded as one of her weaker works, particularly from an artistic sense. Potter revised the text due to its excessive length in an attempt to write a more concise story, but her illustrations suffered from her being unable to observe the grey squirrel in nature. Instead Potter was forced to draw from photographs and books, which while undoubtedly helpful, did not allow her the opportunity to depict the creatures with the same accuracy and vitality. It is also possible that the work lacks some of the vital merits of her best books due to its release being a response to demand by a publisher rather than a work inspired by the imagination. Potter was also writing for non specific young American audience, rather than a particular child with whom she had engaged and developed a relationship. These factors combined to make *The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes* one of Potter's most flawed works, although certainly not without some beauty or charm.

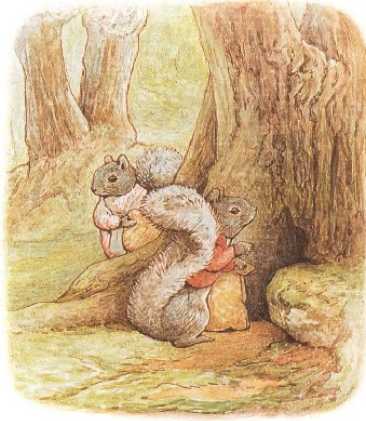
Timmy Tiptoes is a squirrel, who lives in a nest with his wife Goody. They are very diligent about collecting and storing nuts, unlike most squirrels, who lose much of the food they acquire. A neglectful, lazy squirrel has lost his nuts and decides to accuse Timmy Tiptoes of stealing. The tale then revolves around Timmy's capture and the impending danger he faces. Potter contrasts the sweet, loving and supportive relationship between Timmy and his wife with Chippy Hackee, a friendly chipmunk's, acrimonious and bitter interaction with his wife. The subject of marital discord was an unusual one, not only for Potter, but for children's literature at all during that period.



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**THE TALE OF
TIMMY TIPTOES**



**BY
BEATRIX POTTER**

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," etc.

OceanofPDF.com

FOR
MANY UNKNOWN LITTLE FRIENDS,
INCLUDING MONICA

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Once upon a time there was a little fat comfortable grey squirrel, called Timmy Tiptoes. He had a nest thatched with leaves in the top of a tall tree; and he had a little squirrel wife called Goody.



Timmy Tiptoes sat out, enjoying the breeze; he whisked his tail and chuckled— “Little wife Goody, the nuts are ripe; we must lay up a store for winter and spring.” Goody Tiptoes was busy pushing moss under the thatch — “The nest is so snug, we shall be sound asleep all winter.” “Then we shall wake up all the thinner, when there is nothing to eat in spring-time,” replied prudent Timothy.



When Timmy and Goody Tiptoes came to the nut thicket, they found other squirrels were there already.

Timmy took off his jacket and hung it on a twig; they worked away quietly by themselves.



Every day they made several journeys and picked quantities of nuts. They carried them away in bags, and stored them in several hollow stumps near the tree where they had built their nest.



When these stumps were full, they began to empty the bags into a hole high up a tree, that had belonged to a wood-pecker; the nuts rattled down — down — down inside.

“How shall you ever get them out again? It is like a money-box!” said Goody.

“I shall be much thinner before spring-time, my love,” said Timmy Tiptoes, peeping into the hole.



They did collect quantities — because they did not lose them! Squirrels who bury their nuts in the ground lose more than half, because they cannot remember the place.

The most forgetful squirrel in the wood was called Silvertail. He began to dig, and he could not remember. And then he dug again and found some nuts that did not belong to him; and there was a fight. And other squirrels began to dig, — the whole wood was in commotion!



Unfortunately, just at this time a flock of little birds flew by, from bush to bush, searching for green caterpillars and spiders. There were several sorts of little birds, twittering different songs.

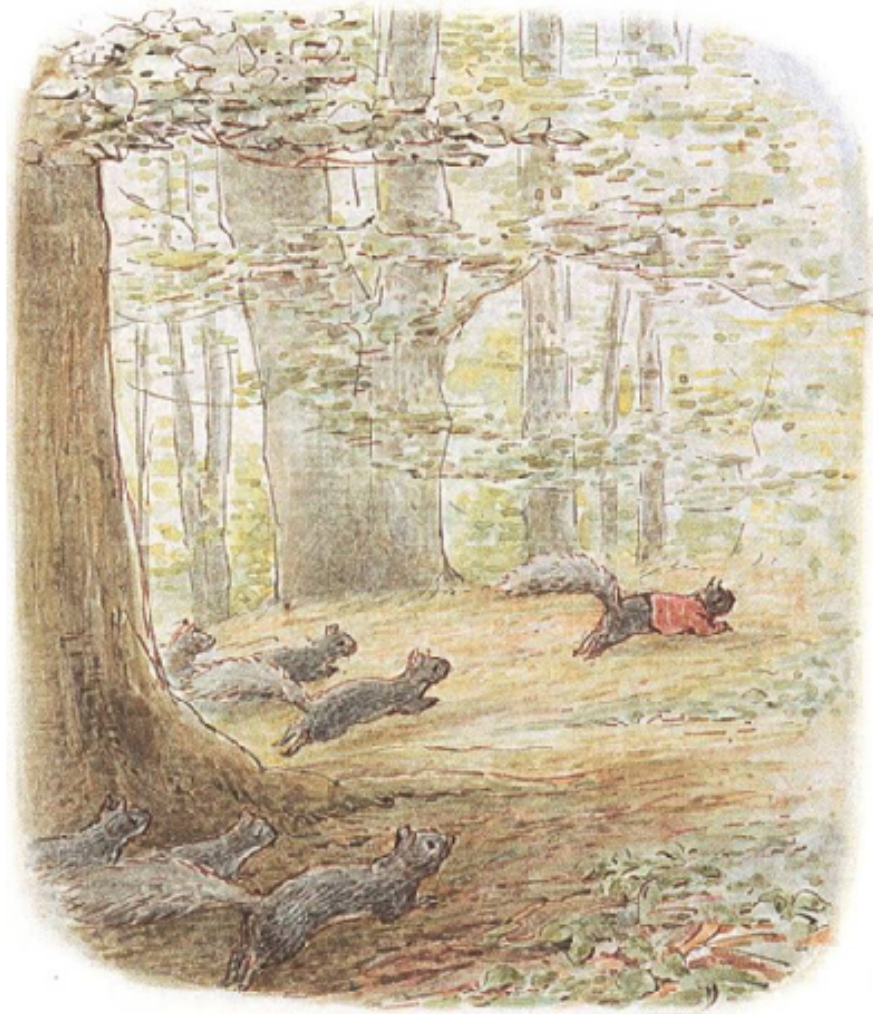
The first one sang— “Who’s bin digging-up *my* nuts? Who’s-been-digging-up *my* nuts?”

And another sang— “Little bit-a bread and-*no*-cheese! Little bit-a-bread an’-*no*-cheese!”



The squirrels followed and listened. The first little bird flew into the bush where Timmy and Goody Tiptoes were quietly tying up their bags, and it sang— “Who’s-bin digging-up *my* nuts? Who’s been digging-up *my*-nuts?”

Timmy Tiptoes went on with his work without replying; indeed, the little bird did not expect an answer. It was only singing its natural song, and it meant nothing at all.



But when the other squirrels heard that song, they rushed upon Timmy Tiptoes and cuffed and scratched him, and upset his bag of nuts. The innocent little bird which had caused all the mischief, flew away in a fright!

Timmy rolled over and over, and then turned tail and fled towards his nest, followed by a crowd of squirrels shouting— “Who’s-been digging-up *my-nuts?*”



They caught him and dragged him up the very same tree, where there was the little round hole, and they pushed him in. The hole was much too small for Timmy Tiptoes' figure. They squeezed him dreadfully, it was a wonder they did not break his ribs. "We will leave him here till he confesses," said Silvertail Squirrel, and he shouted into the hole —
"Who's-been-digging-up *my*-nuts?"



Timmy Tiptoes made no reply; he had tumbled down inside the tree, upon half a peck of nuts belonging to himself. He lay quite stunned and still.



Goody Tiptoes picked up the nut bags and went home. She made a cup of tea for Timmy; but he didn't come and didn't come.

Goody Tiptoes passed a lonely and unhappy night. Next morning she ventured back to the nut-bushes to look for him; but the other unkind squirrels drove her away.

She wandered all over the wood, calling —

“Timmy Tiptoes! Timmy Tiptoes! Oh, where is Timmy Tiptoes?”



In the meantime Timmy Tiptoes came to his senses. He found himself tucked up in a little moss bed, very much in the dark, feeling sore; it seemed to be under ground. Timmy coughed and groaned, because his ribs hurted him. There was a chirpy noise, and a small striped Chipmunk appeared with a night light, and hoped he felt better?

It was most kind to Timmy Tiptoes; it lent him its night-cap; and the house was full of provisions.



The Chipmunk explained that it had rained nuts through the top of the tree— “Besides, I found a few buried!” It laughed and chuckled when it heard Timmy’s story. While Timmy was confined to bed, it ‘ticed him to eat quantities— “But how shall I ever get out through that hole unless I thin myself? My wife will be anxious!” “Just another nut — or two nuts; let me crack them for you,” said the Chipmunk. Timmy Tiptoes grew fatter and fatter!



Now Goody Tiptoes had set to work again by herself. She did not put any more nuts into the woodpecker's hole, because she had always doubted how they could be got out again. She hid them under a tree root; they rattled down, down, down. Once when Goody emptied an extra big bagful, there was a decided squeak; and next time Goody brought another bagful, a little striped Chipmunk scrambled out in a hurry.



“It is getting perfectly full-up down-stairs; the sitting-room is full, and they are rolling along the passage; and my husband, Chippy Hackee, has run away and left me. What is the explanation of these showers of nuts?”

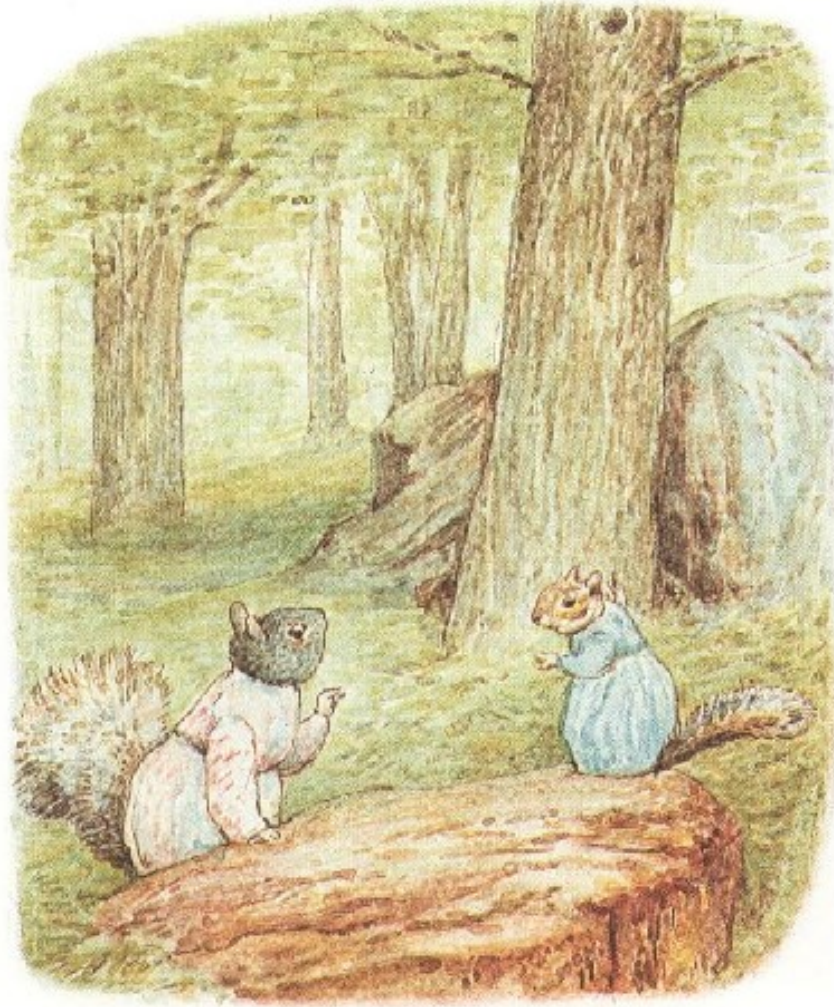
“I am sure I beg your pardon; I did not know that anybody lived here,” said Mrs. Goody Tiptoes; “but where is Chippy Hackee? My husband, Timmy Tiptoes, has run away too.” “I know where Chippy is; a little bird told me,” said Mrs. Chippy Hackee.



She led the way to the woodpecker's tree, and they listened at the hole.

Down below there was a noise of nut crackers, and a fat squirrel voice and a thin squirrel voice were singing together —

“My little old man and I fell out,
How shall we bring this matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can,
And get you gone, you little old man!”



“You could squeeze in, through that little round hole,” said Goody Tiptoes. “Yes, I could,” said the Chipmunk, “but my husband, Chippy Hackee, bites!”

Down below there was a noise of cracking nuts and nibbling; and then the fat squirrel voice and the thin squirrel voice sang —

“For the diddlum day
Day diddle dum di!
Day diddle diddle dum day!”



Then Goody peeped in at the hole, and called down— “Timmy Tiptoes! Oh fie, Timmy Tiptoes!” And Timmy replied, “Is that you, Goody Tiptoes? Why, certainly!”

He came up and kissed Goody through the hole; but he was so fat that he could not get out.

Chippy Hackee was not too fat, but he did not want to come; he stayed down below and chuckled.



And so it went on for a fortnight; till a big wind blew off the top of the tree, and opened up the hole and let in the rain.

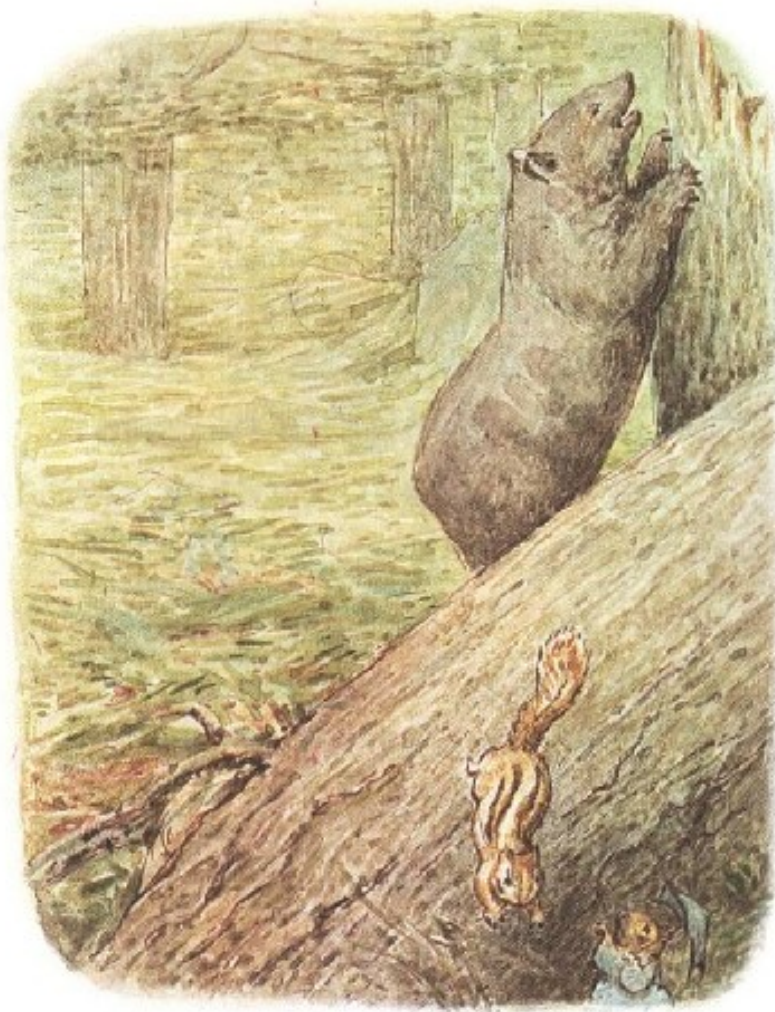
Then Timmy Tiptoes came out, and went home with an umbrella.



But Chippy Hackee continued to camp out for another week, although it was uncomfortable.



At last a large bear came walking through the wood. Perhaps he also was looking for nuts; he seemed to be sniffing around.



Chippy Hackee went home in a hurry!



And when Chippy Hackee got home, he found he had caught a cold in his head; and he was more uncomfortable still.



And now Timmy and Goody Tiptoes keep their nut-store fastened up with a little padlock.

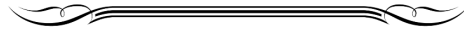


And whenever that little bird sees the Chipmunks, he sings— “Who’s-been-digging-up *my*-nuts? Who’s been digging-up *my*-nuts?” But nobody ever answers!

THE END

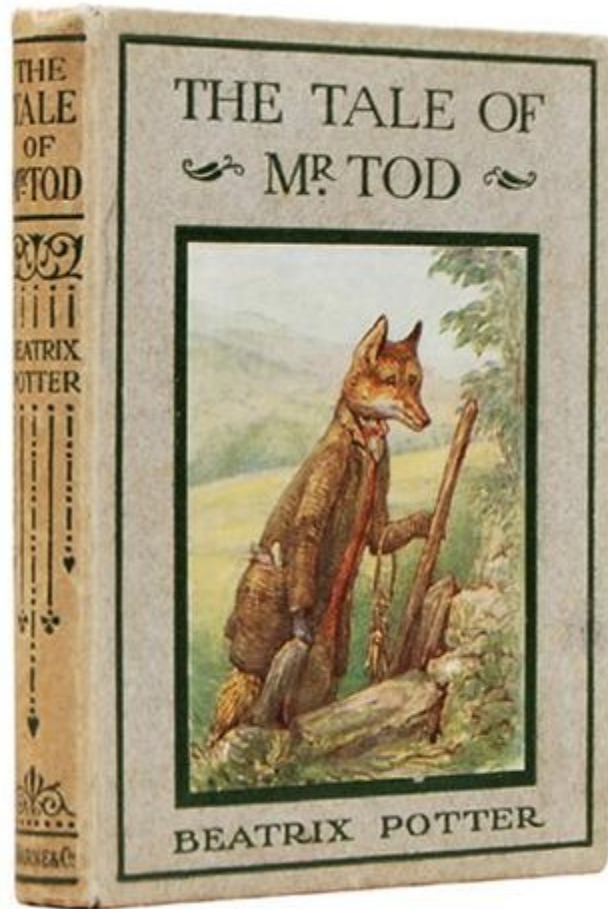
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THE TALE OF MR. TOD



The Tale of Mr Tod was published by Frederick Warner & Co in 1912 and is regarded not only to be one of Potter's most complex stories, but also one of her more successful works. The tale includes Peter Rabbit, Benjamin Bunny, Flopsy and the Flopsy Bunnies but the central characters are Mr Tod and Tommy Brock. Potter begins the story by stating that she has written about many likable characters, but in this book she is going to tell the story of two disagreeable people. Mr Tod is an unpleasant fox that all the other creatures avoid through fear and loathing except the badger Tommy Brock, who often moves in uninvited to Mr Tod's houses when the fox is at another location. Old Bouncer is Benjamin Bunny's father and one day he is tasked with caring for the new rabbit-babies, while Benjamin is out with his wife Flopsy. Old Bouncer invites Tommy Brock into Benjamin's house and then falls asleep allowing the dangerous badger to kidnap the rabbit children. Benjamin and Peter discover the babies with Tommy Brock in one of Mr Tod's homes, but cannot rescue them even though the badger is sleeping. The tale then relays an encounter between the fox and badger with the little bunnies in constant danger.

The book contains many black and white illustrations which contribute to a sense of the mythical and underline the idea of timelessness. The book was inspired by the Uncle Remus stories and it is set in the grounds of two fields Potter acquired in 1909. She sent the text to her publisher in late 1911 and after some disagreement regarding the name of the eponymous character and whether the beginning of the story was appropriate, Potter began the background sketches. The work was completed by July 1912 and Warne proposed that *Mr Tod* should be the first in a new series of books in a larger format with more elaborate bindings. While Potter's next work would be published in the larger format she objected to a new series of works; she had grown weary of writing children's fiction and was struggling for new inspiration and creativity. The book has been critically well-received; it is considered to be one of Potter's most interesting narratives while also being the darkest and bleakest of her works.



The first edition



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THE TALE OF
MR. TOD



BY
BEATRIX POTTER

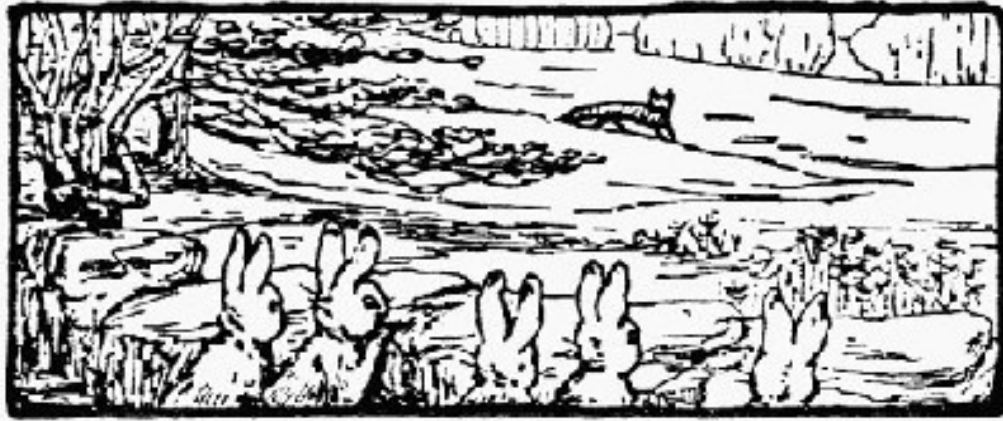
Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," etc.

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FOR FRANCIS WILLIAM OF ULVA

—— SOMEDAY!

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THE TALE OF MR. TOD

I have made many books about well-behaved people. Now, for a change, I am going to make a story about two disagreeable people, called Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod.

Nobody could call Mr. Tod “nice.” The rabbits could not bear him; they could smell him half a mile off. He was of a wandering habit and he had foxey whiskers; they never knew where he would be next.



One day he was living in a stick-house in the coppice, causing terror to the family of old Mr. Benjamin Bouncer. Next day he moved into a pollard willow near the lake, frightening the wild ducks and the water rats.

In winter and early spring he might generally be found in an earth amongst the rocks at the top of Bull Banks, under Oatmeal Crag.



He had half a dozen houses, but he was seldom at home.

The houses were not always empty when Mr. Tod moved *out*; because sometimes Tommy Brock moved *in*; (without asking leave).

Tommy Brock was a short bristly fat waddling person with a grin; he grinned all over his face. He was not nice in his habits. He ate wasp nests and frogs and worms; and he waddled about by moonlight, digging things up.

His clothes were very dirty; and as he slept in the day-time, he always went to bed in his boots. And the bed which he went to bed in, was generally Mr. Tod's.



Now Tommy Brock did occasionally eat rabbit-pie; but it was only very little young ones occasionally, when other food was really scarce. He was friendly with old Mr. Bouncer; they agreed in disliking the wicked otters and Mr. Tod; they often talked over that painful subject.

Old Mr. Bouncer was stricken in years. He sat in the spring sunshine outside the burrow, in a muffler; smoking a pipe of rabbit tobacco.

He lived with his son Benjamin Bunny and his daughter-in-law Flopsy, who had a young family. Old Mr. Bouncer was in charge of the family that afternoon, because Benjamin and Flopsy had gone out.



The little rabbit-babies were just old enough to open their blue eyes and kick. They lay in a fluffy bed of rabbit wool and hay, in a shallow burrow, separate from the main rabbit hole. To tell the truth — old Mr. Bouncer had forgotten them.

He sat in the sun, and conversed cordially with Tommy Brock, who was passing through the wood with a sack and a little spud which he used for digging, and some mole traps. He complained bitterly about the scarcity of pheasants' eggs, and accused Mr. Tod of poaching them. And the otters had cleared off all the frogs while he was asleep in winter— "I have not had a good square meal for a fortnight, I am living on pig-nuts. I shall have to turn vegetarian and eat my own tail!" said Tommy Brock.



It was not much of a joke, but it tickled old Mr. Bouncer; because Tommy Brock was so fat and stumpy and grinning.



So old Mr. Bouncer laughed; and pressed Tommy Brock to come inside, to taste a slice of seed-cake and “a glass of my daughter Flopsy’s cowslip wine.” Tommy Brock squeezed himself into the rabbit hole with alacrity.

Then old Mr. Bouncer smoked another pipe, and gave Tommy Brock a cabbage leaf cigar which was so very strong that it made Tommy Brock grin more than ever; and the smoke filled the burrow. Old Mr. Bouncer coughed and laughed; and Tommy Brock puffed and grinned.

And Mr. Bouncer laughed and coughed, and shut his eyes because of the cabbage smoke . . .

When Flopsy and Benjamin came back — old Mr. Bouncer woke up. Tommy Brock and all the young rabbit-babies had disappeared!

Mr. Bouncer would not confess that he had admitted anybody into the rabbit hole. But the smell of badger was undeniable; and there were round heavy footmarks in the sand. He was in disgrace; Flopsy wrung her ears, and slapped him.

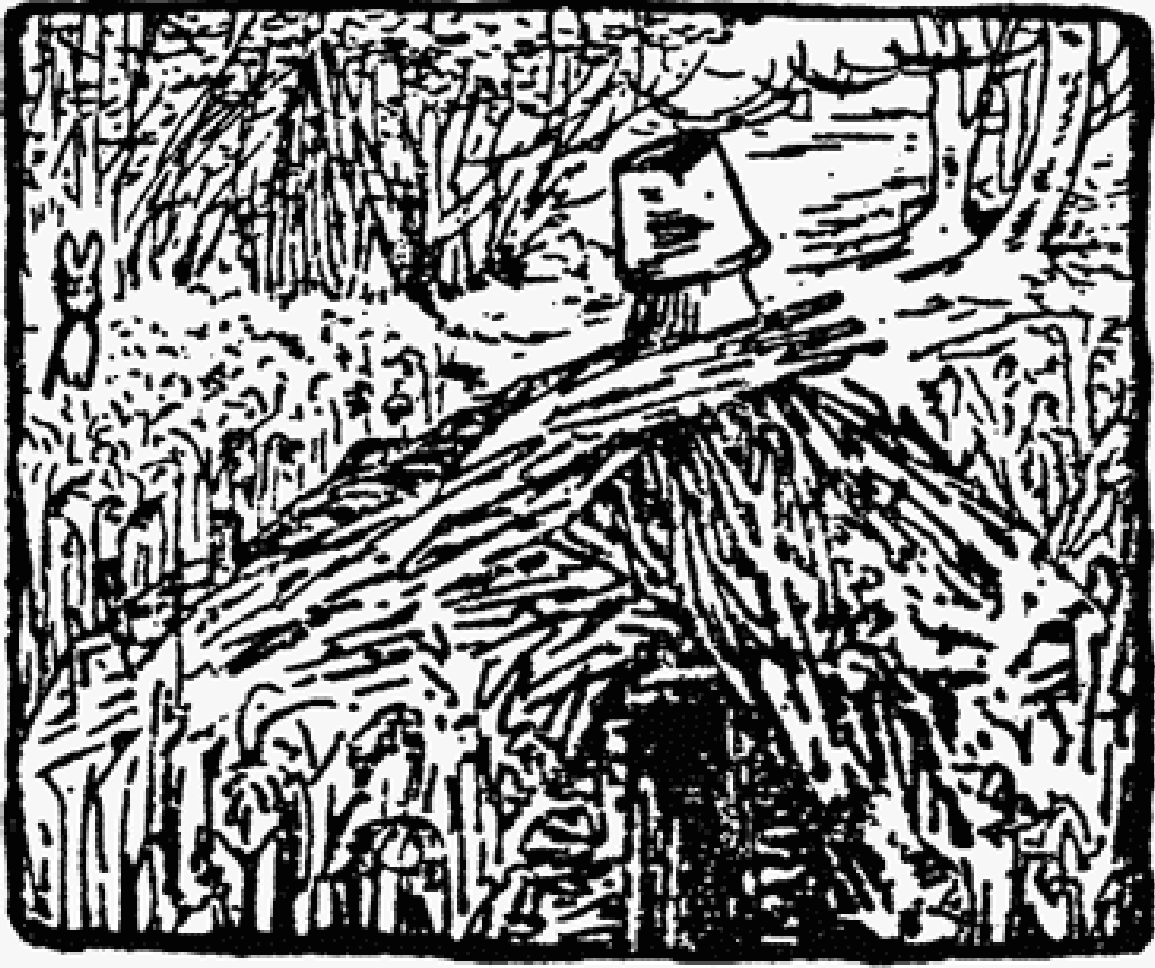


Benjamin Bunny set off at once after Tommy Brock.

There was not much difficulty in tracking him; he had left his foot-mark and gone slowly up the winding footpath through the wood. Here he had rooted up the moss and wood sorrel. There he had dug quite a deep hole for dog darnel; and had set a mole trap. A little stream crossed the way. Benjamin skipped lightly over dry-foot; the badger's heavy steps showed plainly in the mud.



The path led to a part of the thicket where the trees had been cleared; there were leafy oak stumps, and a sea of blue hyacinths — but the smell that made Benjamin stop, was *not* the smell of flowers!



Mr. Tod's stick house was before him and, for once, Mr. Tod was at home. There was not only a foxy flavour in proof of it — there was smoke coming out of the broken pail that served as a chimney.

Benjamin Bunny sat up, staring; his whiskers twitched. Inside the stick house somebody dropped a plate, and said something. Benjamin stamped his foot, and bolted.

He never stopped till he came to the other side of the wood. Apparently Tommy Brock had turned the same way. Upon the top of the wall, there were again the marks of badger; and some ravellings of a sack had caught on a briar.

Benjamin climbed over the wall, into a meadow. He found another mole trap newly set; he was still upon the track of Tommy Brock. It was getting late in the afternoon. Other rabbits were coming out to enjoy the evening air. One of them in a blue coat by himself, was busily hunting for

dandelions.— “Cousin Peter! Peter Rabbit, Peter Rabbit!” shouted Benjamin Bunny.

The blue coated rabbit sat up with pricked ears —

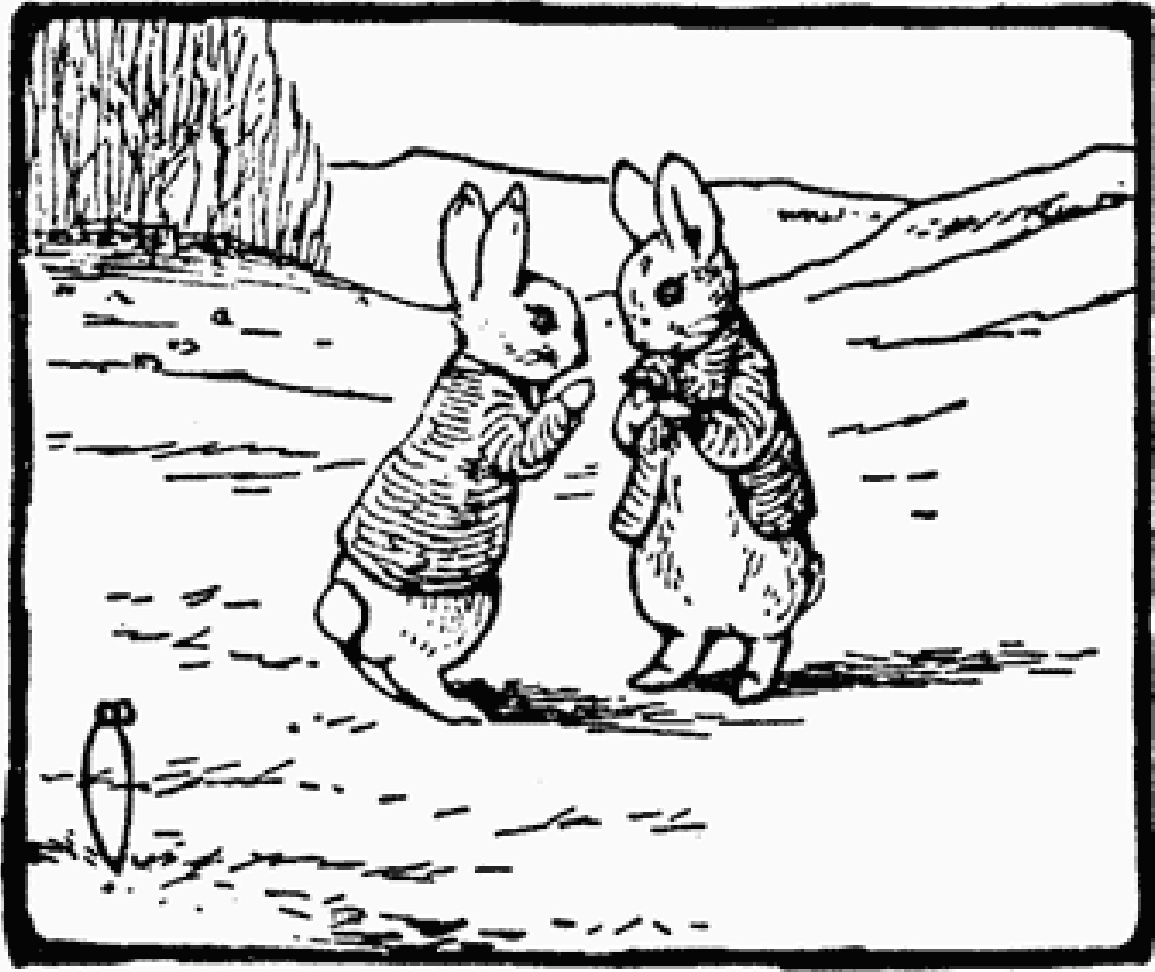


“Whatever is the matter, Cousin Benjamin? Is it a cat? or John Stoad Ferret?”

“No, no, no! He’s bagged my family — Tommy Brock — in a sack — have you seen him?”

“Tommy Brock? how many, Cousin Benjamin?”

“Seven, Cousin Peter, and all of them twins! Did he come this way? Please tell me quick!”



“Yes, yes; not ten minutes since ... he said they were *caterpillars*; I did think they were kicking rather hard, for caterpillars.”

“Which way? which way has he gone, Cousin Peter?”

“He had a sack with something ‘live in it; I watched him set a mole trap. Let me use my mind, Cousin Benjamin; tell me from the beginning.” Benjamin did so.



“My Uncle Bouncer has displayed a lamentable want of discretion for his years;” said Peter reflectively, “but there are two hopeful circumstances. Your family is alive and kicking; and Tommy Brock has had refreshment. He will probably go to sleep, and keep them for breakfast.” “Which way?” “Cousin Benjamin, compose yourself. I know very well which way. Because Mr. Tod was at home in the stick-house he has gone to Mr. Tod’s other house, at the top of Bull Banks. I partly know, because he offered to leave any message at Sister Cottontail’s; he said he would be passing.” (Cottontail had married a black rabbit, and gone to live on the hill).



Peter hid his dandelions, and accompanied the afflicted parent, who was all of a twitter. They crossed several fields and began to climb the hill; the tracks of Tommy Brock were plainly to be seen. He seemed to have put down the sack every dozen yards, to rest.

“He must be very puffed; we are close behind him, by the scent. What a nasty person!” said Peter.



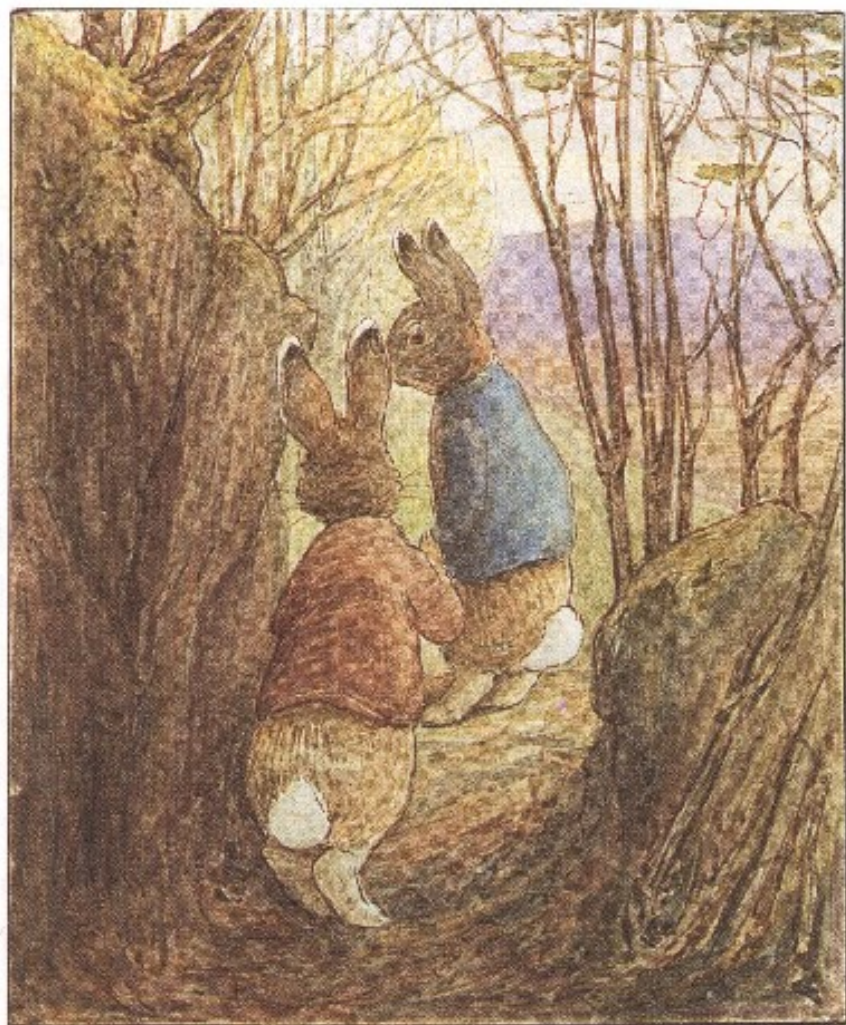
The sunshine was still warm and slanting on the hill pastures. Half way up, Cottontail was sitting in her doorway, with four or five half-grown little rabbits playing about her; one black and the others brown.

Cottontail had seen Tommy Brock passing in the distance. Asked whether her husband was at home she replied that Tommy Brock had rested twice while she watched him.

He had nodded, and pointed to the sack, and seemed doubled up with laughing.— “Come away, Peter; he will be cooking them; come quicker!” said Benjamin Bunny.

They climbed up and up;— “He was at home; I saw his black ears peeping out of the hole.” “They live too near the rocks to quarrel with their neighbours. Come on, Cousin Benjamin!”

When they came near the wood at the top of Bull Banks, they went cautiously. The trees grew amongst heaped up rocks; and there, beneath a crag — Mr. Tod had made one of his homes. It was at the top of a steep bank; the rocks and bushes overhung it. The rabbits crept up carefully, listening and peeping.





This house was something between a cave, a prison, and a tumbledown pig-stye. There was a strong door, which was shut and locked.

The setting sun made the window panes glow like red flame; but the kitchen fire was not alight. It was neatly laid with dry sticks, as the rabbits could see, when they peeped through the window.

Benjamin sighed with relief.

But there were preparations upon the kitchen table which made him shudder. There was an immense empty pie-dish of blue willow pattern, and a large carving knife and fork, and a chopper.

At the other end of the table was a partly unfolded tablecloth, a plate, a tumbler, a knife and fork, salt-cellar, mustard and a chair — in short, preparations for one person's supper.



No person was to be seen, and no young rabbits. The kitchen was empty and silent; the clock had run down. Peter and Benjamin flattened their noses against the window, and stared into the dusk.

Then they scrambled round the rocks to the other side of the house. It was damp and smelly, and overgrown with thorns and briars.

The rabbits shivered in their shoes.

“Oh my poor rabbit babies! What a dreadful place; I shall never see them again!” sighed Benjamin.

They crept up to the bedroom window. It was closed and bolted like the kitchen. But there were signs that this window had been recently open; the cobwebs were disturbed, and there were fresh dirty footmarks upon the window-sill.

The room inside was so dark, that at first they could make out nothing; but they could hear a noise — a slow deep regular snoring grunt. And as their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, they perceived that

somebody was asleep on Mr. Tod's bed, curled up under the blanket.— "He has gone to bed in his boots," whispered Peter.



Benjamin, who was all of a twitter, pulled Peter off the window-sill.

Tommy Brock's snores continued, grunty and regular from Mr. Tod's bed. Nothing could be seen of the young family.

The sun had set; an owl began to hoot in the wood. There were many unpleasant things lying about, that had much better have been buried; rabbit bones and skulls, and chickens' legs and other horrors. It was a shocking place, and very dark.

They went back to the front of the house, and tried in every way to move the bolt of the kitchen window. They tried to push up a rusty nail between the window sashes; but it was of no use, especially without a light.



They sat side by side outside the window, whispering and listening.

In half an hour the moon rose over the wood. It shone full and clear and cold, upon the house amongst the rocks, and in at the kitchen window. But alas, no little rabbit babies were to be seen!

The moonbeams twinkled on the carving knife and the pie dish, and made a path of brightness across the dirty floor.

The light showed a little door in a wall beside the kitchen fireplace — a little iron door belonging to a brick oven, of that old-fashioned sort that used to be heated with faggots of wood.

And presently at the same moment Peter and Benjamin noticed that whenever they shook the window — the little door opposite shook in answer. The young family were alive; shut up in the oven!



Benjamin was so excited that it was a mercy he did not awake Tommy Brock, whose snores continued solemnly in Mr. Tod's bed.

But there really was not very much comfort in the discovery. They could not open the window; and although the young family was alive — the little rabbits were quite incapable of letting themselves out; they were not old enough to crawl.

After much whispering, Peter and Benjamin decided to dig a tunnel. They began to burrow a yard or two lower down the bank. They hoped that they might be able to work between the large stones under the house; the kitchen floor was so dirty that it was impossible to say whether it was made of earth or flags.



They dug and dug for hours. They could not tunnel straight on account of stones; but by the end of the night they were under the kitchen floor. Benjamin was on his back, scratching upwards. Peter's claws were worn down; he was outside the tunnel, shuffling sand away. He called out that it was morning — sunrise; and that the jays were making a noise down below in the woods.



Benjamin Bunny came out of the dark tunnel, shaking the sand from his ears; he cleaned his face with his paws. Every minute the sun shone warmer on the top of the hill. In the valley there was a sea of white mist, with golden tops of trees showing through.

Again from the fields down below in the mist there came the angry cry of a jay — followed by the sharp yelping bark of a fox!

Then those two rabbits lost their heads completely. They did the most foolish thing that they could have done. They rushed into their short new tunnel, and hid themselves at the top end of it, under Mr. Tod's kitchen floor.



Mr. Tod was coming up Bull Banks, and he was in the very worst of tempers. First he had been upset by breaking the plate. It was his own fault; but it was a china plate, the last of the dinner service that had belonged to his grandmother, old Vixen Tod. Then the midges had been very bad. And he had failed to catch a hen pheasant on her nest; and it had contained only five eggs, two of them addled. Mr. Tod had had an unsatisfactory night.



As usual, when out of humour, he determined to move house. First he tried the pollard willow, but it was damp; and the otters had left a dead fish near it. Mr. Tod likes nobody's leavings but his own.

He made his way up the hill; his temper was not improved by noticing unmistakable marks of badger. No one else grubs up the moss so wantonly as Tommy Brock.



Mr. Tod slapped his stick upon the earth and fumed; he guessed where Tommy Brock had gone to. He was further annoyed by the jay bird which followed him persistently. It flew from tree to tree and scolded, warning every rabbit within hearing that either a cat or a fox was coming up the plantation. Once when it flew screaming over his head — Mr. Tod snapped at it, and barked.

He approached his house very carefully, with a large rusty key. He sniffed and his whiskers bristled. The house was locked up, but Mr. Tod had

his doubts whether it was empty. He turned the rusty key in the lock; the rabbits below could hear it. Mr. Tod opened the door cautiously and went in.



The sight that met Mr. Tod's eyes in Mr. Tod's kitchen made Mr. Tod furious. There was Mr. Tod's chair, and Mr. Tod's pie dish, and his knife and fork and mustard and salt cellar and his table-cloth that he had left folded up in the dresser — all set out for supper (or breakfast) — without doubt for that odious Tommy Brock.

There was a smell of fresh earth and dirty badger, which fortunately overpowered all smell of rabbit.

But what absorbed Mr. Tod's attention was a noise — a deep slow regular snoring grunting noise, coming from his own bed.

He peeped through the hinges of the half-open bedroom door. Then he turned and came out of the house in a hurry. His whiskers bristled and his coat-collar stood on end with rage.



For the next twenty minutes Mr. Tod kept creeping cautiously into the house, and retreating hurriedly out again. By degrees he ventured further in — right into the bedroom. When he was outside the house, he scratched up the earth with fury. But when he was inside — he did not like the look of Tommy Brock's teeth.

He was lying on his back with his mouth open, grinning from ear to ear. He snored peacefully and regularly; but one eye was not perfectly shut.

Mr. Tod came in and out of the bedroom. Twice he brought in his walking-stick, and once he brought in the coal-scuttle. But he thought better of it, and took them away.



When he came back after removing the coal-scuttle, Tommy Brock was lying a little more sideways; but he seemed even sounder asleep. He was an incurably indolent person; he was not in the least afraid of Mr. Tod; he was simply too lazy and comfortable to move.

Mr. Tod came back yet again into the bedroom with a clothes line. He stood a minute watching Tommy Brock and listening attentively to the snores. They were very loud indeed, but seemed quite natural.

Mr. Tod turned his back towards the bed, and undid the window. It creaked; he turned round with a jump. Tommy Brock, who had opened one eye — shut it hastily. The snores continued.



Mr. Tod's proceedings were peculiar, and rather uneasy, (because the bed was between the window and the door of the bedroom). He opened the window a little way, and pushed out the greater part of the clothes line on to the window sill. The rest of the line, with a hook at the end, remained in his hand.

Tommy Brock snored conscientiously. Mr. Tod stood and looked at him for a minute; then he left the room again.

Tommy Brock opened both eyes, and looked at the rope and grinned. There was a noise outside the window. Tommy Brock shut his eyes in a hurry.

Mr. Tod had gone out at the front door, and round to the back of the house. On the way, he stumbled over the rabbit burrow. If he had had any idea who was inside it, he would have pulled them out quickly.



His foot went through the tunnel nearly upon the top of Peter Rabbit and Benjamin, but fortunately he thought that it was some more of Tommy Brock's work.



He took up the coil of line from the sill, listened for a moment, and then tied the rope to a tree.

Tommy Brock watched him with one eye, through the window. He was puzzled.



Mr. Tod fetched a large heavy pailful of water from the spring, and staggered with it through the kitchen into his bedroom.

Tommy Brock snored industriously, with rather a snort.

Mr. Tod put down the pail beside the bed, took up the end of rope with the hook — hesitated, and looked at Tommy Brock. The snores were almost apoplectic; but the grin was not quite so big.

Mr. Tod gingerly mounted a chair by the head of the bedstead. His legs were dangerously near to Tommy Brock's teeth.

He reached up and put the end of rope, with the hook, over the head of the tester bed, where the curtains ought to hang.

(Mr. Tod's curtains were folded up, and put away, owing to the house being unoccupied. So was the counterpane. Tommy Brock was covered with a blanket only.) Mr. Tod standing on the unsteady chair looked down upon him attentively; he really was a first prize sound sleeper!

It seemed as though nothing would waken him — not even the flapping rope across the bed.

Mr. Tod descended safely from the chair, and endeavoured to get up again with the pail of water. He intended to hang it from the hook, dangling over the head of Tommy Brock, in order to make a sort of shower-bath, worked by a string, through the window.



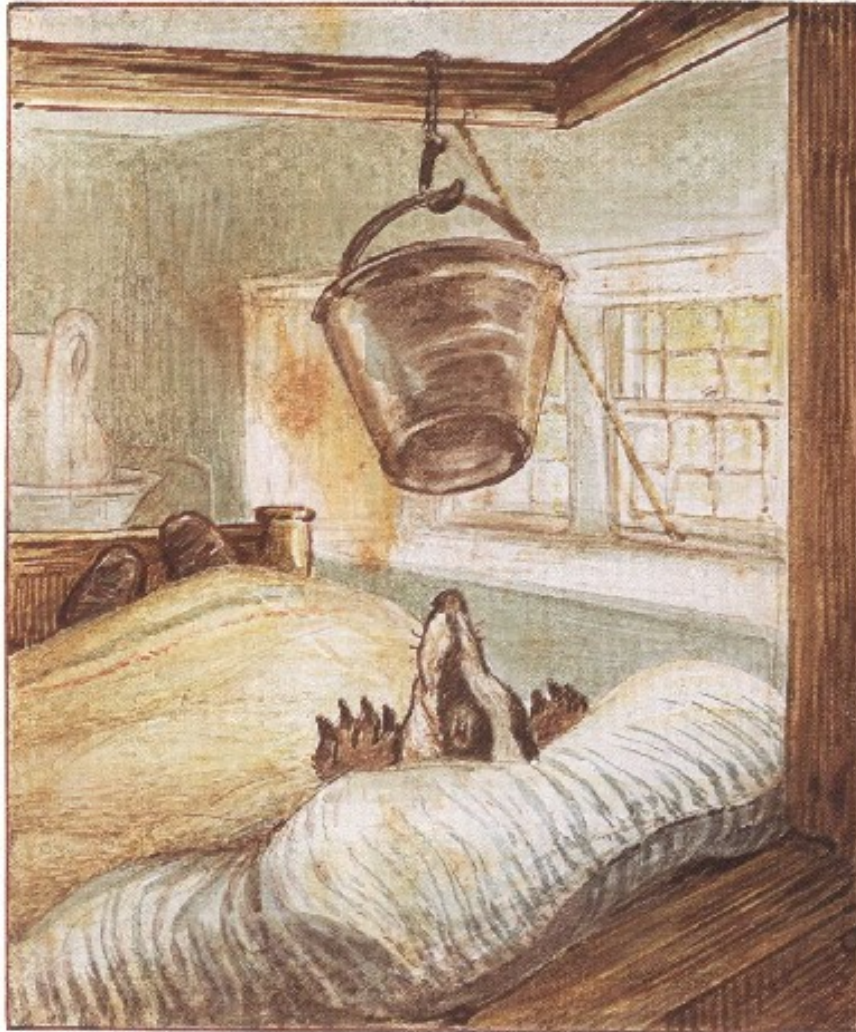
But naturally being a thin-legged person (though vindictive and sandy whiskered) — he was quite unable to lift the heavy weight to the level of the hook and rope. He very nearly overbalanced himself.

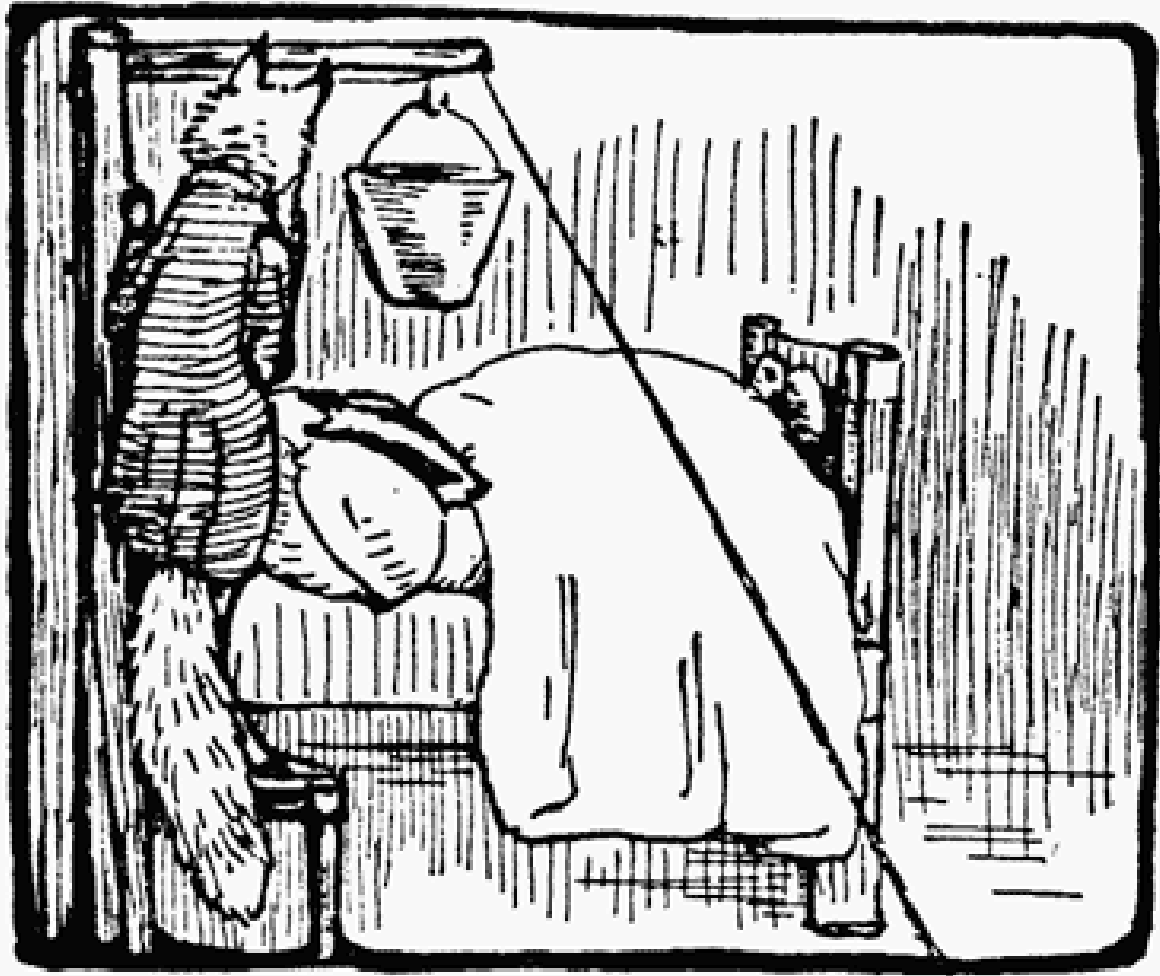
The snores became more and more apoplectic. One of Tommy Brock's hind legs twitched under the blanket, but still he slept on peacefully.

Mr. Tod and the pail descended from the chair without accident. After considerable thought, he emptied the water into a wash-basin and jug. The empty pail was not too heavy for him; he slung it up wobbling over the head of Tommy Brock.

Surely there never was such a sleeper! Mr. Tod got up and down, down and up on the chair.

As he could not lift the whole pailful of water at once, he fetched a milk jug, and ladled quarts of water into the pail by degrees. The pail got fuller and fuller, and swung like a pendulum. Occasionally a drop splashed over; but still Tommy Brock snored regularly and never moved, — except one eye.





At last Mr. Tod's preparations were complete. The pail was full of water; the rope was tightly strained over the top of the bed, and across the window sill to the tree outside.

"It will make a great mess in my bedroom; but I could never sleep in that bed again without a spring cleaning of some sort," said Mr. Tod.



Mr. Tod took a last look at the badger and softly left the room. He went out of the house, shutting the front door. The rabbits heard his footsteps over the tunnel.

He ran round behind the house, intending to undo the rope in order to let fall the pailful of water upon Tommy Brock —

“I will wake him up with an unpleasant surprise,” said Mr. Tod.

The moment he had gone, Tommy Brock got up in a hurry; he rolled Mr. Tod’s dressing-gown into a bundle, put it into the bed beneath the pail of water instead of himself, and left the room also — grinning immensely.

He went into the kitchen, lighted the fire and boiled the kettle; for the moment he did not trouble himself to cook the baby rabbits.





When Mr. Tod got to the tree, he found that the weight and strain had dragged the knot so tight that it was past untying. He was obliged to gnaw it with his teeth. He chewed and gnawed for more than twenty minutes. At last the rope gave way with such a sudden jerk that it nearly pulled his teeth out, and quite knocked him over backwards.



Inside the house there was a great crash and splash, and the noise of a pail rolling over and over.

But no screams. Mr. Tod was mystified; he sat quite still, and listened attentively. Then he peeped in at the window. The water was dripping from the bed, the pail had rolled into a corner.

In the middle of the bed under the blanket, was a wet flattened *something* — much dinged in, in the middle where the pail had caught it (as it were across the tummy). Its head was covered by the wet blanket and it was *not snoring any longer*.

There was nothing stirring, and no sound except the drip, drop, drop drip of water trickling from the mattress.



Mr. Tod watched it for half an hour; his eyes glistened.

Then he cut a caper, and became so bold that he even tapped at the window; but the bundle never moved.

Yes — there was no doubt about it — it had turned out even better than he had planned; the pail had hit poor old Tommy Brock, and killed him dead!

“I will bury that nasty person in the hole which he has dug. I will bring my bedding out, and dry it in the sun,” said Mr. Tod.

“I will wash the tablecloth and spread it on the grass in the sun to bleach. And the blanket must be hung up in the wind; and the bed must be thoroughly disinfected, and aired with a warming-pan; and warmed with a hot-water bottle.”



“I will get soft soap, and monkey soap, and all sorts of soap; and soda and scrubbing brushes; and persian powder; and carbolic to remove the smell. I must have a disinfecting. Perhaps I may have to burn sulphur.”

He hurried round the house to get a shovel from the kitchen— “First I will arrange the hole — then I will drag out that person in the blanket....”

He opened the door....

Tommy Brock was sitting at Mr. Tod’s kitchen table, pouring out tea from Mr. Tod’s tea-pot into Mr. Tod’s tea-cup. He was quite dry himself and grinning; and he threw the cup of scalding tea all over Mr. Tod.





Then Mr. Tod rushed upon Tommy Brock, and Tommy Brock grappled with Mr. Tod amongst the broken crockery, and there was a terrific battle all over the kitchen. To the rabbits underneath it sounded as if the floor would give way at each crash of falling furniture.

They crept out of their tunnel, and hung about amongst the rocks and bushes, listening anxiously.



Inside the house the racket was fearful. The rabbit babies in the oven woke up trembling; perhaps it was fortunate they were shut up inside.

Everything was upset except the kitchen table.

And everything was broken, except the mantelpiece and the kitchen fender. The crockery was smashed to atoms.

The chairs were broken, and the window, and the clock fell with a crash, and there were handfuls of Mr. Tod's sandy whiskers.

The vases fell off the mantelpiece, the canisters fell off the shelf; the kettle fell off the hob. Tommy Brock put his foot in a jar of raspberry jam.

And the boiling water out of the kettle fell upon the tail of Mr. Tod.





When the kettle fell, Tommy Brock, who was still grinning, happened to be uppermost; and he rolled Mr. Tod over and over like a log, out at the door.

Then the snarling and worrying went on outside; and they rolled over the bank, and down hill, bumping over the rocks. There will never be any love lost between Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod.



As soon as the coast was clear, Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny came out of the bushes —

“Now for it! Run in, Cousin Benjamin! Run in and get them! while I watch at the door.”

But Benjamin was frightened —

“Oh; oh! they are coming back!”

“No they are not.”

“Yes they are!”

“What dreadful bad language! I think they have fallen down the stone quarry.”

Still Benjamin hesitated, and Peter kept pushing him —

“Be quick, it’s all right. Shut the oven door, Cousin Benjamin, so that he won’t miss them.”

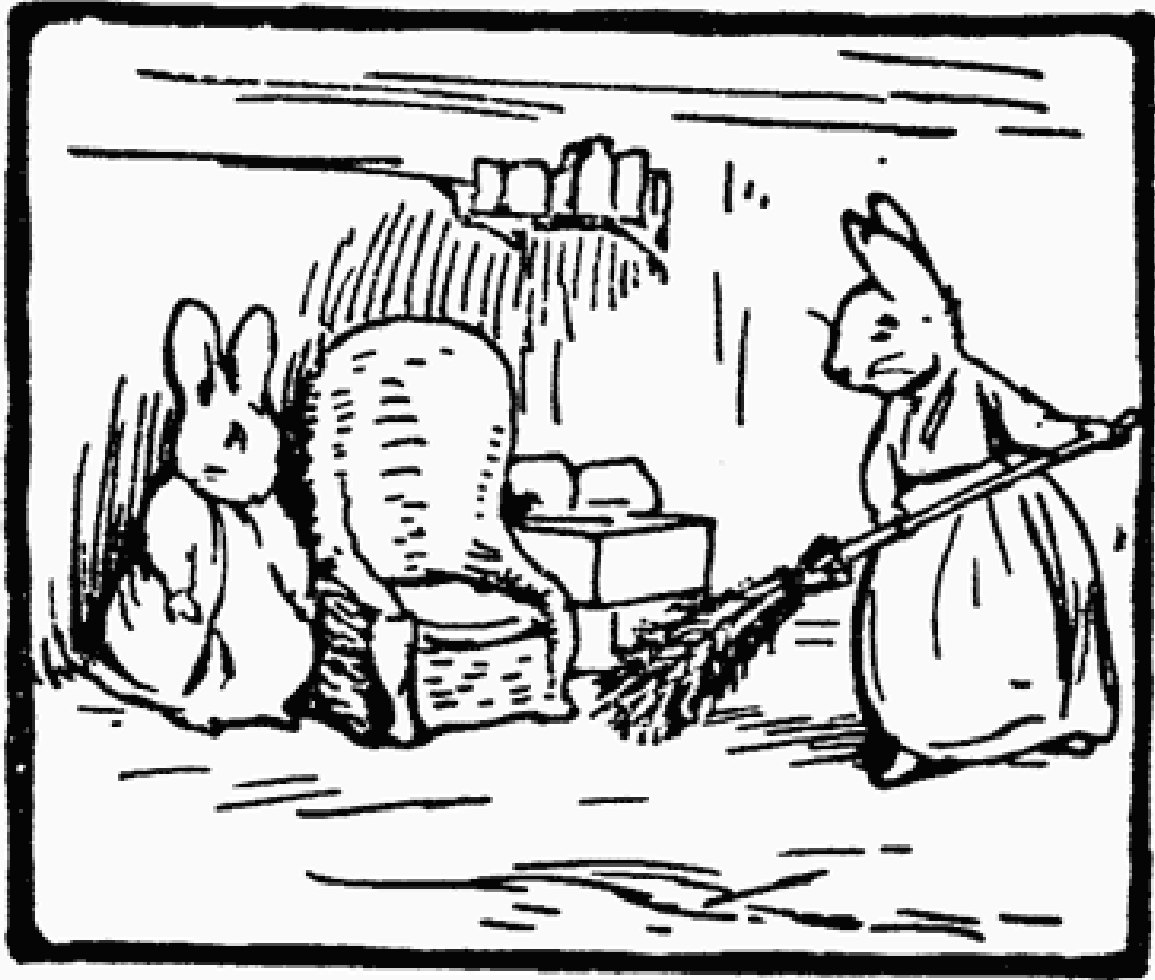
Decidedly there were lively doings in Mr. Tod’s kitchen!



At home in the rabbit hole, things had not been quite comfortable.

After quarrelling at supper, Flopsy and old Mr. Bouncer had passed a sleepless night, and quarrelled again at breakfast. Old Mr. Bouncer could no longer deny that he had invited company into the rabbit hole; but he refused to reply to the questions and reproaches of Flopsy. The day passed heavily.

Old Mr. Bouncer, very sulky, was huddled up in a corner, barricaded with a chair. Flopsy had taken away his pipe and hidden the tobacco. She had been having a complete turn out and spring-cleaning, to relieve her feelings. She had just finished. Old Mr. Bouncer, behind his chair, was wondering anxiously what she would do next.



In Mr. Tod's kitchen, amongst the wreckage, Benjamin Bunny picked his way to the oven nervously, through a thick cloud of dust. He opened the oven door, felt inside, and found something warm and wriggling. He lifted it out carefully, and rejoined Peter Rabbit.

"I've got them! Can we get away? Shall we hide, Cousin Peter?"

Peter pricked his ears; distant sounds of fighting still echoed in the wood.

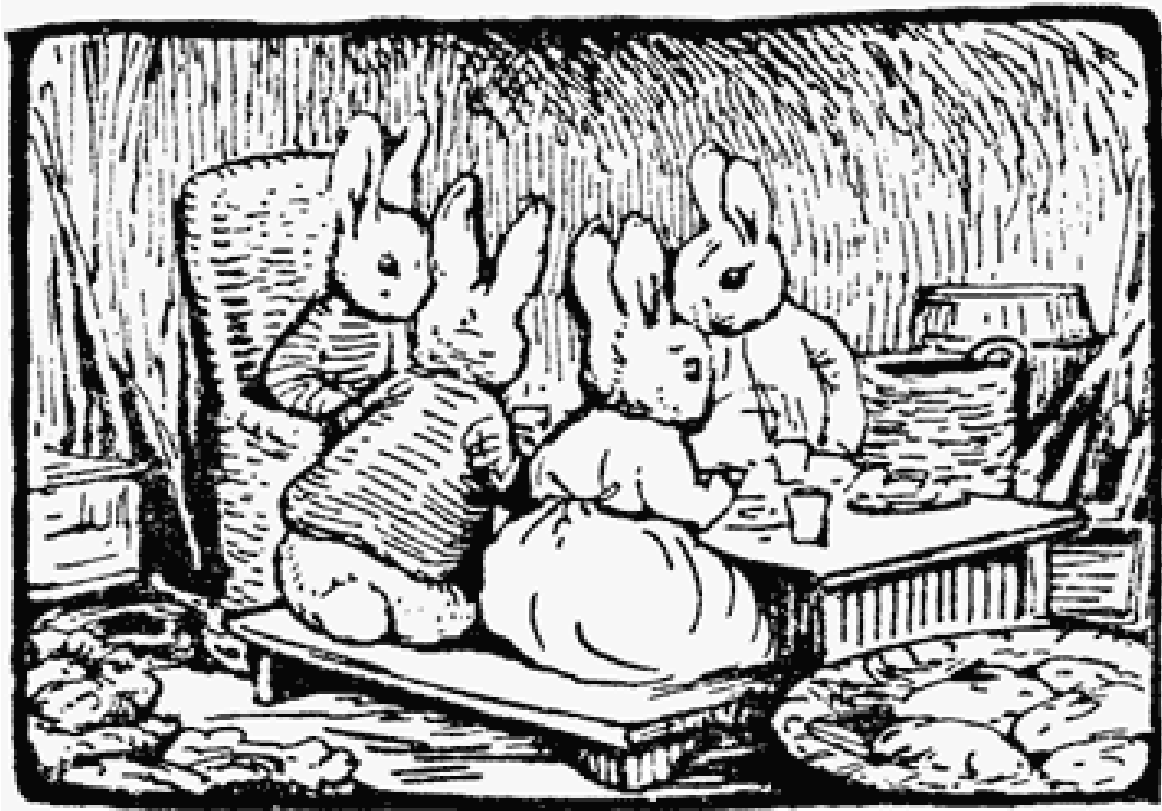
Five minutes afterwards two breathless rabbits came scuttering away down Bull Banks, half carrying half dragging a sack between them, bumpetty bump over the grass. They reached home safely and burst into the rabbit hole.





Great was old Mr. Bouncer's relief and Flopsy's joy when Peter and Benjamin arrived in triumph with the young family. The rabbit-babies were rather tumbled and very hungry; they were fed and put to bed. They soon recovered.

A long new pipe and a fresh supply of rabbit tobacco was presented to Mr. Bouncer. He was rather upon his dignity; but he accepted.

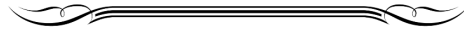


Old Mr. Bouncer was forgiven, and they all had dinner. Then Peter and Benjamin told their story — but they had not waited long enough to be able to tell the end of the battle between Tommy Brock and Mr. Tod.

THE END

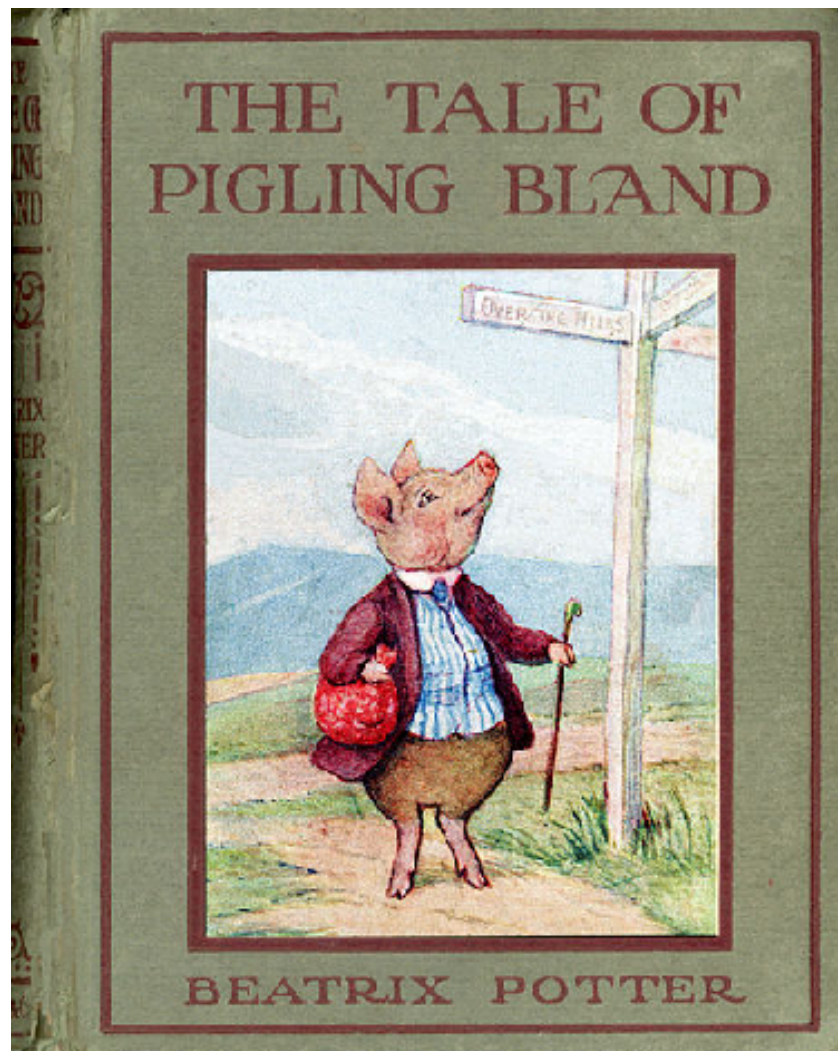
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THE TALE OF PIGLING BLAND



The Tale of Pigling Bland was the last story Potter wrote using a contemporary idea, whilst the rest of her works were based upon old tales. The work was published in 1913 by Frederick Warne & Co and inspired by Potter's wedding and new life with William Heelis, whom she married in 1913. Potter had been interested in writing a story featuring pigs with enormous appetites in 1909 and may have begun the tale at this juncture although it was not completed for four more years. The character of Pig-wig was inspired by a Berkshire pig that Potter bought from a farmer called Townley. Potter dedicated the book to the farmer's children and called it a story about a Christmas pig. The pig was kept as a pet because her farm manager did not want a black pig amongst the other animals. Potter was very fond of the pig and described it as being very friendly and fond of affection. The majority of the landscapes and backgrounds in the work were based on areas in the Lake District, including parts of Westmorland.

The tale features Potter as the direct narrator and she begins the story by describing how overworked the old pig Aunt Pettitoes is and how she is forced to rid herself of many of her children in order to be able to cope with life. She sends her son Pigling Bland to the market with his naughty brother Alexander, who loses his identification papers and becomes separated from his brother. Pigling Bland attempts to find Alexander, but he gets lost and is taken in by an intimidating farmer that the pig does not trust. Here he meets Pig-wig, a beautiful, charming pig, who encourages him to strive for a better life. The story has an optimistic tone and approaches the notion of freedom of the individual and pursuing dreams that may not seem attainable.



The first edition

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Potter with her husband W. Heelis, c. 1913

THE TALE OF PIGLING BLAND



BY BEATRIX POTTER

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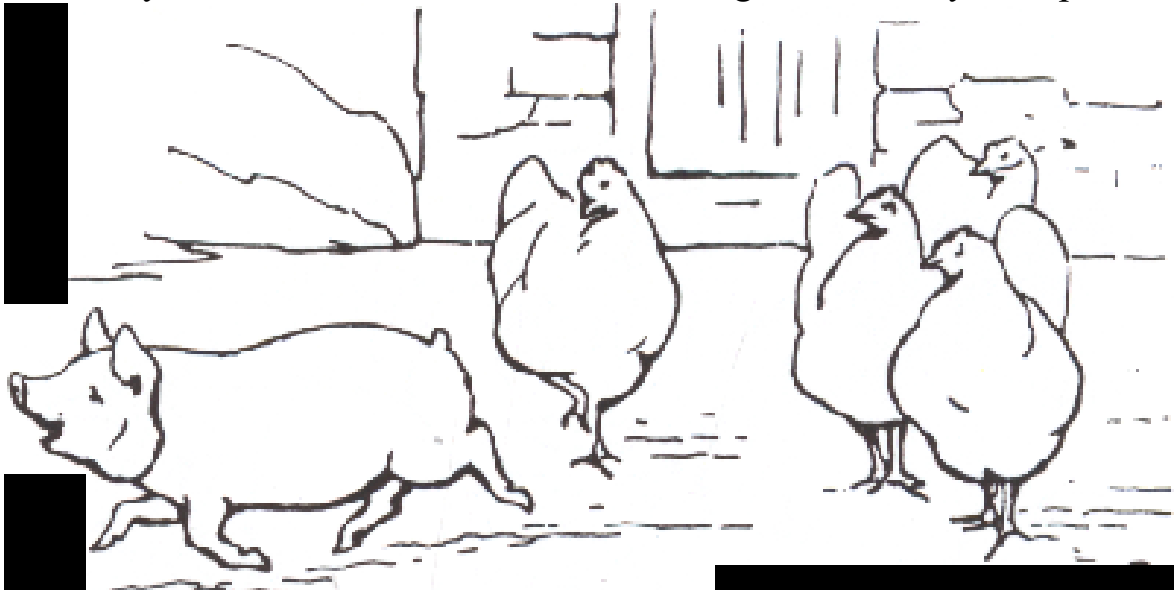
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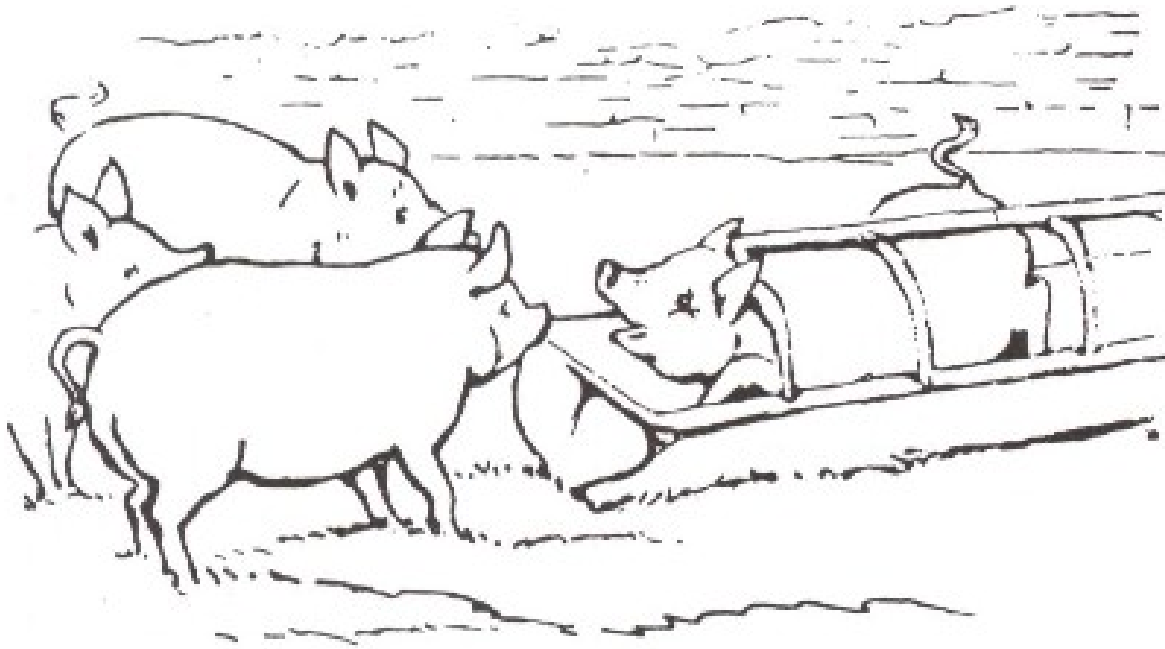


ONCE upon a time there was an old pig called Aunt Pettitoes.

She had eight of a family: four little girl pigs, called Cross-patch, Suck-suck, Yock-yock and Spot; and four little boy pigs, called Alexander, Pigling Bland, Chin-chin and Stumpy. Stumpy had had an accident to his tail.

The eight little pigs had very fine appetites. “Yus, yus, yus! they eat and indeed they *do* eat!” said Aunt Pettitoes, looking at her family with pride.

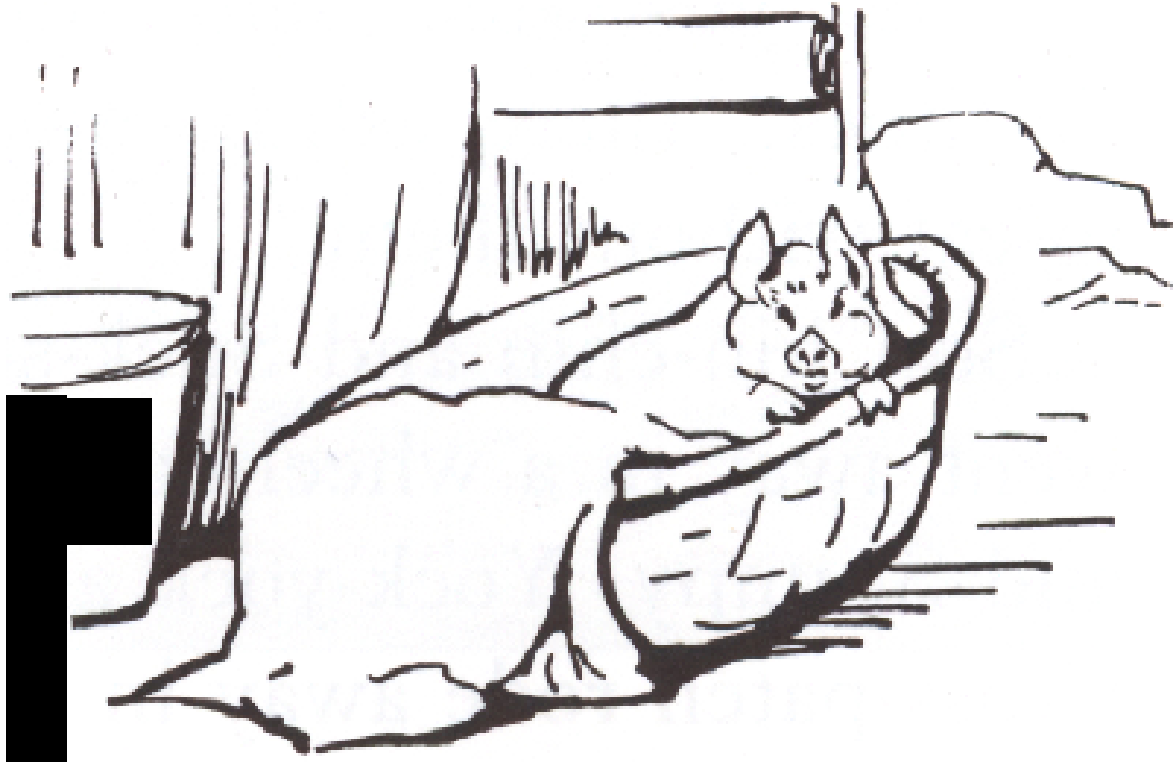




Suddenly there were fearful squeals; Alexander had squeezed inside the hoops of the pig trough and stuck.

Aunt Pettitoes and I dragged him out by the hind legs.

Chin-chin was already in disgrace; it was washing day, and he had eaten a piece of soap. And presently in a basket of clean clothes, we found another dirty little pig. “Tchut, tut, tut! which ever is this?” grunted Aunt Pettitoes.



Now all the pig family are pink, or pink with black spots, but this pig child was smutty black all over; when it had been popped into a tub, it proved to be Yock-yock.



I went into the garden; there I found Cross-patch and Suck-suck rooting up carrots.

I whipped them myself and led them out by the ears. Cross-patch tried to bite me.



“Aunt Pettitoes, Aunt Pettitoes! You are a worthy person, but your family is not well brought up. Every one of them has been in mischief except Spot and Pigling Bland.”



“Yus, yus!” sighed Aunt Pettitoes. “And they drink bucketfuls of milk; I shall have to get another cow! Good little Spot shall stay at home to do the house-work; but the others must go. Four little boy pigs and four little girl pigs are too many altogether.

“Yus, yus, yus,” said Aunt Pettitoes, “there will be more to eat without them.”

So Chin-chin and Suck-suck went away in a wheel-barrow, and Stumpy, Yock-yock and Cross-patch rode away in a cart.



And the other two little boy pigs, Pigling Bland and Alexander, went to market. We brushed their coats, we curled their tails and washed their little faces, and wished them good-bye in the yard.

Aunt Pettitoes wiped her eyes with a large pocket handkerchief, then she wiped Pigling Bland's nose and shed tears; then she passed the handkerchief to Spot. Aunt Pettitoes sighed and grunted, and addressed those little pigs as follows:



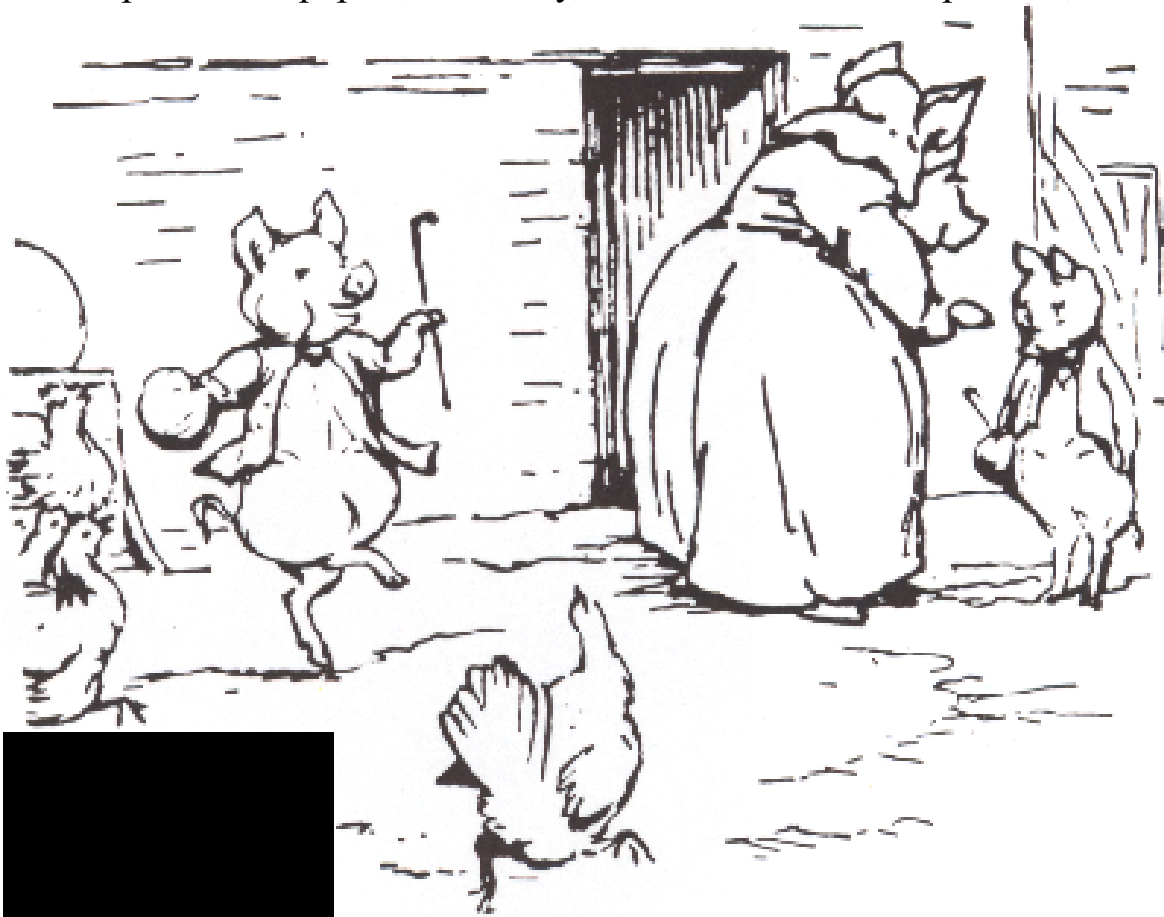
“Now Pigling Bland, son Pigling Bland, you must go to market. Take your brother Alexander by the hand. Mind your Sunday clothes, and remember to blow your nose” — (Aunt Pettitoes passed round the handkerchief again)— “beware of traps, hen roosts, bacon and eggs; always walk upon your hind legs.” Pigling Bland, who was a sedate little pig, looked solemnly at his mother, a tear trickled down his cheek.

Aunt Pettitoes turned to the other— “Now son Alexander take the hand”— “Wee, wee, wee!” giggled Alexander— “take the hand of your brother Pigling Bland, you must go to market. Mind— ““Wee, wee, wee!” interrupted Alexander again. “You put me out,” said Aunt Pettitoes— “Observe sign-posts and milestones; do not gobble herring bones— “”And remember,” said I impressively, “if you once cross the county boundary you cannot come back. Alexander, you are not attending.



Here are two licences permitting two pigs to go to market in Lancashire. Attend, Alexander. I have had no end of trouble in getting these papers from the policeman.”

Pigling Bland listened gravely; Alexander was hopelessly volatile.
I pinned the papers, for safety, inside their waistcoat pockets;





Aunt Pettitoes gave to each a little bundle, and eight conversation peppermints with appropriate moral sentiments in screws of paper. Then they started.

Pigling Bland and Alexander trotted along steadily for a mile; at least Pigling Bland did. Alexander made the road half as long again by skipping from side to side. He danced about and pinched his brother, singing —

“This pig went to market, this pig stayed at home,

This pig had a bit of meat —

“Let’s see what they have given *us* for dinner, Pigling?”



Pigling Bland and Alexander sat down and untied their bundles. Alexander gobbled up his dinner in no time; he had already eaten all his own peppermints. "Give me one of yours, please, Pigling."

"But I wish to preserve them for emergencies," said Pigling Bland doubtfully. Alexander went into squeals of laughter. Then he pricked Pigling with the pin that had fastened his pig paper; and when Pigling slapped him he dropped the pin, and tried to take Pigling's pin, and the papers got mixed up. Pigling Bland reproved Alexander.

But presently they made it up again, and trotted away together, singing

"Tom, Tom, the piper's son, stole a pig
and away he ran!
But all the tune that he could play,

was ‘Over the hills and far away’!”

“What’s that, young sirs? Stole a pig? Where are your licences?” said the policeman. They had nearly run against him round a corner. Pigling Bland pulled out his paper; Alexander, after fumbling, handed over something scrumpily —

“To oz conversation sweets at three farthings — What’s this? This ain’t a licence.” Alexander’s nose lengthened visibly, he had lost it. “I had one, indeed I had, Mr. Policeman!”



“It’s not likely they let you start without. I am passing the farm. You may walk with me.”

“Can I come back too?” inquired Pigling Bland. “I see no reason, young sir; your paper is all right.” Pigling Bland did not like going on alone, and it was beginning to rain.



But it is unwise to argue with the police; he gave his brother a peppermint, and watched him out of sight.

To conclude the adventures of Alexander — the policeman sauntered up to the house about tea time, followed by a damp subdued little pig.

I disposed of Alexander in the neighbourhood; he did fairly well when he had settled down.

Pigling Bland went on alone dejectedly; he came to crossroads and a sign-post— “To Market Town, 5 miles”, “Over the Hills, 4 miles”, “To Pettitoes Farm, 3 miles”.

Pigling Bland was shocked, there was little hope of sleeping in Market Town, and to-morrow was the hiring fair; it was deplorable to think how much time had been wasted by the frivolity of Alexander.



He glanced wistfully along the road towards the hills, and then set off walking obediently the other way, buttoning up his coat against the rain. He

had never wanted to go; and the idea of standing all by himself in a crowded market, to be stared at, pushed, and hired by some big strange farmer was very disagreeable —

“I wish I could have a little garden and grow potatoes,” said Pigling Bland.

He put his cold hand in his pocket and felt his paper, he put his other hand in his other pocket and felt another paper — Alexander’s! Pigling squealed; then ran back frantically, hoping to overtake Alexander and the policeman.



He took a wrong turn — several wrong turns, and was quite lost. It grew dark, the wind whistled, the trees creaked and groaned.



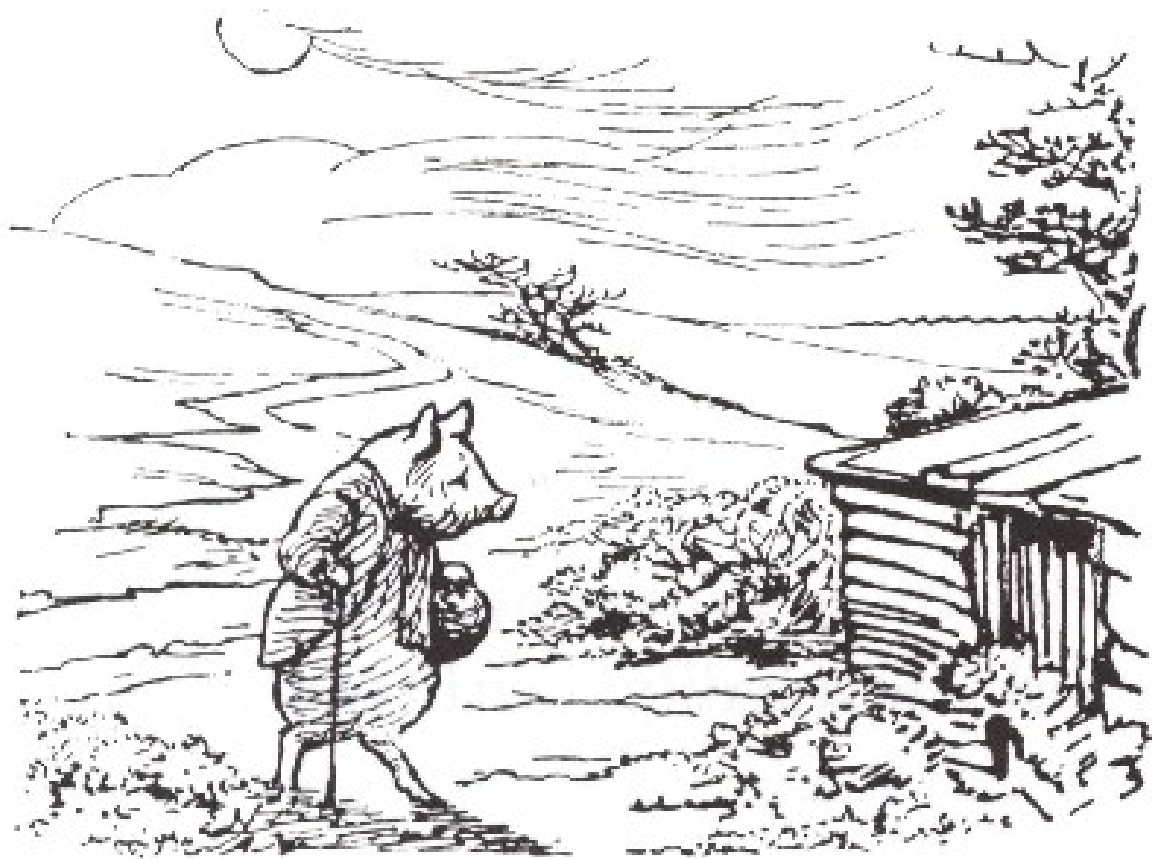
Pigling Bland became frightened and cried “Wee, wee, wee! I can’t find my way home!”

After an hour’s wandering he got out of the wood; the moon shone through the clouds, and Pigling Bland saw a country that was new to him.

The road crossed a moor; below was a wide valley with a river twinkling in the moonlight, and beyond, in misty distance, lay the hills.

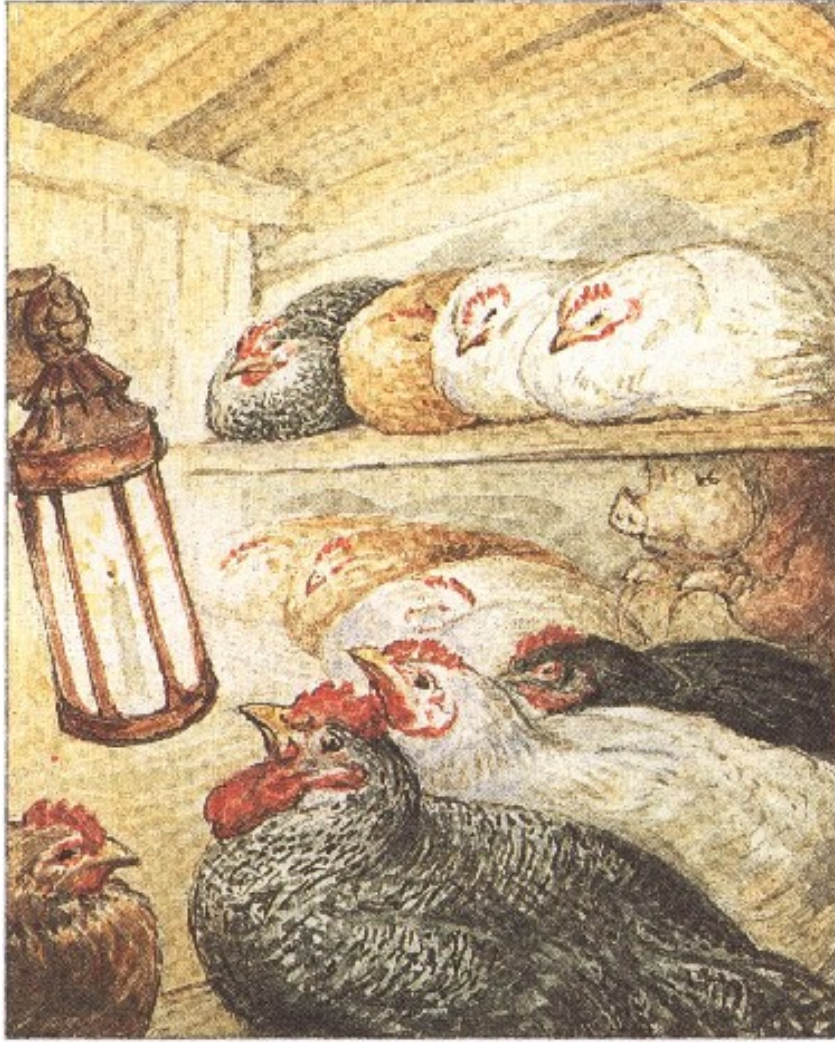
He saw a small wooden hut, made his way to it, and crept inside— “I am afraid it *is* a hen house, but what can I do?” said Pigling Bland, wet and cold and quite tired out.

“Bacon and eggs, bacon and eggs!” clucked a hen on a perch.



“Trap, trap, trap! cackle, cackle, cackle!” scolded the disturbed cockerel. “To market, to market! jiggetty jig!” clucked a broody white hen roosting next to him. Pigling Bland, much alarmed, determined to leave at daybreak. In the meantime, he and the hens fell asleep.

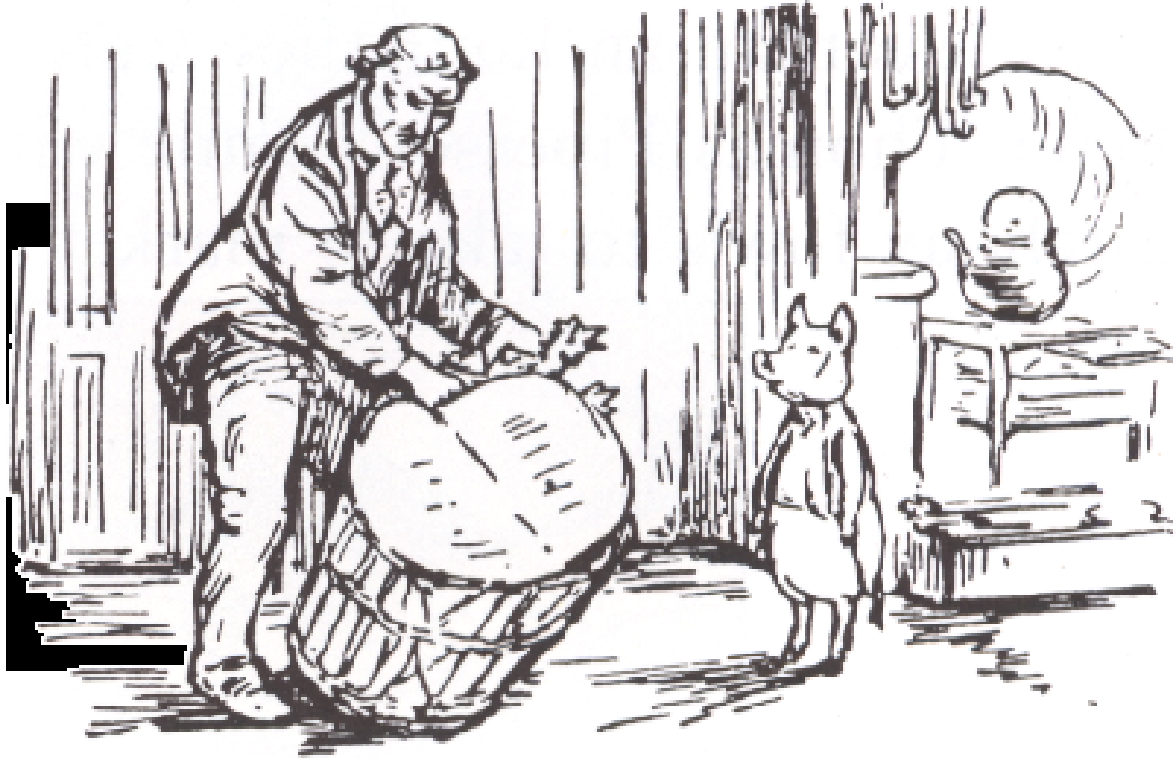
In less than an hour they were all awakened. The owner, Mr. Peter Thomas Piperson, came with a lantern and a hamper to catch six fowls to take to market in the morning.



He grabbed the white hen roosting next to the cock; then his eye fell upon Pigling Bland, squeezed up in a corner. He made a singular remark—“Hallo, here’s another!” — seized Pigling by the scruff of the neck, and dropped him into the hamper. Then he dropped in five more dirty, kicking, cackling hens upon the top of Pigling Bland.

The hamper containing six fowls and a young pig was no light weight; it was taken down hill, unsteadily, with jerks. Pigling, although nearly scratched to pieces, contrived to hide the papers and peppermints inside his clothes.

At last the hamper was bumped down upon a kitchen floor, the lid was opened, and Pigling was lifted out. He looked up, blinking, and saw an offensively ugly elderly man, grinning from ear to ear.



This one's come of himself, whatever," said Mr. Piperson, turning Pigling's pockets inside out. He pushed the hamper into a corner, threw a sack over it to keep the hens quiet, put a pot on the fire, and unlaced his boots.

Pigling Bland drew forward a cobby stool, and sat on the edge of it, shyly warming his hands. Mr. Piperson pulled off a boot and threw it against the wainscot at the further end of the kitchen.

There was a smothered noise—"Shut up!" said Mr. Piperson. Pigling Bland warmed his hands, and eyed him.

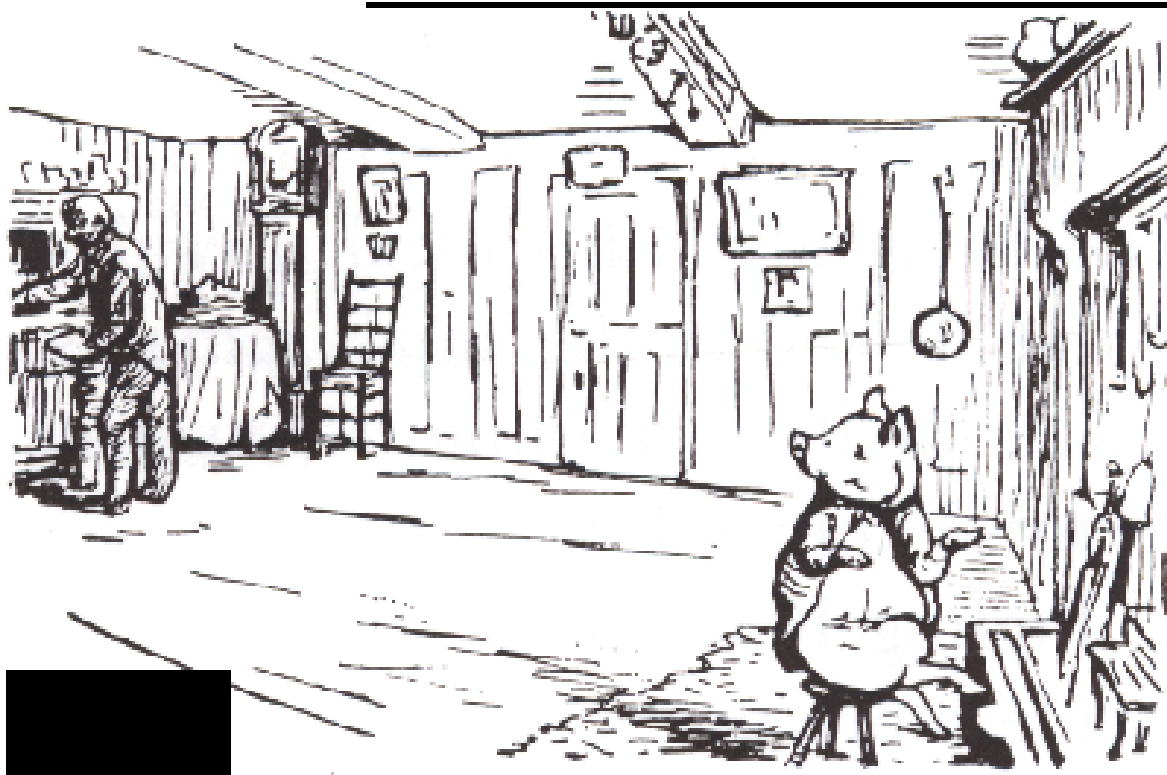


Mr. Piperson pulled off the other boot and flung it after the first, there was again a curious noise— “Be quiet, will ye?” said Mr. Piperson.

Pigling Bland sat on the very edge of the copy stool.

Mr. Piperson fetched meal from a chest and made porridge. It seemed to Pigling that something at the further end of the kitchen was taking a suppressed interest in the cooking, but he was too hungry to be troubled by noises.

Mr. Piperson poured out three platefuls: for himself, for Pigling, and a third — after glaring at Pigling — he put away with much scuffling, and locked up. Pigling Bland ate his supper discreetly.





After supper Mr. Piperson consulted an almanac, and felt Pigling's ribs; it was too late in the season for curing bacon, and he grudged his meal. Besides, the hens had seen this pig.

He looked at the small remains of a fitch, and then looked undecidedly at Pigling. "You may sleep on the rug," said Mr. Peter Thomas Piperson.

Pigling Bland slept like a top. In the morning Mr. Piperson made more porridge; the weather was warmer. He looked to see how much meal was left in the chest, and seemed dissatisfied— "You'll likely be moving on again?" said he to Pigling Bland.

Before Pigling could reply, a neighbour, who was giving Mr. Piperson and the hens a lift, whistled from the gate. Mr. Piperson hurried out with the hamper, enjoining Pigling to shut the door behind him and not meddle with nought; or "I'll come back and skin ye!" said Mr. Piperson.

It crossed Pigling's mind that if *he* had asked for a lift, too, he might still have been in time for market.

But he distrusted Peter Thomas.



After finishing breakfast at his leisure, Pigling had a look round the cottage; everything was locked up. He found some potato peelings in a bucket in the back kitchen. Pigling ate the peel, and washed up the porridge plates in the bucket.

He sang while he worked —

“Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
He called up all the girls and boys —
And they all ran to hear him play
‘Over the hills and far away’!”

Suddenly a little smothered voice chimed in —

“Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind shall blow my top knot off!”

Pigling Bland put down a plate which he was wiping, and listened.





After a long pause, Pigling went on tip-toe and peeped round the door into the front kitchen. There was nobody there.

After another pause, Pigling approached the door of the locked cupboard, and snuffed at the key-hole. It was quite quiet.

After another long pause, Pigling pushed a peppermint under the door. It was sucked in immediately.

In the course of the day Pigling pushed in all the remaining six peppermints. When Mr. Piperson returned, he found Pigling sitting before the fire; he had brushed up the hearth and put on the pot to boil; the meal was not get-at-able.



Mr. Piperson was very affable; he slapped Pigling on the back, made lots of porridge and forgot to lock the meal chest. He did lock the cupboard door; but without properly shutting it. He went to bed early, and told Pigling upon no account to disturb him next day before twelve o'clock.

Pigling Bland sat by the fire, eating his supper.

All at once at his elbow, a little voice spoke— "My name is Pig-wig. Make me more porridge, please!" Pigling Bland jumped, and looked round.



A perfectly lovely little black Berkshire pig stood smiling beside him. She had twinkly little screwed-up eyes, a double chin, and a short turned-up nose.

She pointed at Pigling's plate; he hastily gave it to her, and fled to the meal chest. "How did you come here?" asked Pigling Bland.



“Stolen,” replied Pig-wig, with her mouth full. Pigling helped himself to meal without scruple. “What for?”

“Bacon, hams,” replied Pig-wig cheerfully.

“Why on earth don’t you run away?” exclaimed the horrified Pigling.

“I shall after supper,” said Pig-wig decidedly.

Pigling Bland made more porridge and watched her shyly.



She finished a second plate, got up, and looked about her, as though she were going to start.

“You can’t go in the dark,” said Pigling Bland.

Pig-wig looked anxious.

“Do you know your way by daylight?”

“I know we can see this little white house from the hills across the river. Which way are *you* going, Mr. Pig?”

“To market — I have two pig papers. I might take you to the bridge; if you have no objection,” said Pigling much confused and sitting on the edge of his cobby stool. Pig-wig’s gratitude was such and she asked so many questions that it became embarrassing to Pigling Bland.



He was obliged to shut his eyes and pretend to sleep. She became quiet, and there was a smell of peppermint.

“I thought you had eaten them,” said Pigling, waking suddenly.

“Only the corners,” replied Pig-wig, studying the sentiments with much interest by the firelight.

“I wish you wouldn’t; he might smell them through the ceiling,” said the alarmed Pigling.

Pig-wig put back the sticky peppermints into her pocket; “Sing something,” she demanded.

“I am sorry... I have toothache,” said Pigling much dismayed.

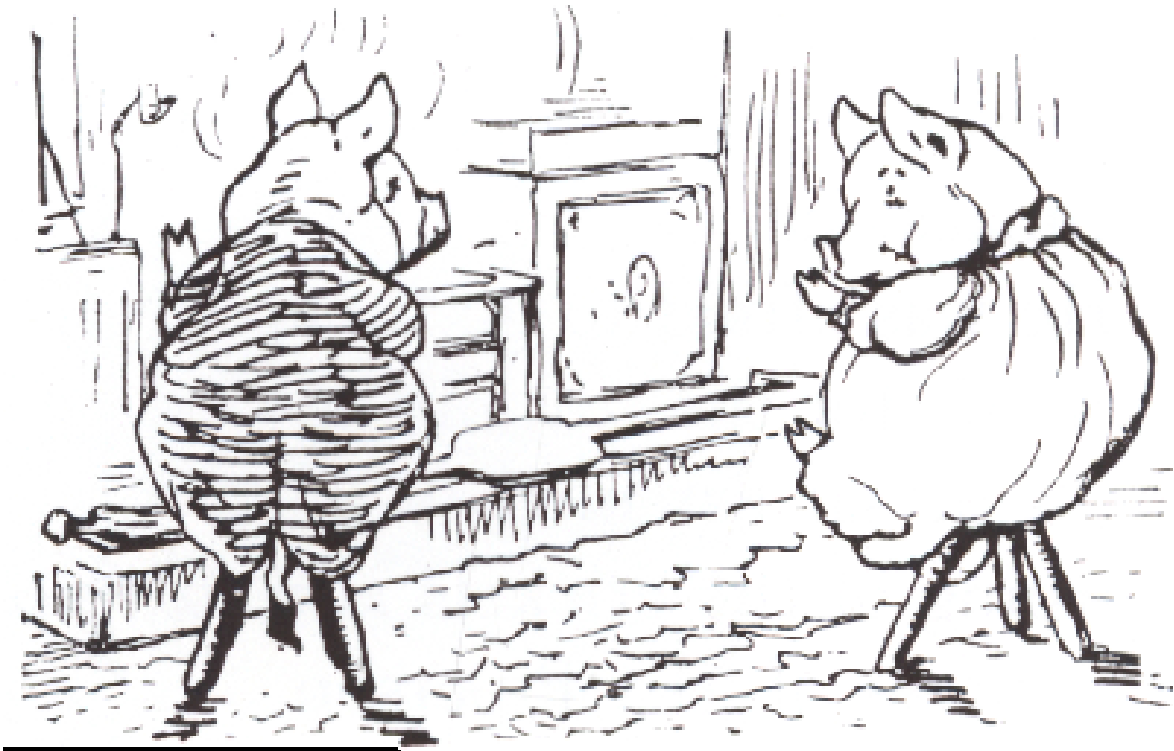
“Then I will sing,” replied Pig-wig.

“You will not mind if I say iddy tidditty? I have forgotten some of the words.”

Pigling Bland made no objection; he sat with his eyes half shut, and watched her.

She wagged her head and rocked about, clapping time and singing in a sweet little grunty voice —

“A funny old mother pig lived in a sty,
and three little piggies had she;
(Ti idditty idditty) umph, umph, umph!
and the little pigs said, wee, wee!”





She sang successfully through three or four verses, only at every verse her head nodded a little lower, and her little twinkly eyes closed up.

“Those three little piggies grew peaky and lean,
and lean they might very
well be;

For somehow they couldn’t say umph,
umph, umph! and they wouldn’t
say wee, wee, wee!

For somehow they couldn’t say— “



Pig-wig's head bobbed lower and lower, until she rolled over, a little round ball, fast asleep on the hearth-rug.

Pigling Bland, on tip-toe, covered her up with an antimacassar.

He was afraid to go to sleep himself; for the rest of the night he sat listening to the chirping of the crickets and to the snores of Mr. Piperson overhead.

Early in the morning, between dark and daylight, Pigling tied up his little bundle and woke up Pig-wig. She was excited and half-frightened. "But it's dark! How can we find our way:

"The cock has crowed; we must start before the hens come out; they might shout to Mr. Piperson."

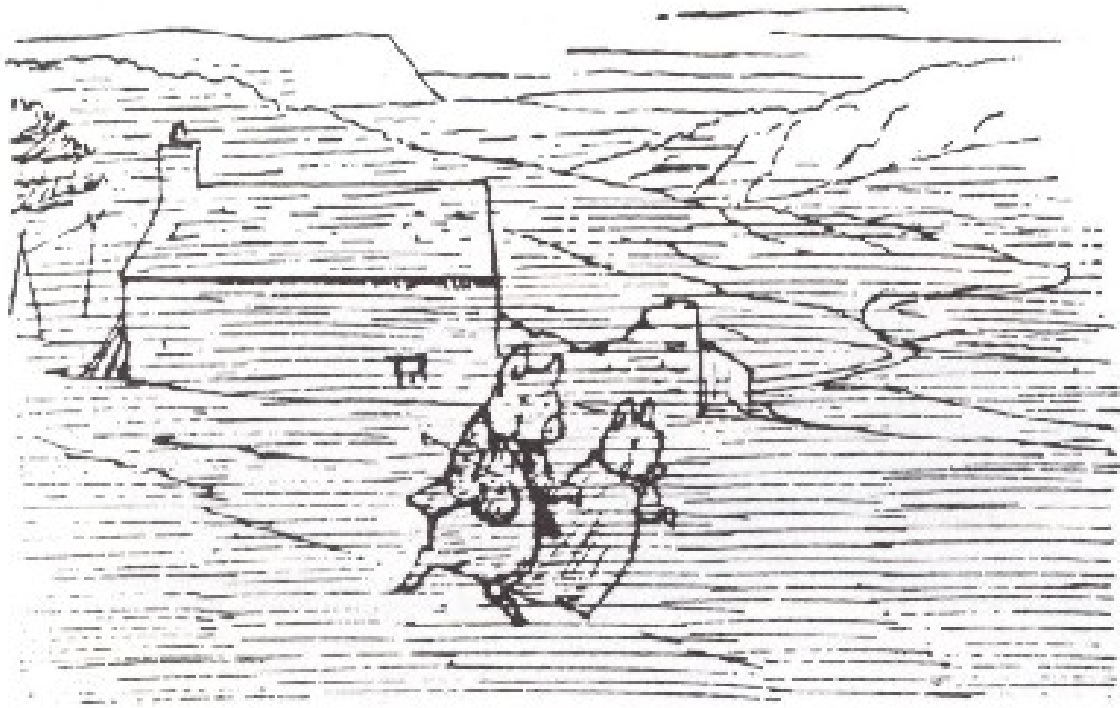
Pig-wig sat down again, and commenced to cry.

"Come away Pig-wig; we can see when we get used to it. Come! I can hear them clucking!"

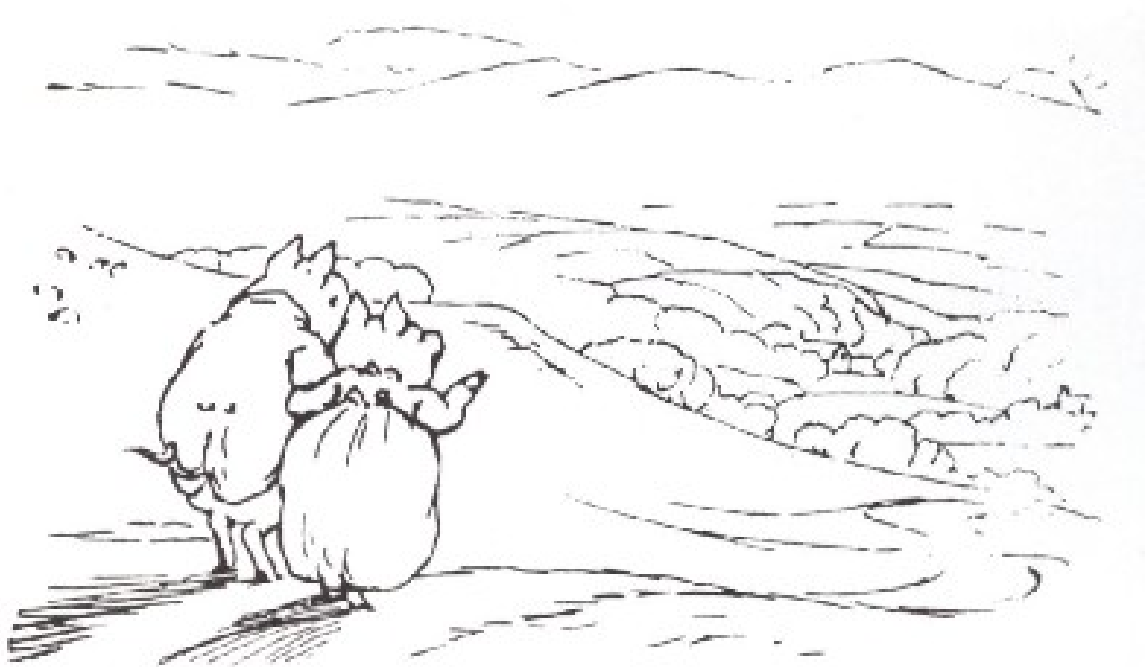
Pigling had never said shuh! to a hen in his life, being peaceable; also he remembered the hamper.



He opened the house door quietly and shut it after them. There was no garden; the neighbourhood of Mr. Piperson's was all scratched up by fowls. They slipped away hand in hand across an untidy field to the road.



The sun rose while they were crossing the moor, a dazzle of light over the tops of the hills. The sunshine crept down the slopes into the peaceful green valleys, where little white cottages nestled in gardens and orchards.



“That’s Westmorland,” said Pig-wig. She dropped Pigling’s hand and commenced to dance, singing —

“Tom, Tom, the piper’s son, stole a pig and away he ran!
But all the tune that he could play, was ‘Over the hills and far away’!”





“Come, Pig-wig, we must get to the bridge before folks are stirring.”

“Why do you want to go to market, Pigling?” inquired Pig-wig presently.

“I don’t want; I want to grow potatoes.”

“Have a peppermint?” said Pig-wig. Pigling Bland refused quite crossly.

“Does your poor tooth hurt?” inquired Pig-wig.

Pigling Bland grunted.

Pig-wig ate the peppermint herself and followed the opposite side of the road.

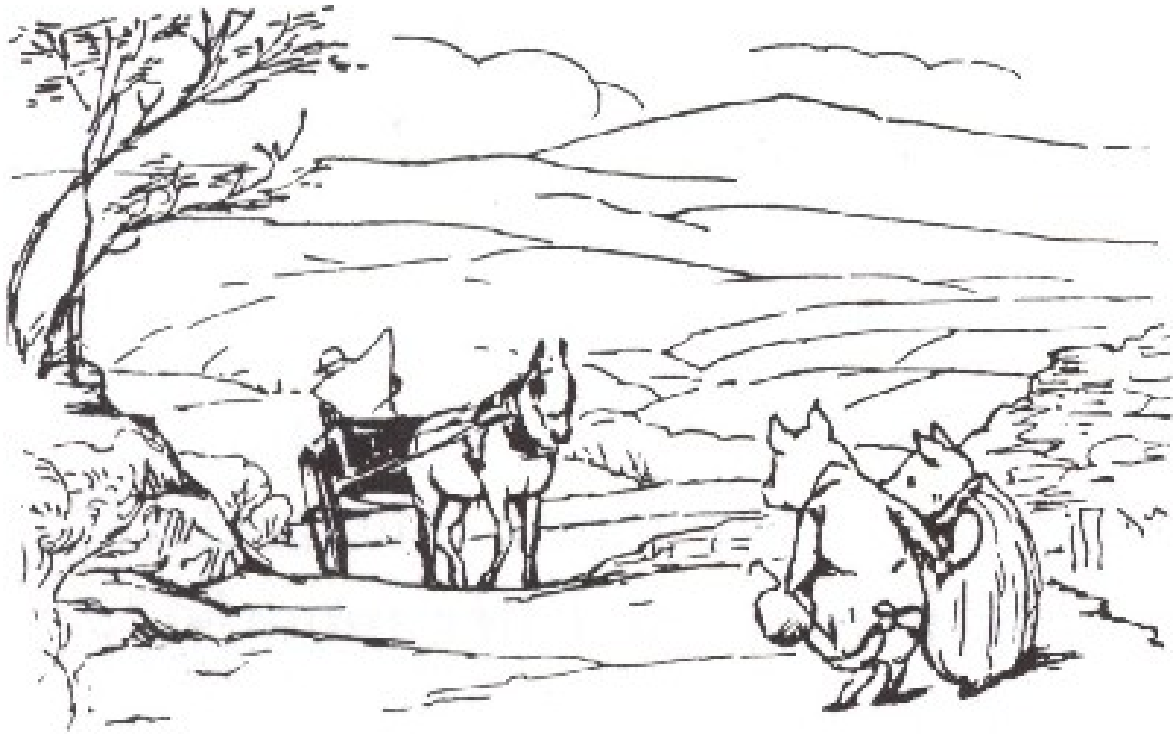
“Pig-wig! Keep under the wall, there’s a man ploughing.”

Pig-wig crossed over, they hurried down hill towards the county boundary.

Suddenly Pigling stopped; he heard wheels.

Slowly jogging up the road below them came a tradesman’s cart. The reins flapped on the horse’s back, the grocer was reading a newspaper.

“Take that peppermint out of your mouth, Pig-wig, we may have to run.



Don't say one word. Leave it to me. And in sight of the bridge!" said poor Pigling, nearly crying. He began to walk frightfully lame, holding Pigwig's arm.



The grocer, intent upon his newspaper, might have passed them, if his horse had not shied and snorted. He pulled the cart crossways, and held

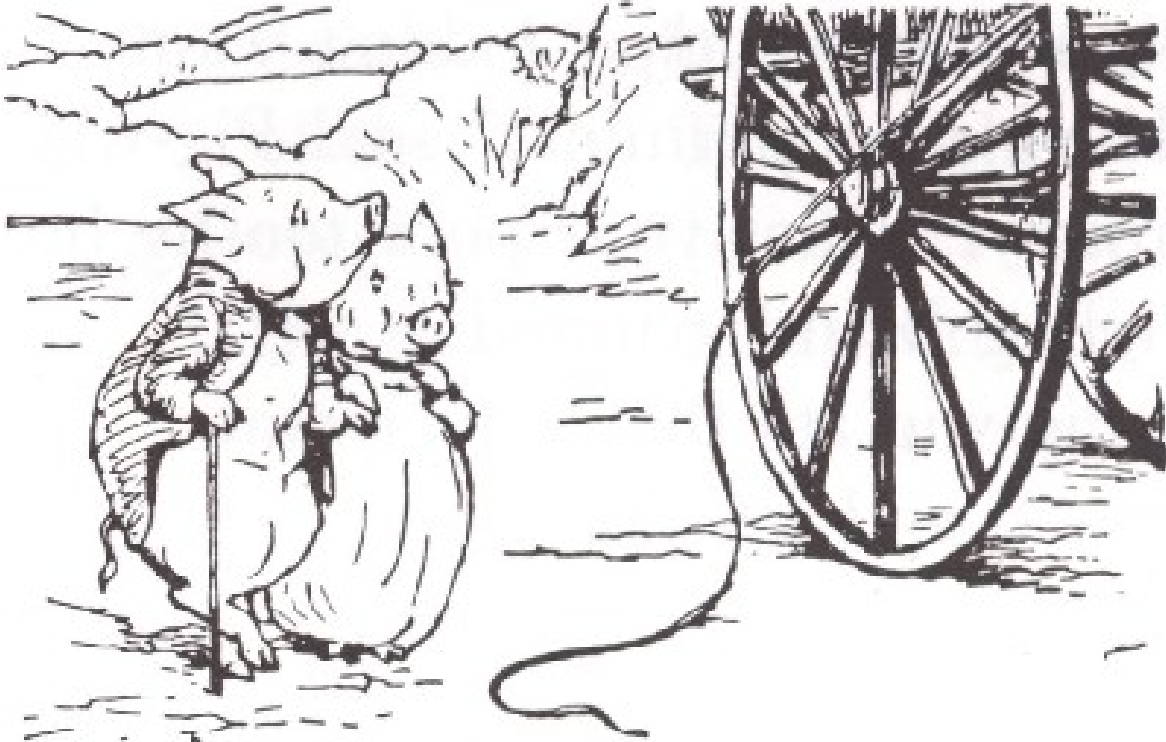
down his whip. “Hallo! Where are *you* going to?” —

Pigling Bland stared at him vacantly.

“Are you deaf? Are you going to market?” Pigling nodded slowly.

“I thought as much. It was yesterday. Show me your licence?”

Pigling stared at the off hind shoe of the grocer’s horse which had picked up a stone.



The grocer flicked his whip— “Papers? Pig licence?” Pigling fumbled in all his pockets, and handed up the papers. The grocer read them, but still seemed dissatisfied.

“This here pig is a young lady; is her name Alexander?” Pig-wig opened her mouth and shut it again; Pigling coughed asthmatically.

The grocer ran his finger down the advertisement column of his newspaper— “Lost, stolen or strayed, 10s reward.” He looked suspiciously at Pig-wig. Then he stood up in the trap, and whistled for the ploughman.

“You wait here while I drive on and speak to him,” said the grocer, gathering up the reins. He knew that pigs are slippery; but surely, such a *very* lame pig could never run!





“Not yet, Pig-wig, he will look back.” The grocer did so; he saw the two pigs stock-still in the middle of the road. Then he looked over at his horse’s heels; it was lame also; the stone took some time to knock out, after he got to the ploughman.

“Now, Pig-wig, Now!” said Pigling Bland.



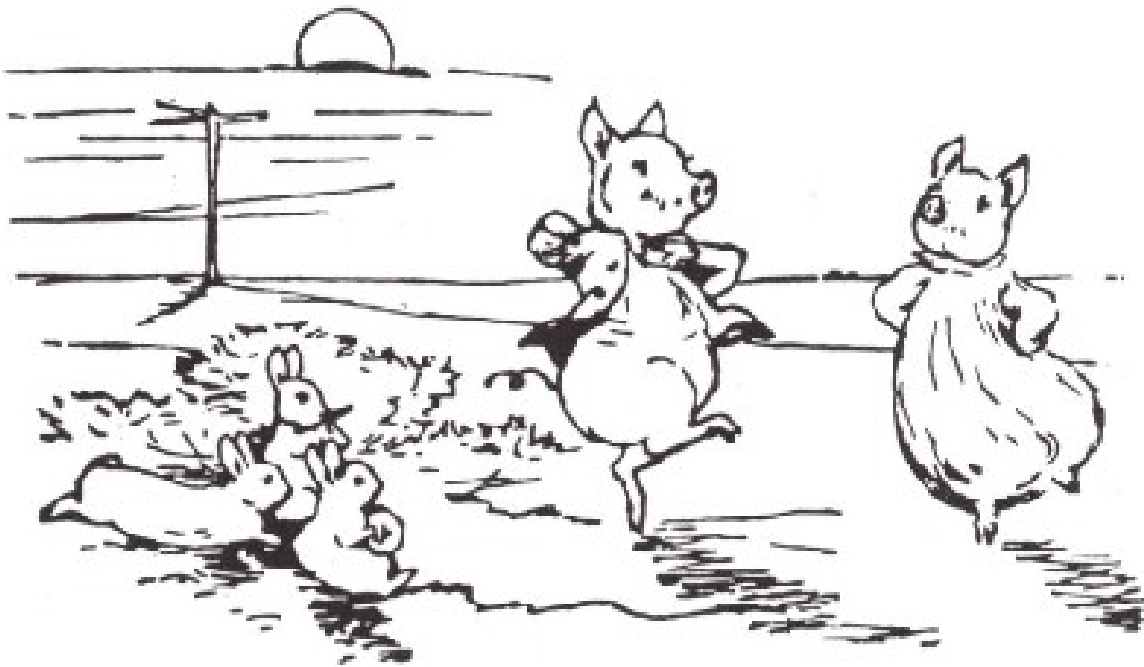
Never did any pigs run as these pigs ran! They raced and squealed and pelted down the long white hill towards the bridge. Little fat Pig-wig's petticoats fluttered, and her feet went pitter, patter, pitter, as she bounded and jumped.

They ran, and they ran, and they ran down the hill, and across a short cut on level green turf at the bottom, between pebble beds and rushes.





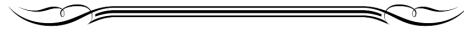
They came to the river, they came to the bridge — they crossed it hand in hand — then over the hills and far away she danced with Pigling Bland!



THE END

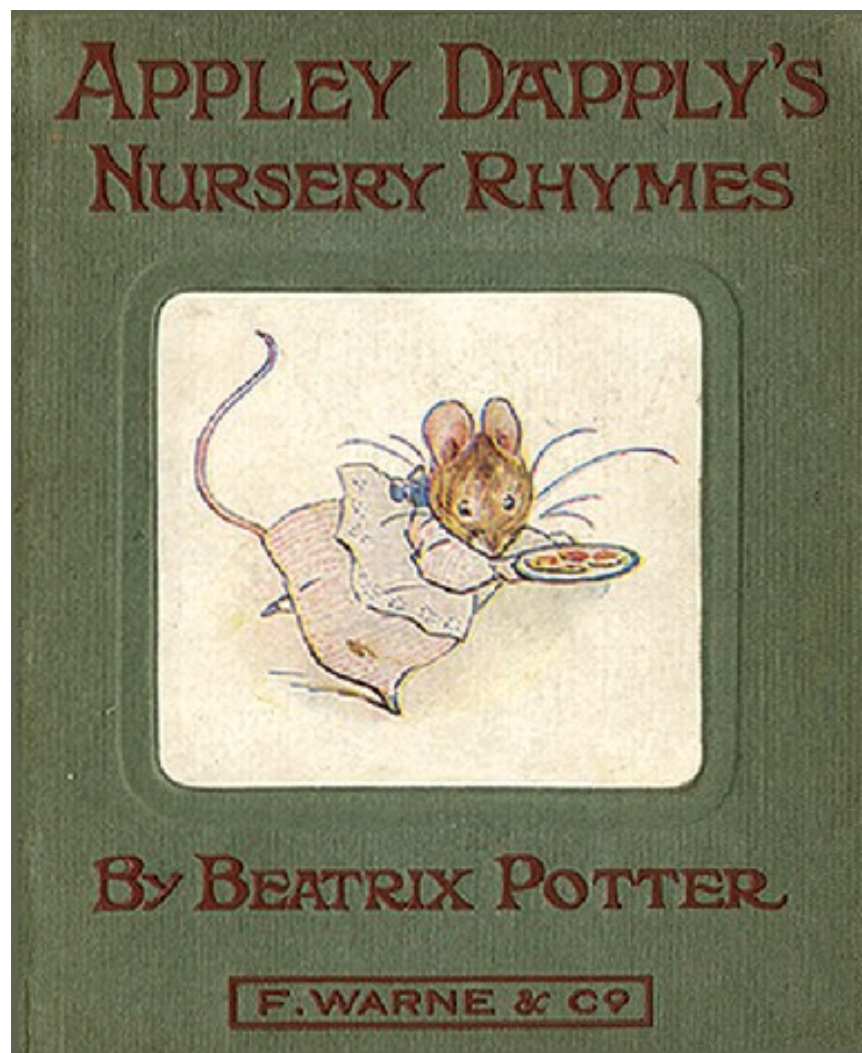
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APPLEY DAPPLY'S NURSERY RHYMES



Potter agreed to have *Appley Dapply's Nursery Rhymes* published in 1917 by Frederick Warne & Co to help her long term publishers fend off a scandal. Harold Warne had been convicted of forgery and sentenced to eighteen months of hard labour in London. The publishers faced financial ruin and they wanted Potter to write an original story to help them, but she did not feel she would be able to dedicate the time and energy to creating a new work for children. Previously in 1902 Potter had proposed *Appley Dapply's Nursery Rhymes* to Norman Warne, though he had much preferred *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, which began her illustrious career as a children's author of great repute and she was then encouraged to pursue original works rather than rhymes. However, Potter had always been enchanted by riddles and rhymes which she included in many of her earlier books. While Warne had shown little enthusiasm for *Appley Dapply's Nursery Rhymes* Potter continued to work on the project until 1905 when Warne finally approved it for publication. However, his untimely death resulted in Potter deserting the book to focus on her other works. When the rhymes were finally published in 1917, the author suggested that it should be printed in a larger format, but her wishes were ignored and the book was published in the standard size.

The opening rhyme is about a mouse, Appley Dapply, who steals food from cupboards, which is followed by a rhyme about Peter Rabbit's sister, Cotton-tail. There are other verses about a hedgehog, a mole, a pig and a guinea-pig. The text is not considered to be amongst Potter's best although some of the illustrations have been praised and Potter herself considered the drawing that accompanied the Old Mr. Pricklepin rhyme to be the finest she had ever produced. While some of the individual illustrations have been well-received, the work as a whole has been criticised for lacking cohesion and unity and giving the impression of a compilation rather than a complete, self-contained work.



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APPLEY DAPPLY'S NURSERY RHYMES



BY BEATRIX POTTER

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APPLEY Dapply, a little
brown mouse,
Goes to the cupboard in
somebody's house.



In somebody's cupboard
There's everything nice,
Cake, cheese, jam, biscuits,
— All charming for mice!



Appley Dapply has little
sharp eyes,
And Appley Dapply is
so fond of pies!

NOW who is this knocking
at Cottontail's door?
Tap tappit! Tap tappit!
She's heard it before?



And when she peeps out
there is nobody there,
But a present of carrots
put down on the stair.



Hark! I hear it again!
Tap, tap, tappit!
Tap tappit!
Why — I really believe it's
a little black rabbit!



OLD Mr. Pricklepin
has never a cushion
to stick his pins in,
His nose is black and his
beard is grey,
And he lives in an ash
stump over the way.



YOU know the old woman
who lived in a shoe?

And had so many children
She didn't know what to do?



I think if she lived in
a little shoe-house —
That little old woman was
surely a mouse!



DIGGORY DIGGORY DELVET!

A little old man in
black velvet;
He digs and he delves —
You can see for yourselves
The mounds dug by
Diggory Delvet.



GRAVV and potatoes
In a good brown pot —
Put them in the oven,
and serve them very
hot!



THERE once was an
amiable guinea-pig,
Who brushed back his hair
like a periwig —



He wore a sweet tie,
As blue as the sky —



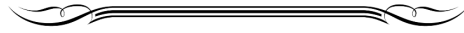
And his whiskers and buttons
Were very big.



THE END

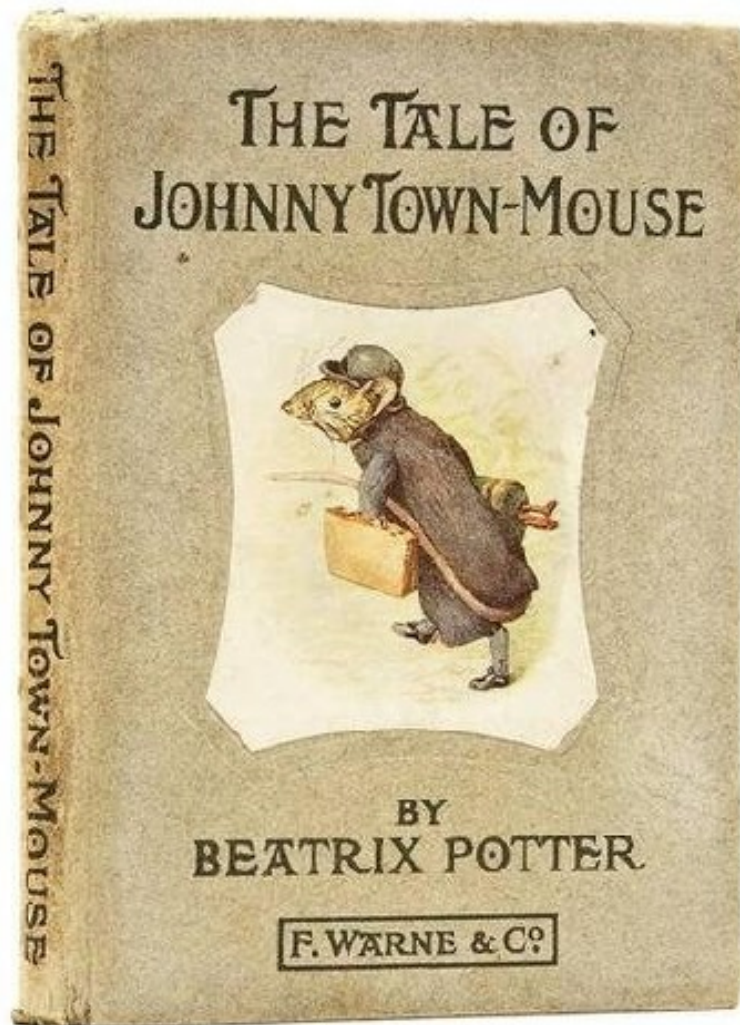
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THE TALE OF JOHNNY TOWN-MOUSE



The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse was published in December 1918 by Frederick Warne & Co and was based on the Aesop fable 'The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse'. In 1917 Potter was too busy tending to her farm duties to consider creating a new book, but the following year she was able to produce her last work which featured an entirely new set of drawings. The author proposed *Timmy Willie* or *The Tale of a Country Mouse* as possible titles for the book, though they were rejected by her publisher. Potter borrowed heavily from her life while working on her illustrations, including modelling the carrier's horse in the book on Diamond, a horse working at Hill Top and using a friend, Dr Parsons, as the inspiration for Johnny Town-Mouse. The golf clubs that the eponymous character is seen carrying on the front cover of the book is a reference to the private golf course that Dr Parsons had built in Sawrey.

The plot follows Timmy Willie, a country mouse, who falls asleep and is accidentally taken in a hamper to the city, where he is left in the kitchen of a town house. He falls through a ceiling and encounters Johnny-Town-Mouse and his friends. The story then recounts Timmy Willie's impressions of city life and how he interprets his experiences in this unfamiliar setting; this is then compared and contrasted to Johnny Town-Mouse's stay in the country. Potter does not feign impartiality with regards to her preference for the country way of life over city living. She presents the country far more attractively than the city and reveals Timmy Willie's fears of predators in town to be real, while Johnny Town-Mouse's reservations about the country are portrayed as irrational. Living in the country is presented as far healthier, purer and more innocent than the dangers and corruption of the city.



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THE TALE OF JOHNNY TOWN-MOUSE



BY BEATRIX POTTER

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," &c.

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To Aesop In The Shadows

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Johnny Town-mouse was born in a cupboard. Timmy Willie was born in a garden. Timmy Willie was a little country mouse who went to town by mistake in a hamper. The gardener sent vegetables to town once a week by carrier; he packed them in a big hamper.

The gardener left the hamper by the garden gate, so that the carrier could pick it up when he passed. Timmy Willie crept in through a hole in the wicker-work, and after eating some peas — Timmy Willie fell fast asleep.





He awoke in a fright, while the hamper was being lifted into the carrier's cart. Then there was a jolting, and a clattering of horse's feet; other packages were thrown in; for miles and miles — jolt — jolt — jolt! and Timmy Willie trembled amongst the jumbled up vegetables.

At last the cart stopped at a house, where the hamper was taken out, carried in, and set down. The cook gave the carrier sixpence; the back door banged, and the cart rumbled away. But there was no quiet; there seemed to be hundreds of carts passing. Dogs barked; boys whistled in the street; the cook laughed, the parlour maid ran up and down-stairs; and a canary sang like a steam engine.

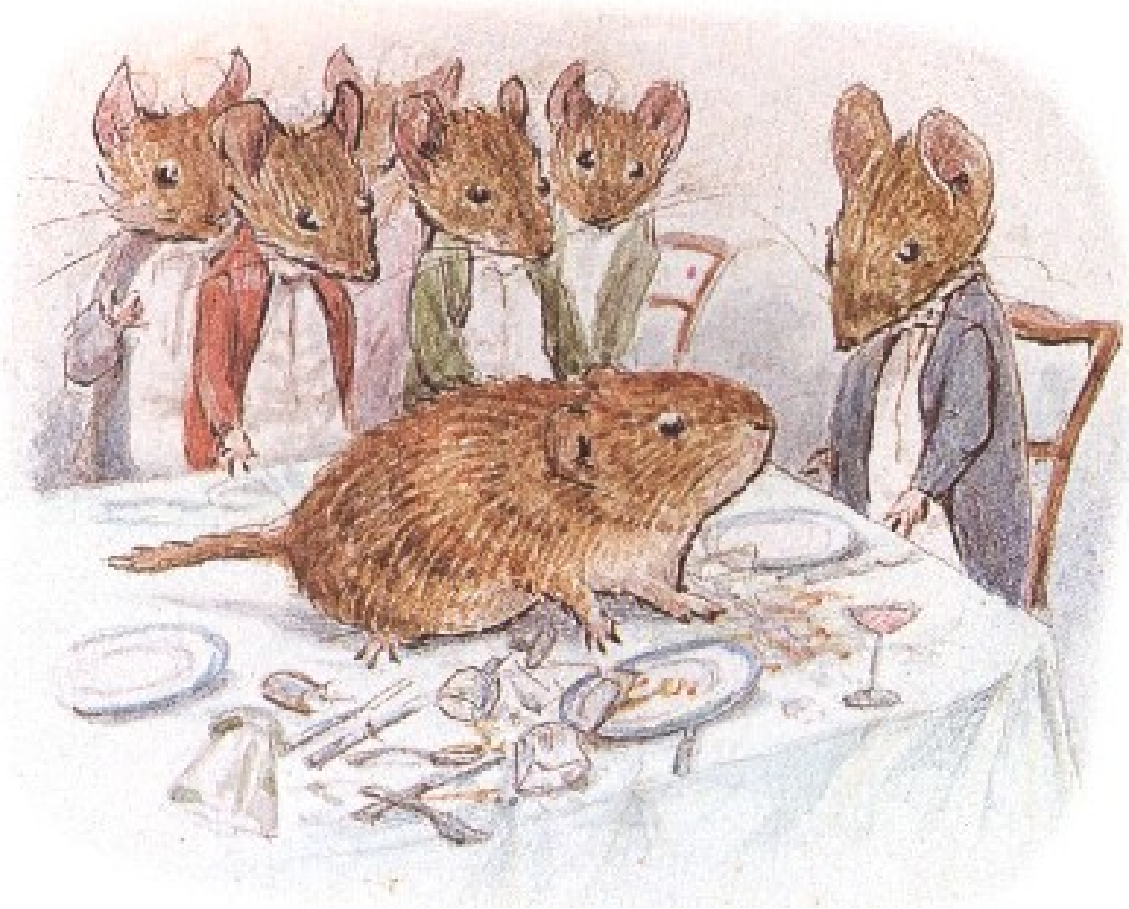




Timmy Willie, who had lived all his life in a garden, was almost frightened to death. Presently the cook opened the hamper and began to unpack the vegetables. Out sprang the terrified Timmy Willie.

Up jumped the cook on a chair, exclaiming "A mouse! a mouse! Call the cat! Fetch me the poker, Sarah!" Timmy Willie did not wait for Sarah with the poker; he rushed along the skirting board till he came to a little hole, and in he popped.





He dropped half a foot, and crashed into the middle of a mouse dinner party, breaking three glasses.— “Who in the world is this?” inquired Johnny Town-mouse. But after the first exclamation of surprise he instantly recovered his manners.

With the utmost politeness he introduced Timmy Willie to nine other mice, all with long tails and white neckties. Timmy Willie’s own tail was insignificant. Johnny Town-mouse and his friends noticed it; but they were too well bred to make personal remarks; only one of them asked Timmy Willie if he had ever been in a trap?





The dinner was of eight courses; not much of anything, but truly elegant. All the dishes were unknown to Timmy Willie, who would have been a little afraid of tasting them; only he was very hungry, and very anxious to behave with company manners. The continual noise upstairs made him so nervous, that he dropped a plate. "Never mind, they don't belong to us," said Johnny.

"Why don't those youngsters come back with the dessert?" It should be explained that two young mice, who were waiting on the others, went skirmishing upstairs to the kitchen between courses. Several times they had come tumbling in, squeaking and laughing; Timmy Willie learnt with horror that they were being chased by the cat. His appetite failed, he felt faint. "Try some jelly?" said Johnny Town-mouse.





“No? Would you rather go to bed? I will show you a most comfortable sofa pillow.”

The sofa pillow had a hole in it. Johnny Town-mouse quite honestly recommended it as the best bed, kept exclusively for visitors. But the sofa smelt of cat. Timmy Willie preferred to spend a miserable night under the fender.

It was just the same next day. An excellent breakfast was provided — for mice accustomed to eat bacon; but Timmy Willie had been reared on roots and salad. Johnny Town-mouse and his friends racketted about under the floors, and came boldly out all over the house in the evening. One particularly loud crash had been caused by Sarah tumbling downstairs with the tea-tray; there were crumbs and sugar and smears of jam to be collected, in spite of the cat.





Timmy Willie longed to be at home in his peaceful nest in a sunny bank. The food disagreed with him; the noise prevented him from sleeping. In a few days he grew so thin that Johnny Town-mouse noticed it, and questioned him. He listened to Timmy Willie's story and inquired about the garden. "It sounds rather a dull place? What do you do when it rains?"

"When it rains, I sit in my little sandy burrow and shell corn and seeds from my Autumn store. I peep out at the throstles and blackbirds on the lawn, and my friend Cock Robin. And when the sun comes out again, you should see my garden and the flowers — roses and pinks and pansies — no noise except the birds and bees, and the lambs in the meadows."





“There goes that cat again!” exclaimed Johnny Town-mouse. When they had taken refuge in the coal-cellar he resumed the conversation; “I confess I am a little disappointed; we have endeavoured to entertain you, Timothy William.”

“Oh yes, yes, you have been most kind; but I do feel so ill,” said Timmy Willie.

“It may be that your teeth and digestion are unaccustomed to our food; perhaps it might be wiser for you to return in the hamper.”

“Oh? Oh!” cried Timmy Willie.

“Why of course for the matter of that we could have sent you back last week,” said Johnny rather huffily— “did you not know that the hamper goes back empty on Saturdays?”





So Timmy Willie said good-bye to his new friends, and hid in the hamper with a crumb of cake and a withered cabbage leaf; and after much jolting, he was set down safely in his own garden.

Sometimes on Saturdays he went to look at the hamper lying by the gate, but he knew better than to get in again. And nobody got out, though Johnny Town-mouse had half promised a visit.





The winter passed; the sun came out again; Timmy Willie sat by his burrow warming his little fur coat and sniffing the smell of violets and spring grass. He had nearly forgotten his visit to town. When up the sandy path all spick and span with a brown leather bag came Johnny Town-mouse!

Timmy Willie received him with open arms. "You have come at the best of all the year, we will have herb pudding and sit in the sun."

"H'm'm! it is a little damp," said Johnny Town-mouse, who was carrying his tail under his arm, out of the mud.





“What is that fearful noise?” he started violently.

“That?” said Timmy Willie, “that is only a cow; I will beg a little milk, they are quite harmless, unless they happen to lie down upon you. How are all our friends?”

Johnny’s account was rather middling. He explained why he was paying his visit so early in the season; the family had gone to the sea-side for Easter; the cook was doing spring cleaning, on board wages, with particular instructions to clear out the mice. There were four kittens, and the cat had killed the canary.





“They say we did it; but I know better,” said Johnny Town-mouse.
“Whatever is that fearful racket?”

“That is only the lawn-mower; I will fetch some of the grass clippings presently to make your bed. I am sure you had better settle in the country, Johnny.”

“H’m’m — we shall see by Tuesday week; the hamper is stopped while they are at the sea-side.”

“I am sure you will never want to live in town again,” said Timmy Willie.



But he did. He went back in the very next hamper of vegetables; he said it was too quiet!!

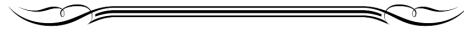




THE END

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CECILY PARSLEY'S NURSERY RHYMES



Cecily Parsley's Nursery Rhymes was published in December 1922 by her long-time associates Frederick Warner & Co. The book contains forms of traditional nursery rhymes such as 'Three Blind Mice' and 'This Little Piggy'. In the autumn of 1920 Potter suggested to her publisher, Fruing Warne, the release of a new book of rhymes that she had been collecting over many years. He was reluctant to print this work, believing it was unlikely to sell well; but after the Superintendent of Children's Work for New York's Public Library visited Potter and showed interest in the project, Warne realised the work had potential and it was also likely to be all he would receive from the author in the foreseeable future. Potter was excited by her publisher's new enthusiasm for the book and recommenced writing additional rhymes ready for the 1922 Christmas publication date.

The rhymes and illustrations span more than twenty years of Potter's work; the pictures of Nanny Netticoat and the Gardening Guinea-Pigs come from the 1897 version of the book. Potter asked a friend, Louie Choyce, to provide the rhyme for the Gardening Guinea-Pigs as well as another work about a flower which was not included in *Cecily Parsley's Nursery Rhymes*. Fruing Warne was a conscientious and careful publisher and insisted on certain changes to the work, including trying to remove the line about the mice having their tails chopped off. Potter resisted this instruction and the line was later reinserted; the author claimed its absence would ruin the rhyme. The front cover illustration of Cecily Parsley carrying a tray was altered to her pushing a wheelbarrow as the original art work was too similar to the cover picture of *Appley Dapply's Nursery Rhymes*.

CECILY PARSLEY'S NURSERY RHYMES



BY
BEATRIX POTTER

F. WARNE & CO. LTD.

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**CECILY PARSLEY'S
NURSERY RHYMES**

FOR LITTLE PETER

IN NEW ZEALAND



BY

BEATRIX POTTER

Author of "The Tale of Peter Rabbit," etc.

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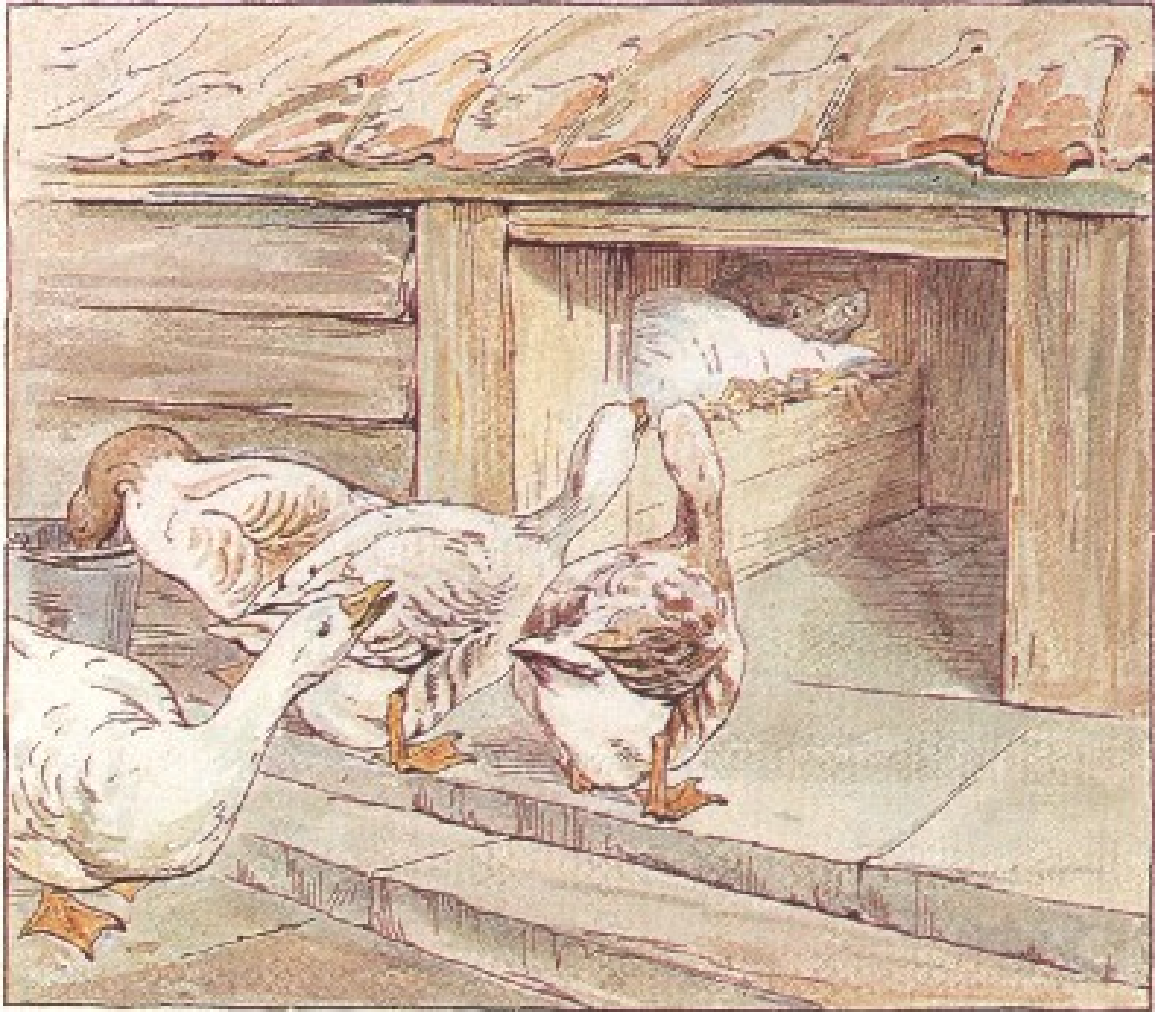




Cecily Parsley lived in a pen,
And brewed good ale for gentlemen;



Gentlemen came every day,
Till Cecily Parsley ran away.



Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither will you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my lady's chamber!



This pig went to market;
This pig stayed at home;



This pig had a bit of meat;



And this pig had none;



This little pig cried
Wee! wee! wee!
I can't find my way home.



Pussy-cat sits by the fire;
How should she be fair?
In walks the little dog,
Says "Pussy! are you there?"



“How do you do, Mistress Pussy?
Mistress Pussy, how do you do?”
“I thank you kindly, little dog,
I fare as well as you!”



Three blind mice, three blind mice,
See how they run!
They all run after the farmer's wife,
And she cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice!



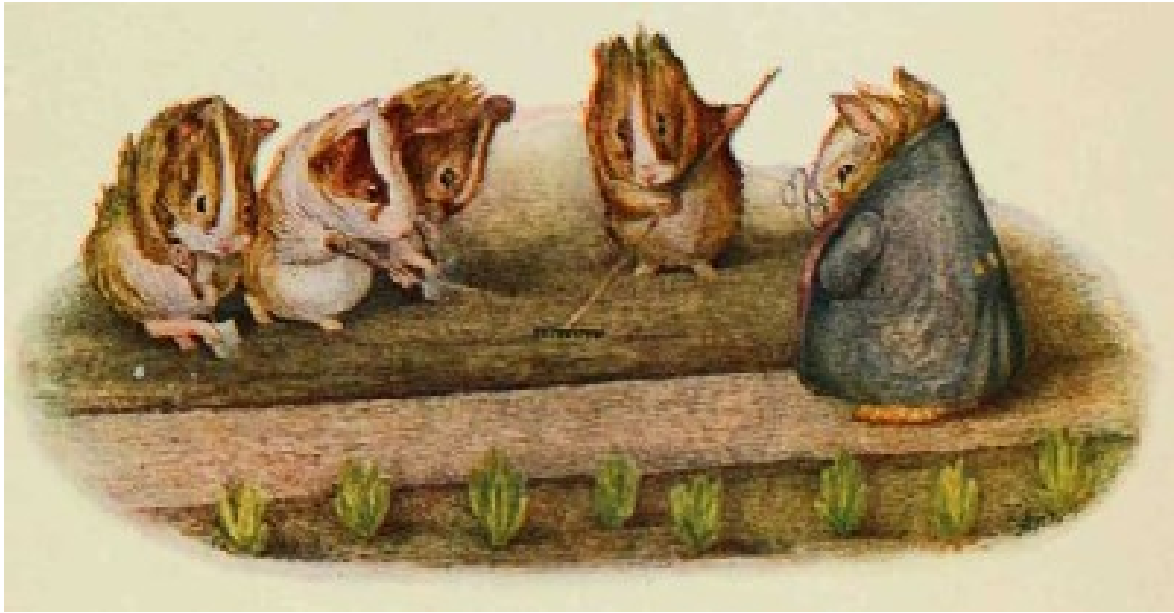
Bow, wow, wow!
Whose dog art thou?
“I’m little Tom Tinker’s dog,
Bow, wow, wow!”



We have a little garden,
A garden of our own,
And every day we water there
The seeds that we have sown.



We love our little garden,
And tend it with such care,
You will not find a faded leaf
Or blighted blossom there.

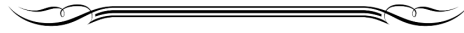


Ninny nanny netticoat,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose, —
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



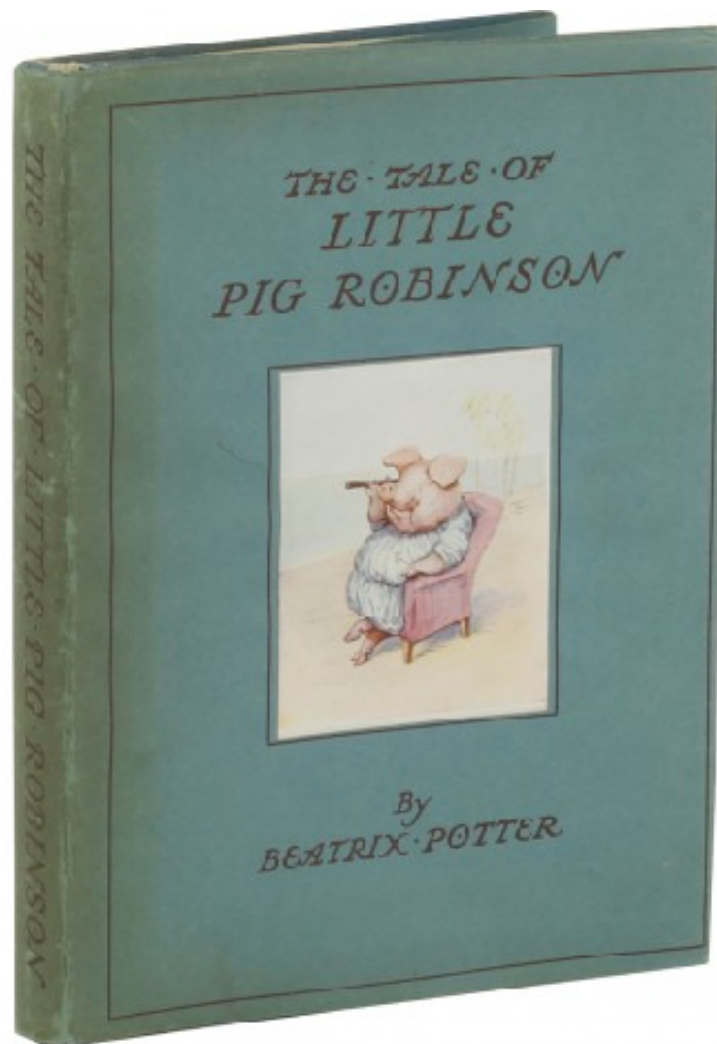
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THE TALE OF LITTLE PIG ROBINSON



The Tale of Little Pig Robinson is by far Potter's longest tale and it is also the last to be published; in September 1930 by Frederick Warner & Co in Britain and by the David McKay Company in America. It was one of the first to be written and is based on the pig in the Edward Lear story *The Owl and the Pussycat* and how he came to live in the land of the Bong Tree. Pig Robinson lived in Devonshire with his two aunts who led uneventful lives, but who adored their nephew because of his cheerful demeanour. He is sent by his two aunts to Stymouth Market to sell and buy goods and the story offers details of his encounters with other animals on his journey to accomplishing his task. Potter presents Stymouth as an intimidating place for a country-bred pig, full of noise and overcrowding but also as very friendly with some lovely and helpful creatures.

When the pig begins his journey to the land of the Bong Tree, Potter creates a rhyme revealing that Robinson is not an incidental name, but that he is 'Poor Pig, Robinson Crusoe!' The trip is beset with danger for the eponymous character and the author shows her flair for creating foreboding and suspense which would become such an important feature in her most famous tales. The background illustrations were inspired by a holiday Potter took when she was seventeen to Lyme Regis. She also used sketches she made in Sidmouth, Ilfracombe and Teignmouth Harbour in Devon, creating the unique setting of one of her most complex books.



The first edition

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**THE TALE OF
LITTLE PIG ROBINSON**



BY BEATRIX POTTER

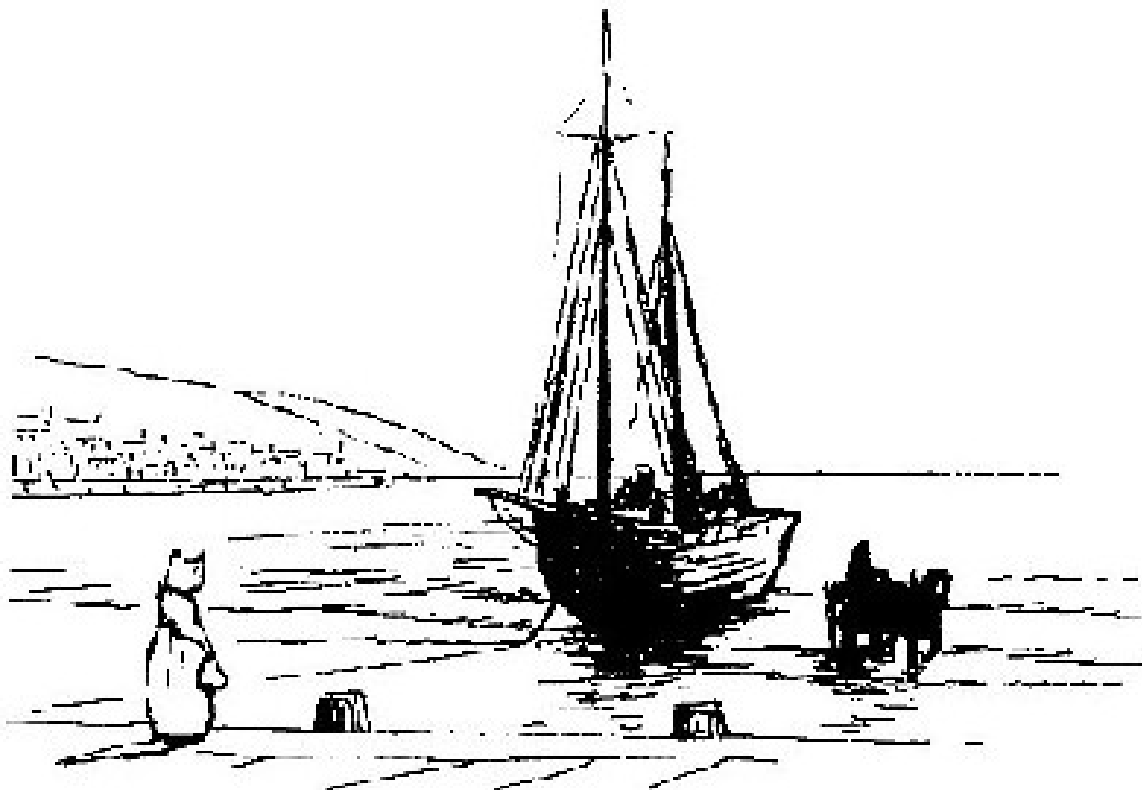
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CHAPTER I

When I was a child I used to go to the seaside for the holidays. We stayed in a little town where there was a harbour and fishing boats and fishermen. They sailed away to catch herrings in nets. When the boats came back home again some had only caught a few herrings. Others had caught so many that they could not all be unloaded on to the quay. Then horses and carts were driven into the shallow water at low tide to meet the heavily laden boats. The fish were shovelled over the side of the boat into the carts, and taken to the railway station, where a special train of fish trucks was waiting.

Great was the excitement when the fishing boats returned with a good catch of herrings. Half the people in the town ran down to the quay, including cats.

There was a white cat called Susan who never missed meeting the boats. She belonged to the wife of an old fisherman named Sam. The wife's name was Betsy. She had rheumatics, and she had no family except Susan and five hens. Betsy sat by the fire; her back ached; she said "Ow! Ow!" whenever she had to put coal on, and stir the pot. Susan sat opposite to Betsy. She felt sorry for Betsy; she wished she knew how to put the coal on and stir the pot. All day long they sat by the fire, while Sam was away fishing. They had a cup of tea and some milk.



“Susan,” said Betsy, “I can hardly stand up. Go to the front gate and look out for Master’s boat.”⁸

Susan went out and came back. Three or four times she went out into the garden. At last, late in the afternoon, she saw the sails of the fishing fleet, coming in over the sea.

“Go down to the harbour; ask Master for six herrings; I will cook them for supper. Take my basket, Susan.”

Susan took the basket; also she borrowed Betsy’s bonnet and little plaid shawl. I saw her hurrying down to the harbour.

Other cats were coming out of the cottages, and running down the steep streets that lead to the sea front. Also ducks. I remember that they were most peculiar ducks with top-knots that looked like Tam-o’-Shanter caps. Everybody was hurrying to meet the boats — nearly everybody. I only met one person, a dog called Stumpy, who was going the opposite way. He was carrying a paper parcel in his mouth.

Some dogs do not care for fish. Stumpy had been to the butcher’s to buy mutton chops for himself and Bob and Percy and Miss Rose. Stumpy was a large, serious, well-behaved brown dog with a short tail. He lived with Bob the retriever and Percy the cat and Miss Rose who kept house. Stumpy had

belonged to a very rich old gentleman; and when the old gentleman died he left money to Stumpy — ten shillings a week for the rest of Stumpy's life. So that was why Stumpy and Bob and Percy the cat all lived together in a pretty little house.

Susan with her basket met Stumpy at the corner of Broad Street. Susan made a curtsy. She would have stopped to inquire after Percy, only she was in a hurry to meet the boat. Percy was lame; he had hurt his foot. It had been trapped under the wheel of a milk cart.

Stumpy looked at Susan out of the corner of his eye; he wagged his tail, but he did not stop. He could not bow or say "good afternoon" for fear of dropping the parcel of mutton chops. He turned out of Broad Street into Woodbine Lane, where he lived; he pushed open the front door and disappeared into a house. Presently there was a smell of cooking, and I have no doubt that Stumpy and Bob and Miss Rose enjoyed their mutton chops.



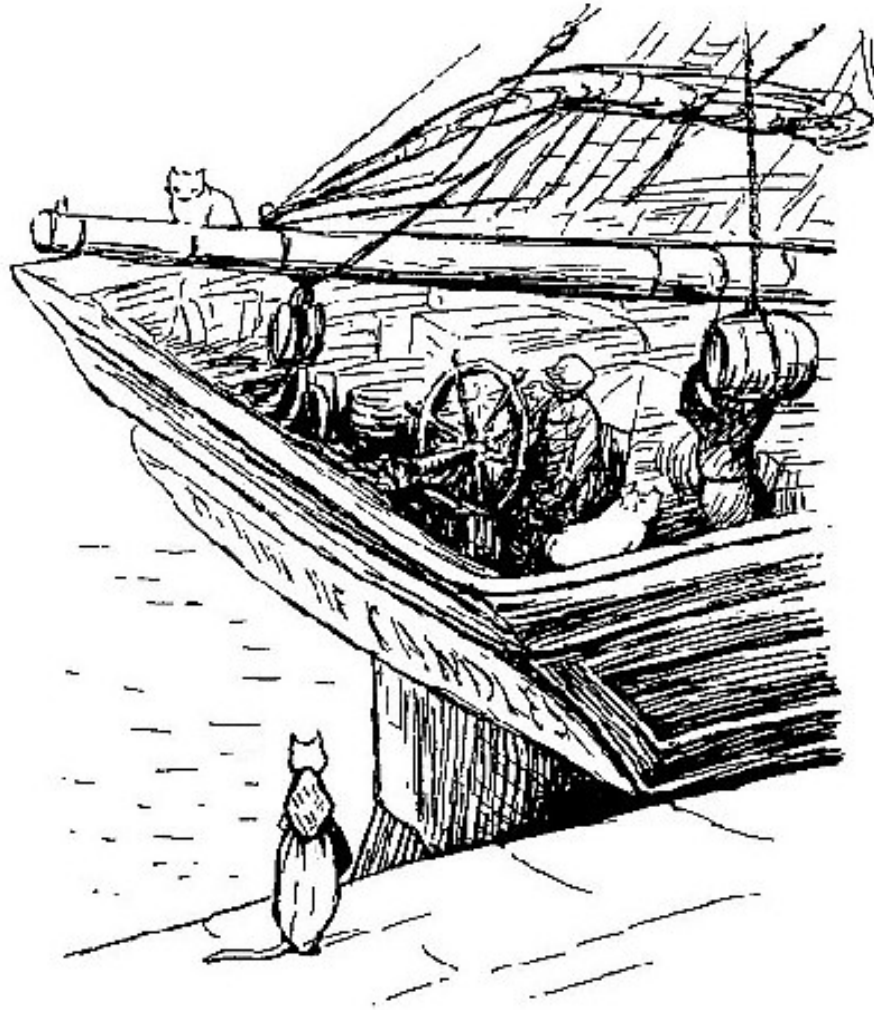
Percy could not be found at dinner time. He had slipped out of the window, and, like all the other cats in the town, he had gone to meet the fishing boats.

Susan hurried along Broad Street and took the short cut to the harbour, down a steep flight of steps. The ducks had wisely gone another way, round by the sea front. The steps were too steep and slippery for anyone less sure-footed than a cat. Susan went down quickly and easily. There were forty-three steps, rather dark and slimy, between high backs of houses.

A smell of ropes and pitch and a good deal of noise came up from below. At the bottom of the steps was the quay, or landing-place, beside the inner harbour.

The tide was out; there was no water; the vessels rested on the dirty mud. Several ships were moored beside the quay; others were anchored inside the breakwater.

Near the steps, coal was being unloaded from two grimy colliers called the “Margery Dawe” of Sunderland, and the “Jenny Jones” of Cardiff. Men ran along planks with wheel-barrowfuls of coal; coal scoops were swung ashore by cranes, and emptied with loud thumping and rattling.



Farther along the quay, another ship called the “Pound of Candles” was taking a mixed cargo on board. Bales, casks, packing-cases, barrels — all manner of goods were being stowed into the hold; sailors and stevedores shouted; chains rattled and clanked. Susan waited for an opportunity to slip past the noisy crowd. She watched a cask of cider that bobbed and swung in the air, on its passage from the quay to the deck of the “Pound of Candles.” A yellow cat who sat in the rigging was also watching the cask.

The rope ran through the pulley; the cask went down bobbitty on to the deck, where a sailor man was waiting for it. Said the sailor down below:

“Look out! Mind your head, young sir! Stand out of the way!”

“Wee, wee, wee!” grunted a small pink pig, scampering round the deck of the “Pound of Candles.”

The yellow cat in the rigging watched the small pink pig. The yellow cat in the rigging looked across at Susan on the quay. The yellow cat winked.

Susan was surprised to see a pig on board a ship. But she was in a hurry. She threaded her way along the quay, amongst coal and cranes, and men wheeling hand-trucks, and noises, and smells. She passed the fish auction, and fish boxes, and fish sorters, and barrels that women were filling with herrings and salt.

Seagulls swooped and screamed. Hundreds of fish boxes and tons of fresh fish were being loaded into the hold of a small steamer. Susan was glad to get away from the crowd, down a much shorter flight of steps on to the shore of the outer harbour. The ducks arrived soon afterwards, waddling and quacking. And old Sam's boat, the "Betsy Timmins," last of the herring fleet and heavy laden, came in round the breakwater; and drove her blunt nose into the shingle.

Sam was in high spirits; he had had a big catch. He and his mate and two lads commenced to unload their fish into carts, as the tide was too low to float the fishing boat up to the quay. The boat was full of herrings.

But, good luck or bad luck, Sam never failed to throw a handful of herrings to Susan.

"Here's for the two old girls and a hot supper! Catch them, Susan! Honest now! Here's a broken fish for you! Now take the others to Betsy."

The ducks were dabbling and gobbling; the seagulls were screaming and swooping. Susan climbed the steps with her basket of herrings and went home by back streets.



Old Betsy cooked two herrings for herself and Susan, another two for Sam's supper when he came in. Then she went to bed with a hot bottle wrapped in a flannel petticoat to help her rheumatics.

Sam ate his supper and smoked a pipe by the fire; and then he went to bed. But Susan sat a long time by the fire, considering. She considered many things — fish, and ducks, and Percy with a lame foot, and dogs that eat mutton chops, and the yellow cat on the ship, and the pig. Susan thought it strange to see a pig upon a ship called the “Pound of Candles.” The mice peeped out under the cupboard door. The cinders fell together on the hearth. Susan purred gently in her sleep and dreamed of fish and pigs. She could not understand that pig on board a ship. But I know all about him!

CHAPTER II

You remember the song about the Owl and the Pussy Cat and their beautiful pea-green boat? How they took some honey and plenty of money, wrapped up in a five pound note?

They sailed away, for a year and a day, To the land where the Bong tree grows — And, there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood, With a ring at the end of his nose — his nose, With a ring at the end of his nose.

Now I am going to tell you the story of that pig, and why he went to live in the land of the Bong tree.

When that pig was little he lived in Devonshire, with his aunts, Miss Dorcas and Miss Porcas, at a farm called Piggery Porcombe. Their cosy thatched cottage was in an orchard at the top of a steep red Devonshire lane.

The soil was red, the grass was green; and far away below in the distance they could see red cliffs and a bit of bright blue sea. Ships with white sails sailed over the sea into the harbour of Stymouth.



I have often remarked that the Devonshire farms have very strange names. If you had ever seen Piggery Porcombe you would think that the people who lived there were very queer too! Aunt Dorcas was a stout speckled pig who kept hens. Aunt Porcas was a large smiling black pig who took in washing. We shall not hear very much about them in this story. They led prosperous uneventful lives, and their end was bacon. But their nephew Robinson had the most peculiar adventures that ever happened to a pig.

Little pig Robinson was a charming little fellow; pinky white with small blue eyes, fat cheeks and a double chin, and a turned-up nose, with a real silver ring in it. Robinson could see that ring if he shut one eye and squinted sideways.

He was always contented and happy. All day long he ran about the farm, singing little songs to himself, and grunting "Wee, wee, wee!" His aunts missed those little songs sadly after Robinson had left them.

“Wee? Wee? Wee?” he answered when anybody spoke to him. “Wee? Wee? Wee?” listening with his head on one side and one eye screwed up.

Robinson’s old aunts fed him and petted him and kept him on the trot.

“Robinson! Robinson!” called Aunt Dorcas. “Come quick! I hear a hen clucking. Fetch me the egg; don’t break it now!”

“Wee, wee, wee!” answered Robinson, like a little Frenchman.

“Robinson! Robinson! I’ve dropped a clothes peg, come and pick it up for me!” called Aunt Porcas from the drying green (she being almost too fat to stoop down and pick up anything).

“Wee, wee, wee!” answered Robinson.

Both the aunts were very, very stout. And the stiles in the neighbourhood of Stymouth are narrow. The footpath from Piggery Porcombe crosses many fields; a red trodden track between short green grass and daisies. And wherever the footpath crosses over from one field to another field, there is sure to be a stile in the hedge.

“It is not me that is too stout; it is the stiles that are too thin,” said Aunt Dorcas to Aunt Porcas. “Could you manage to squeeze through them if I stayed at home?”

“I could *not*. Not for two years I could *not*,” replied Aunt Porcas. “Aggravating, it *is* aggravating of that carrier man, to go and upset his donkey cart the day before market day. And eggs at two and tuppence a dozen! How far do you call it to walk all the way round by the road instead of crossing the fields?”

“Four miles if it’s one,” sighed Aunt Porcas, “and me using my last bit of soap. However shall we get our shopping done? The donkey says the cart will take a week to mend.”

“Don’t you think you could squeeze through the stiles if you went before dinner?”

“No, I don’t, I would stick fast; and so would you,” said Aunt Porcas.

“Don’t you think we might venture — —” commenced Aunt Dorcas.

“Venture to send Robinson by the footpath to Stymouth?” finished Aunt Porcas.

“Wee, wee, wee!” answered Robinson.

“I scarcely like to send him alone, though he is sensible for his size.”

“Wee, wee, wee!” answered Robinson.

“But there is nothing else to be done,” said Aunt Dorcas.

So Robinson was popped into the wash-tub with the last bit of soap. He was scrubbed and dried and polished as bright as a new pin. Then he was dressed in a little blue cotton frock and knickers, and instructed to go shopping to Stymouth with a big market basket.

In the basket were two dozen eggs, a bunch of daffodils, two spring cauliflowers; also Robinson's dinner of bread-and-jam sandwiches. The eggs and flowers and vegetables he must sell in the market, and bring back various other purchases from shopping.

"Now take care of yourself in Stymouth, Nephew Robinson. Beware of gunpowder, and ships' cooks, and pantechnicons, and sausages, and shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax. Remember the blue bag, the soap, the darning-wool — what was the other thing?" said Aunt Dorcas.

"The darning-wool, the soap, the blue bag, the yeast — what was the other thing?" said Aunt Porcas.

"Wee, wee, wee!" answered Robinson.

"The blue bag, the soap, the yeast, the darning-wool, the cabbage seed — that's five, and there ought to be six. It was two more than four because it was two too many to tie knots in the corners of his hankie, to remember by. Six to buy, it should be — —"

"I have it!" said Aunt Porcas. "It was tea — tea, blue bag, soap, darning-wool, yeast, cabbage seed. You will buy most of them at Mr. Mumby's. Explain about the carrier, Robinson; tell him we will bring the washing and some more vegetables next week."

"Wee, wee, wee!" answered Robinson, setting off with the big basket.

Aunt Dorcas and Aunt Porcas stood in the porch. They watched him safely out of sight, down the field, and through the first of the many stiles. When they went back to their household tasks they were grunty and snappy with each other, because they were uneasy about Robinson.

"I wish we had not let him go. You and your tiresome blue bag!" said Aunt Dorcas.



“Blue bag, indeed! It was your darning-wool and eggs!” grumbled Aunt Porcas. “Bother that carrier man and his donkey cart! Why could not he keep out of the ditch until after market day?”

CHAPTER III

The walk to Stymouth was a long one, in spite of going by the fields. But the footpath ran downhill all the way, and Robinson was merry. He sang his little song, for joy of the fine morning, and he chuckled “Wee, wee, wee!” Larks were singing, too, high overhead.



And higher still — high up against blue sky, the great white gulls sailed in wide circles. Their hoarse cries came softened back to earth from a great way up above. Important rooks and lively jackdaws strutted about the meadows amongst the daisies and buttercups. Lambs skipped and baa’ed; the sheep looked round at Robinson.

“Mind yourself in Stymouth, little pig,” said a motherly ewe.

Robinson trotted on until he was out of breath and very hot. He had crossed five big fields, and ever so many stiles; stiles with steps; ladder stiles; stiles of wooden posts; some of them were very awkward with a heavy basket. The farm of Piggery Porcombe was no longer in sight when he looked back. In the distance before him, beyond the farmlands and cliffs — never any nearer — the dark blue sea rose like a wall.

Robinson sat down to rest beside a hedge in a sheltered sunny spot. Yellow pussy willow catkins were in flower above his head; there were primroses in hundreds on the bank, and a warm smell of moss and grass and steaming moist red earth.

“If I eat my dinner now, I shall not have to carry it. Wee, wee, wee!” said Robinson.

The walk had made him so hungry he would have liked to eat an egg as well as the jam sandwiches; but he had been too well brought up.

“It would spoil the two dozen,” said Robinson.

He picked a bunch of primroses and tied them up with a bit of darning-wool that Aunt Dorcas had given him for a pattern.



“I will sell them in the market for my very own self, and buy sweeties with my pennies. How many pennies have I got?” said Robinson, feeling in his pocket. “One from Aunt Dorcas, and one from Aunt Porcas, and one for my primroses for my very own self — oh, wee, wee, wee! There is somebody trotting along the road! I shall be late for market!”

Robinson jumped up and pushed his basket through a very narrow stile, where the footpath crossed into the public road. He saw a man on horse-back. Old Mr. Pepperil came up, riding a chestnut horse with white legs. His two tall greyhounds ran before him; they looked through the bars of the gates into every field that they passed. They came bounding up to Robinson, very large and friendly; they licked his face and asked what he had got in that basket. Mr. Pepperil called them. “Here, Pirate! Here, Postboy! Come here, sir!” He did not wish to be answerable for the eggs.

The road had been recently covered with sharp new flints. Mr. Pepperil walked the chestnut horse on the grass edge, and talked to Robinson. He was a jolly old gentleman, very affable, with a red face and white whiskers. All the green fields and red ploughland between Stymouth and Piggery Porcombe belonged to him.

“Hullo, hullo! And where are you off to, little Pig Robinson?”

“Please, Mr. Pepperil, sir, I’m going to market. Wee, wee, wee!” said Robinson.

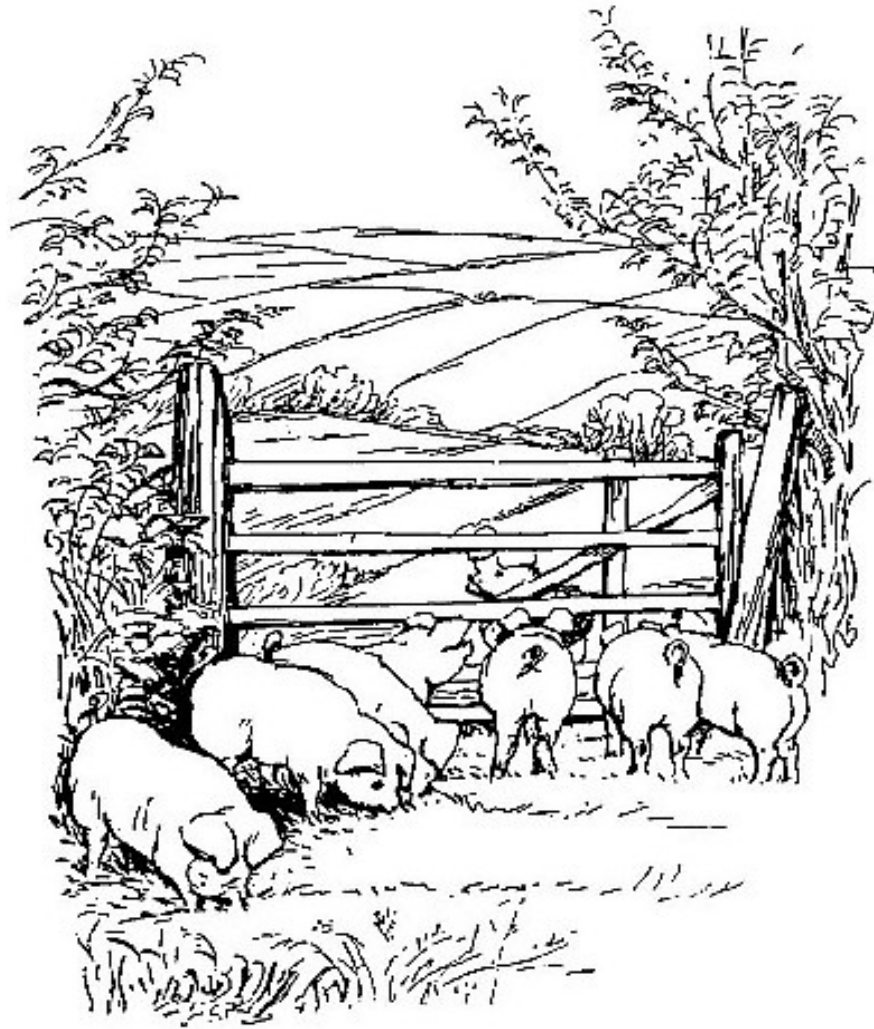
“What, all by yourself? Where are Miss Dorcas and Miss Porcas? Not ill, I trust?”

Robinson explained about the narrow stiles.

“Dear, dear! Too fat, too fat? So you are going all alone? Why don’t your aunts keep a dog to run errands?”

Robinson answered all Mr. Pepperil’s questions very sensibly and prettily. He showed much intelligence, and quite a good knowledge of vegetables, for one so young. He trotted along almost under the horse, looking up at its shiny chestnut coat, and the broad white girth, and Mr. Pepperil’s gaiters and brown leather boots. Mr. Pepperil was pleased with Robinson; he gave him another penny. At the end of the flints, he gathered up the reins and touched the horse with his heel.

“Well, good day, little pig. Kind regards to the aunts. Mind yourself in Stymouth.” He whistled for his dogs, and trotted away.



Robinson continued to walk along the road. He passed by an orchard where seven thin dirty pigs were grubbing. They had no silver rings in their noses! He crossed Styford bridge without stopping to look over the parapet at the little fishes, swimming head up stream, balanced in the sluggish current; or the white ducks that dabbled amongst floating masses of water-crowsfoot. At Styford Mill he called to leave a message from Aunt Dorcas to the Miller about meal; the Miller's wife gave him an apple.



At the house beyond the mill, there is a big dog that barks; but the big dog Gypsy only smiled and wagged his tail at Robinson. Several carts and gigs overtook him. First, two old farmers who screwed themselves round to stare at Robinson. They had two geese, a sack of potatoes, and some cabbages, sitting on the back seat of their gig. Then an old woman passed in a donkey cart with seven hens, and long pink bundles of rhubarb that had been grown in straw under apple barrels. Then with a rattle and a jingle of cans came Robinson's cousin, little Tom Pigg, driving a strawberry roan pony, in a milk float.

He might have offered Robinson a lift, only he happened to be going in the opposite direction; in fact, the strawberry roan pony was running away home.

"This little pig went to market!" shouted little Tom Pigg gaily, as he rattled out of sight in a cloud of dust, leaving Robinson standing in the road.



Robinson walked on along the road, and presently he came to another stile in the opposite hedge, where the footpath followed the fields again. Robinson got his basket through the stile. For the first time he felt some apprehension. In this field there were cows; big sleek Devon cattle, dark red like their native soil. The leader of the herd was a vicious old cow, with brass balls screwed on to the tips of her horns. She stared disagreeably at Robinson. He sidled across the meadow and got out through the farther stile as quickly as he could. Here the new trodden footpath followed round the edge of a crop of young green wheat. Someone let off a gun with a bang that made Robinson jump and cracked one of Aunt Dorcas's eggs in the basket.

A cloud of rooks and jackdaws rose cawing and scolding from the wheat. Other sounds mingled with their cries; noises of the town of Stymouth that began to come in sight through the elm trees that bordered the fields; distant

noises from the station; whistling of an engine; the bump of trucks shunting; noise of workshops; the hum of a distant town; the hooter of a steamer entering the harbour. High overhead came the hoarse cry of the gulls, and the squabbling cawing of rooks, old and young, in their rookery up in the elm trees.

Robinson left the fields for the last time and joined a stream of country people on foot and in carts, all going to Stymouth Market.

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CHAPTER IV

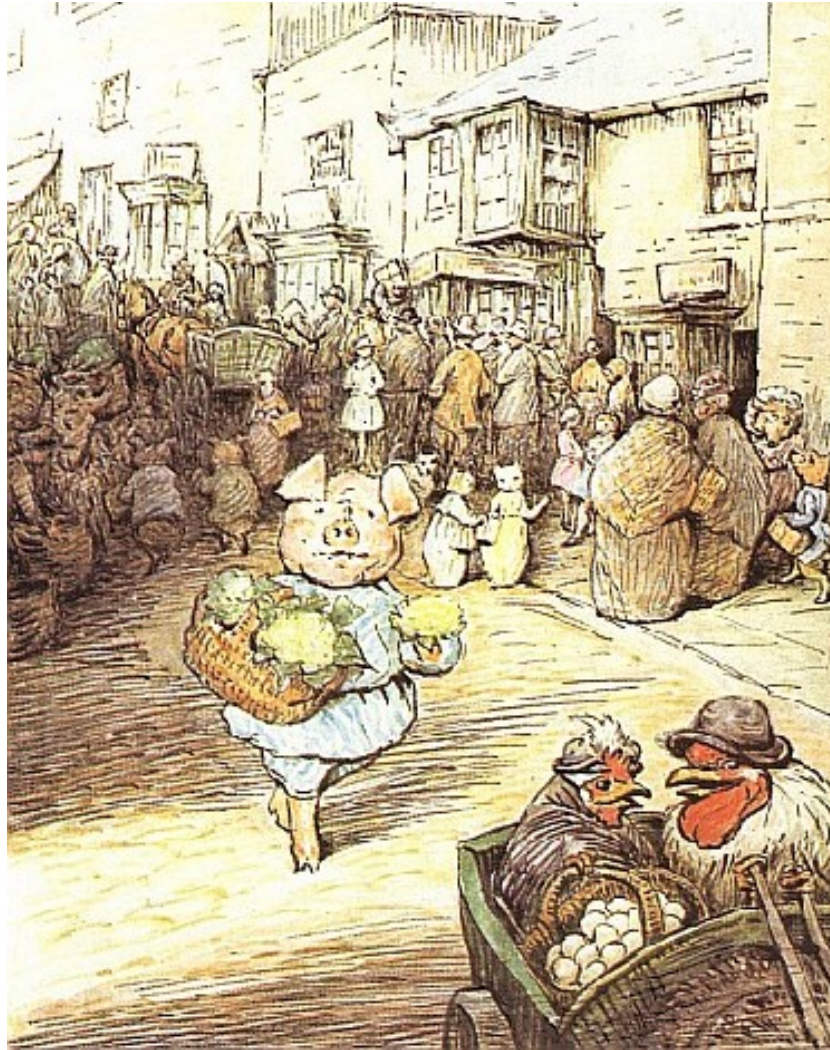
Stymouth is a pretty little town, situated at the mouth of the river Pigsty, whose sluggish waters slide gently into a bay sheltered by high red headlands. The town itself seems to be sliding downhill in a basin of hills, all slipping seaward into Stymouth harbour, which is surrounded by quays and the outer breakwater.

The outskirts of the town are untidy, as is frequently the case with seaports. A straggling suburb on the western approach is inhabited principally by goats, and persons who deal in old iron, rags, tarred rope, and fishing nets. There are rope walks, and washing that flaps on waggling lines above banks of stony shingle, littered with seaweed, whelk shells and dead crabs — very different from Aunt Porcas's clothes-lines over the clean green grass.

And there are marine stores that sell spyglasses, and sou'westers, and onions; and there are smells; and curious high sheds, shaped like sentry boxes, where they hang up herring nets to dry; and loud talking inside dirty houses. It seemed a likely place to meet a pantechicon. Robinson kept in the middle of the road. Somebody in a public-house shouted at him through the window, "Come in, fat pig!" Robinson took to his heels.



The town of Stymouth itself is clean, pleasant, picturesque, and well behaved (always excepting the harbour); but it is extremely steep downhill. If Robinson had started one of Aunt Dorcas's eggs rolling at the top of High Street, it would have rolled all the way down to the bottom; only it would have got broken certainly against a doorstep, or underfoot. There were crowds in the streets, as it was market day.



Indeed, it was difficult to walk about without being pushed off the pavement; every old woman that Robinson met seemed to have a basket as big as his own. In the roadway were fish barrows, apple barrows, stalls with crockery and hardware, cocks and hens riding in pony carts, donkeys with panniers, and farmers with wagon-loads of hay. Also there was a constant string of coal carts coming up from the docks. To a country-bred pig, the noise was confusing and fearful.

Robinson kept his head very creditably until he got into Fore Street, where a drover's dog was trying to turn three bullocks into a yard, assisted by Stumpy and half the other dogs of the town. Robinson and two other little pigs with baskets of asparagus bolted down an alley and hid in a doorway until the noise of bellowing and barking had passed.

When Robinson took courage to come out again into Fore Street, he decided to follow close behind the tail of a donkey who was carrying

panniers piled high with spring broccoli. There was no difficulty in guessing which road led to market. But after all these delays it was not surprising that the church clock struck eleven.



Although it had been open since ten, there were still plenty of customers buying, and wanting to buy, in the market hall. It was a large, airy, light, cheerful, covered-in place, with glass in the roof. It was crowded, but safe and pleasant, compared with the jostling and racket outside in the cobble-paved streets; at all events there was no risk of being run over. There was a loud hum of voices; market folk cried their wares; customers elbowed and pushed round the stalls. Dairy produce, vegetables, fish, and shell fish were displayed upon the flat boards on trestles.

Robinson had found a standing place at one end of a stall where Nanny Nettigoat was selling periwinkles.

“Winkle, winkle! Wink, wink, wink! Maa, maa-a!” bleated Nanny.

Winkles were the only thing that she offered for sale, so she felt no jealousy of Robinson's eggs and primroses. She knew nothing about his cauliflowers; he had the sense to keep them in the basket under the table. He stood on an empty box quite proud and bold behind the trestle table, singing:

"Eggs, new laid! Fresh new-laid eggs! Who'll come and buy my eggs and daffodillies?"

"I will, sure," said a large brown dog with a stumpy tail, "I'll buy a dozen. My Miss Rose has sent me to market on purpose to buy eggs and butter."

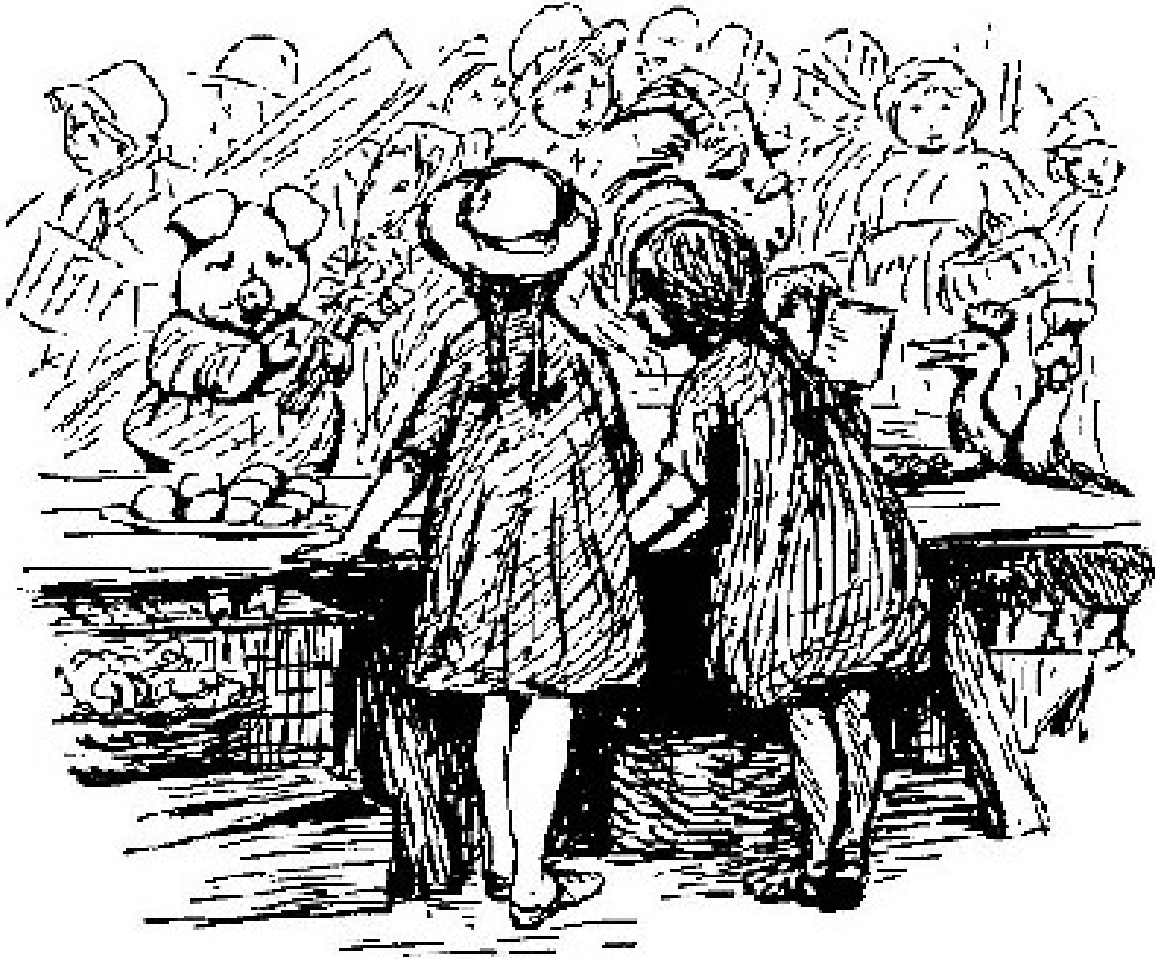
"I am so sorry, I have no butter, Mr. Stumpy; but I have beautiful cauliflowers," said Robinson, lifting up the basket, after a cautious glance round at Nanny Nettigoat, who might have tried to nibble them. She was busy measuring periwinkles in a pewter mug for a duck customer in a Tam-o'-Shanter cap. "They are lovely brown eggs, except one that got cracked; I think that white pussy cat at the opposite stall is selling butter — they are beautiful cauliflowers."

"I'll buy a cauliflower, lovey, bless his little turned-up nose; did he grow them in his own garden?" said old Betsy, bustling up; her rheumatism was better; she had left Susan to keep house. "No, lovey, I don't want any eggs; I keep hens myself. A cauliflower and a bunch of daffodils for a bow-pot, please," said Betsy.

"Wee, wee, wee!" replied Robinson.

"Here, Mrs. Perkins, come here! Look at this little pig stuck up at a stall all by himself!"

"Well, I don't know!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, pushing through the crowd, followed by two little girls. "Well, I never! Are they quite new laid, sonny? Won't go off pop and spoil my Sunday dress like the eggs Mrs. Wyandotte took first prize with at five flower shows, till they popped and spoiled the judge's black silk dress? Not duck eggs, stained with coffee? That's another trick of flower shows! New laid, guaranteed? Only you say one is cracked? Now I call that real honest: it's no worse for frying. I'll have the dozen eggs and a cauliflower, please. Look, Sarah Polly! Look at his silver nose-ring."



Sarah Polly and her little girl friend went into fits of giggling, so that Robinson blushed. He was so confused that he did not notice a lady who wanted to buy his last cauliflower, till she touched him. There was nothing else left to sell, but a bunch of primroses. After more giggling and some whispering the two little girls came back, and bought the primroses. They gave him a peppermint, as well as the penny, which Robinson accepted; but without enthusiasm and with a preoccupied manner.

The trouble was that no sooner had he parted with the bunch of primroses than he realised that he had also sold Aunt Porcas's pattern of darning wool. He wondered if he ought to ask for it back; but Mrs. Perkins and Sarah Polly and her little girl friend had disappeared.

Robinson, having sold everything, came out of the market hall, sucking the peppermint. There were still numbers of people coming in. As Robinson came out upon the steps his basket got caught in the shawl of an elderly sheep, who was pushing her way up. While Robinson was disentangling it, Stumpy came out. He had finished his marketing. His basket was full of

heavy purchases. A responsible, trustworthy, obliging dog was Stumpy, glad to do a kindness to anybody.

When Robinson asked him the way to Mr. Mumby's, Stumpy said: "I am going home by Broad Street. Come with me, and I will show you."

"Wee, wee, wee! Oh, thank you, Stumpy!" said Robinson.

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CHAPTER V

Old Mr. Mumby was a deaf old man in spectacles, who kept a general store. He sold almost anything you can imagine, except ham — a circumstance much approved by Aunt Dorcas. It was the only general store in Stymouth where you would not find displayed upon the counter a large dish, containing strings of thin, pale-coloured, repulsively uncooked sausages, and rolled bacon hanging from the ceiling.



“What pleasure,” said Aunt Dorcas feelingly— “what possible pleasure can there be in entering a shop where you knock your head against a ham? A ham that may have belonged to a dear second cousin?”

Therefore the aunts bought their sugar and tea, their blue bag, their soap, their frying pans, matches, and mugs from old Mr. Mumby.

All these things he sold, and many more besides, and what he did not keep in stock he would obtain to order. But yeast requires to be quite fresh, he did not sell it; he advised Robinson to ask for yeast at a baker's shop. Also he said it was too late in the season to buy cabbage seed; everybody had finished sowing vegetable seeds this year. Worst of all for darning he did sell; but Robinson had forgotten the colour.

Robinson bought six sticks of delightfully sticky barley sugar with his pennies, and listened carefully to Mr. Mumby's messages for Aunt Dorcas and Aunt Porcas — how they were to send some cabbages next week when the donkey cart would be mended; and how the kettle was not repaired yet, and there was a new patent box-iron he would like to recommend to Aunt Porcas.

Robinson said "Wee, wee, wee?" and listened, and little dog Tipkins who stood on a stool behind the counter, tying up grocery parcels in blue paper bags — little dog Tipkins whispered to Robinson— "Were there any rats this spring in the barn at Piggery Porcombe? And what would Robinson be doing on Saturday afternoon?"

"Wee, wee, wee!" answered Robinson.

Robinson came out of Mr. Mumby's, heavily laden. The barley sugar was comforting; but he was troubled about the darning wool, the yeast, and the cabbage seed. He was looking about rather anxiously, when again he met old Betsy, who exclaimed:

"Bless the little piggy! Not gone home yet? Now it must not stop in Stymouth till it gets its pocket picked!"

Robinson explained his difficulty about the darning wool.

Kind old Betsy was ready with help.

"Why, I noticed the wool round the little primrose posy; it was blue-grey colour like the last pair of socks that I knitted for Sam. Come with me to the wool shop — Fleecy Flock's wool shop. I remember the colour; well I do!" said Betsy.



Mrs. Flock was the sheep that had run against Robinson; she had bought herself three turnips and come straight home from market, for fear of missing customers while her shop was locked up.

Such a shop! Such a jumble! Wool all sorts of colours, thick wool, thin wool, fingering wool, and rug wool, bundles and bundles all jumbled up; and she could not put her hoof on anything. She was so confused and slow at finding things that Betsy got impatient.

“No, I don’t want wool for slippers; *darning wool*, Fleecy; darning wool, same colour as I bought for my Sam’s socks. Bless me, *no*, not knitting needles! Darning wool.”

“Baa, baa! Did you say white or black, m’m? Three ply, was it?”

“Oh, dear me, *grey darning wool* on cards; not heather mixture.”

“I know I have it somewhere,” said Fleecy Flock helplessly, jumbling up the skeins and bundles. “Sim Ram came in this morning with part of the

Ewehampton clip; my shop is completely cluttered up — — “

It took half an hour to find the wool. If Betsy had not been with him, Robinson never would have got it.

“It’s that late, I must go home,” said Betsy. “My Sam is on shore to-day for dinner. If you take my advice you will leave that big heavy basket with the Miss Goldfinches, and hurry with your shopping. It’s a long uphill walk home to Piggery Porcombe.”

Robinson, anxious to follow old Betsy’s advice, walked towards the Miss Goldfinches. On the way he came to a baker’s, and he remembered the yeast.

It was not the right sort of baker’s, unfortunately. There was a nice bakery smell, and pastry in the window; but it was an eating house or cook shop.

When he pushed the swing door open, a man in an apron and a square white cap turned round and said, “Hullo! Is this a pork pie walking on its hind legs?” — and four rude men at a dining table burst out laughing.

Robinson left the shop in a hurry. He felt afraid to go into any other baker’s shop. He was looking wistfully into another window in Fore Street when Stumpy saw him again. He had taken his own basket home, and come out on another errand. He carried Robinson’s basket in his mouth and took him to a very safe baker’s, where he was accustomed to buy dog biscuits for himself. There Robinson purchased Aunt Dorcas’s yeast at last.

They searched in vain for cabbage seed; they were told that the only likely place was a little store on the quay, kept by a pair of wagtails.

“It is a pity I cannot go with you,” said Stumpy. “My Miss Rose has sprained her ankle; she sent me to fetch twelve postage stamps, and I must take them home to her, before the post goes out. Do not try to carry this heavy basket down and up the steps; leave it with the Miss Goldfinches.”

Robinson was very grateful to Stumpy. The two Miss Goldfinches kept a tea and coffee tavern which was patronized by Aunt Dorcas and the quieter market people. Over the door was a sign-board upon which was painted a fat little green bird called “The Contented Siskin,” which was the name of their coffee tavern. They had a stable where the carrier’s donkey rested when it came into Stymouth with the washing on Saturdays.

Robinson looked so tired that the elder Miss Goldfinch gave him a cup of tea; but they both told him to drink it up quickly.

“Wee, wee, wee! Yock yock!” said Robinson, scalding his nose.

In spite of their respect for Aunt Dorcas, the Miss Goldfinches disapproved of his solitary shopping; and they said that the basket was far too heavy for him.

“Neither of us could lift it,” said the elder Miss Goldfinch, holding out a tiny claw. “Get your cabbage seed and hurry back. Sim Ram’s pony gig is still waiting in our stable. If you come back before he starts I feel sure he will give you a lift; at all events he will make room for your basket under the seat — and he passes Piggery Porcombe. Run away now!”

“Wee, wee, wee!” said Robinson.

“Whatever were they thinking of to let him come alone? He will never get home before dark,” said the elder Miss Goldfinch. “Fly to the stable, Clara; tell Sim Ram’s pony not to start without the basket.”

The younger Miss Goldfinch flew across the yard. They were industrious, sprightly little lady birds, who kept lump sugar and thistle seed as well as tea in their tea-caddies. Their tables and china were spotlessly clean.

CHAPTER VI

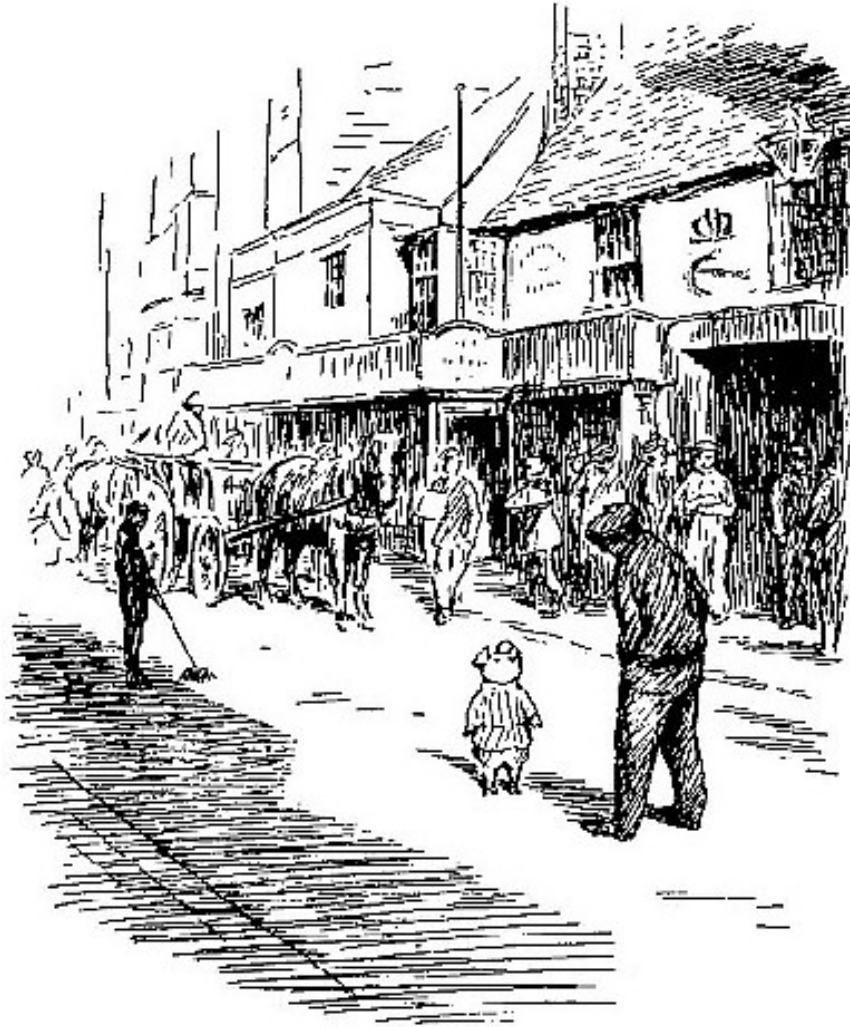
Stymouth was full of inns; too full. The farmers usually put up their horses at the “Black Bull” or the “Horse and Farrier”; the smaller market people patronized the “Pig and Whistle.”

There was another inn called the “Crown and Anchor” at the corner of Fore Street. It was much frequented by seamen; several were lounging about the door with their hands in their pockets. One sailor-man in a blue jersey sauntered across the road, staring very hard at Robinson.

Said he— “I say little pig! do you like snuff?”

Now if Robinson had a fault, it was that he could not say “No”; not even to a hedgehog stealing eggs. As a matter of fact, snuff or tobacco made him sick. But instead of saying, “No, thank you, Mr. Man,” and going straight away about his business, he shuffled his feet, half closed one eye, hung his head on one side, and grunted.

The sailor pulled out a horn snuff box and presented a small pinch to Robinson, who wrapped it up in a little bit of paper, intending to give it to Aunt Dorcas. Then, not to be outdone in politeness, he offered the sailor-man some barley sugar.



If Robinson was not fond of snuff, at all events his new acquaintance had no objection to candy. He ate an alarming quantity. Then he pulled Robinson's ear and complimented him, and said he had five chins. He promised to take Robinson to the cabbage seed shop; and, finally, he begged to have the honour of showing him over a ship engaged in the ginger trade, commanded by Captain Barnabas Butcher, and named the "Pound of Candles."

Robinson did not very much like the name. It reminded him of tallow, of lard, of crackle and trimmings of bacon. But he allowed himself to be led away, smiling shyly, and walking on his toes. If Robinson had only known...that man was a ship's cook!

As they turned down the steep narrow lane, out of High Street, leading to the harbour, old Mr. Mumby at his shop door called out anxiously, "Robinson! Robinson!" But there was too much noise of carts. And a

customer coming into the shop at that moment distracted his attention, and he forgot the suspicious behaviour of the sailor. Otherwise, out of regard for the family, he would undoubtedly have ordered his dog, Tipkins, to go and fetch Robinson back. As it was, he was the first person to give useful information to the police, when Robinson had been missed. But it was then too late.

Robinson and his new friend went down the long flight of steps to the harbour basin — very high steps, steep and slippery. The little pig was obliged to jump from step to step until the sailor kindly took hold of him. They walked along the quay hand in hand: their appearance seemed to cause unbounded amusement.

Robinson looked about him with much interest. He had peeped over those steps before when he had come into Stymouth in the donkey cart, but he had never ventured to go down, because the sailors are rather rough, and because they frequently have little snarling terriers on guard about their vessels.

There were ever so many ships in the harbour; the noise and bustle was almost as loud as it had been up above in the market square. A big three-masted ship called the “Goldielocks” was discharging a cargo of oranges; and farther along the quay, a small coasting brig called “Little Bo Peep” of Bristol was loading up with bales of wool belonging to the sheep of Ewehampton and Lambworthy.



Old Sim Ram, with a sheepbell and big curly horns, stood by the gangway keeping count of the bales. Every time the crane swung round and let down another bale of wool into the hold, with a scuffle of rope through the pulley, Simon Ram nodded his old head, and the bell went “tinkle tinkle, tong,” and he gave a gruff bleat.

He was a person who knew Robinson by sight and ought to have warned him. He had often passed Piggery Porcombe when he drove down the lane in his gig. But his blind eye was turned towards the quay; and he had been flustered and confused by an argument with the pursers as to whether thirty-five bales of wool had been hoisted on board already or only thirty-four.

So he kept his one useful eye carefully on the wool, and counted it by the notches on his tally stick — another bale — another notch — thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven; he hoped the number would come right at the finish.

His bob-tailed sheep dog, Timothy Gyp, was also acquainted with Robinson, but he was busy superintending a dog fight between an Airedale terrier belonging to the collier “Margery Daw” and a Spanish dog belonging to the “Goldielocks.” No one took any notice of their growling and snarling, which ended in both rolling over the side of the quay and falling into the water. Robinson kept close to the sailor and held his hand very tight.

The “Pound of Candles” proved to be a good-sized schooner, newly painted and decorated with certain flags, whose significance was not understood by Robinson. She lay near the outer end of the jetty. The tide was running up fast, lapping against the ship’s sides and straining the thick hawsers by which she was moored to the quay.

The crew were stowing goods on board and doing things with ropes under the direction of Captain Barnabas Butcher; a lean, brown, nautical person with a rasping voice. He banged things about and grumbled; parts of his remarks were audible on the quay. He was speaking about the tug “Sea-horse” — and about the spring tide, with a north-east wind behind it — and the baker’s man and fresh vegetables— “to be shipped at eleven sharp; likewise a joint of....” He stopped short suddenly, and his eye lighted upon the cook and Robinson.



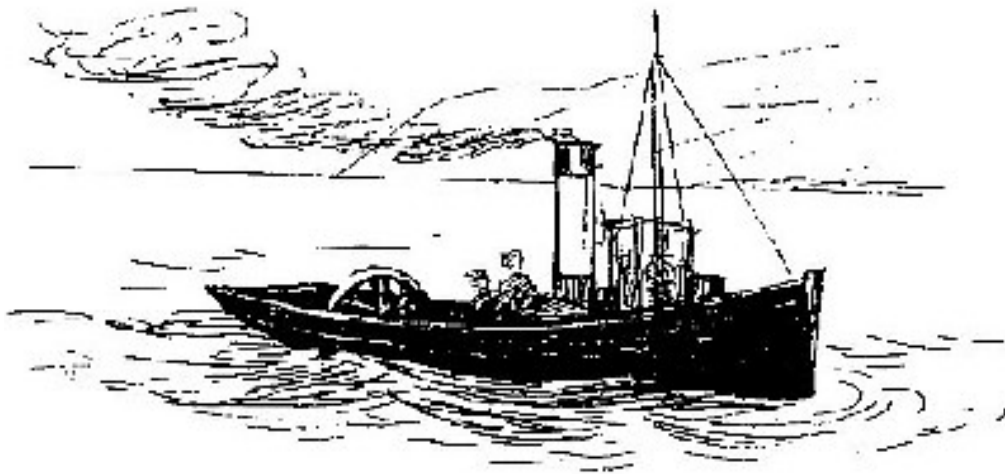
Robinson and the cook went on board across a shaky plank. When Robinson stepped on to the deck, he found himself face to face with a large yellow cat who was blacking boots.

The cat gave a start of surprise and dropped its blacking brush. It then began to wink and make extraordinary faces at Robinson. He had never seen a cat behave in that way before. He inquired whether it was ill. Whereupon the cook threw a boot at it, and it rushed up into the rigging. But Robinson he invited most affably to descend into the cabin, to partake of muffins and crumpets.

I do not know how many muffins Robinson consumed. He went on eating them until he fell asleep; and he went on sleeping until his stool gave a lurch, and he fell off and rolled under the table. One side of the cabin floor swung up to the ceiling; and the other side of the ceiling swung down to the

floor. Plates danced about; and there were shoutings and thumpings and rattling of chains and other bad sounds.

Robinson picked himself up, feeling bumped. He scrambled up a sort of a ladder-staircase on to the deck. Then he gave squeal upon squeal of horror! All round the ship there were great big green waves; the houses on the quay were like dolls' houses; and high up inland, above the red cliffs and green fields, he could see the farm of Piggery Porcombe looking no bigger than a postage stamp. A little white patch in the orchard was Aunt Porcas's washing, spread out to bleach upon the grass. Near at hand the black tug "Sea-horse" smoked and plunged and rolled. They were winding in the tow rope which had just been cast loose from the "Pound of Candles."



Captain Barnabas stood up in the bows of his schooner; he yelled and shouted to the master of the tug. The sailors shouted also, and pulled with a will, and hoisted the sails. The ship heeled over and rushed through the waves, and there was a smell of the sea.

As for Robinson — he tore round and round the deck like one distracted, shrieking very shrill and loud. Once or twice he slipped down; for the deck was extremely sideways; but still he ran and he ran. Gradually his squeals subsided into singing, but still he kept on running, and this is what he sang —

“Poor Pig Robinson Crusoe! Oh, how in the world could they do so? They have set him afloat, in a horrible boat, Oh, poor pig Robinson Crusoe!”

The sailors laughed until they cried; but when Robinson had sung that same verse about fifty times, and upset several sailors by rushing between

their legs, they began to get angry. Even the ship's cook was no longer civil to Robinson. On the contrary, he was very rude indeed. He said that if Robinson did not leave off singing through his nose, he would make him into pork chops.

Then Robinson fainted, and fell flat upon the deck of the "Pound of Candles."

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CHAPTER VII

It must not be supposed for one moment that Robinson was ill-treated on board ship. Quite the contrary. He was even better fed and more petted on the “Pound of Candles” than he had been at Piggery Porcombe. So, after a few days’ fretting for his kind old aunts (especially while he was seasick), Robinson became perfectly contented and happy. He found what is called his “sea legs”; and he scampered about the deck until the time when he became too fat and lazy to scamper.

The cook was never tired of boiling porridge for him. A whole sack full of meal and a sack of potatoes appeared to have been provided especially for his benefit and pleasure. He could eat as much as he pleased. It pleased him to eat a great deal and to lie on the warm boards of the deck. He got lazier and lazier as the ship sailed south into warmer weather. The mate made a pet of him; the crew gave him tit-bits. The cook rubbed his back and scratched his sides — his ribs could not be tickled, because he had laid so much fat on. The only persons who refused to treat him as a joke were the yellow tom-cat and Captain Barnabas Butcher, who was of a sour disposition.

The attitude of the cat was perplexing to Robinson. Obviously it disapproved of the maize meal porridge business, and it spoke mysteriously about the impropriety of greediness, and about the disastrous results of over-indulgence. But it did not explain what those results might be, and as the cat itself cared neither for yellow meal nor ‘taties, Robinson thought that its warnings might arise from prejudice. It was not unfriendly. It was mournful and foreboding.

The cat itself was crossed in love. Its morose and gloomy outlook upon life was partly the result of separation from the owl. That sweet hen-bird, a snowy owl of Lapland, had sailed upon a northern whaler, bound for Greenland. Whereas the “Pound of Candles” was heading for the tropic seas.



Therefore the cat neglected its duties, and was upon the worst of terms with the cook. Instead of blacking boots and valeting the Captain, it spent days and nights in the rigging, serenading the moon. Between times it came down on deck, and remonstrated with Robinson.

It never told him plainly why he ought not to eat so much; but it referred frequently to a mysterious date (which Robinson could never remember) — the date of Captain Butcher's birthday, which he celebrated annually by an extra good dinner.

"That's what they are saving up apples for. The onions are done — sprouted with the heat. I heard Captain Barnabas tell the cook that onions were of no consequence as long as there were apples for sauce."



Robinson paid no attention. In fact, he and the cat were both on the side of the ship, watching a shoal of silvery fishes. The ship was completely becalmed. The cook strolled across the deck to see what the cat was looking at and exclaimed joyfully at sight of fresh fish. Presently half the crew were fishing. They baited their lines with bits of scarlet wool and bits of biscuit; and the boatswain had a successful catch on a line baited with a shiny button.

The worst of button fishing was that so many fish dropped off while being hauled on deck. Consequently Captain Butcher allowed the crew to launch the jolly boat, which was let down from some iron contraption called “the davits” on to the glassy surface of the sea. Five sailors got into the boat; the cat jumped in also. They fished for hours. There was not a breath of wind.



In the absence of the cat, Robinson fell asleep peacefully upon the warm deck. Later he was disturbed by the voices of the mate and the cook, who had not gone fishing. The former was saying:

“I don’t fancy loin of pork with sunstroke, Cooky. Stir him up; or else throw a piece of sail cloth over him. I was bred on a farm myself. Pigs should never be let sleep in a hot sun.”

“As why?” inquired the cook.

“Sunstroke,” replied the mate. “Likewise it scorches the skin; makes it peely like; spoils the look of the crackling.”

At this point a rather heavy dirty piece of sail cloth was flung over Robinson, who struggled and kicked with sudden grunts.

“Did he hear you, Matey?” asked the cook in a lower voice.

“Don’t know; don’t matter; he can’t get off the ship,” replied the mate, lighting his pipe.

“Might upset his appetite; he’s feeding beautiful,” said the cook.

Presently the voice of Captain Barnabas Butcher was heard. He had come up on deck after a siesta below in his cabin.

“Proceed to the crow’s nest on the main mast; observe the horizon through a telescope according to latitude and longitude. We ought to be amongst the archipelago by the chart and compass,” said the voice of Captain Butcher.



It reached the ears of Robinson through the sail cloth in muffled tones, but peremptory: although it was not so received by the mate, who occasionally contradicted the Captain when no one else was listening.

“My corns are very painful,” said the mate.

“Send the cat up,” ordered Captain Barnabas briefly.

“The cat is out in the boat fishing.”

“Fetch him in then,” said Captain Barnabas, losing his temper. “He has not blacked my boots for a fortnight.” He went below; that is, down a step-ladder into his cabin, where he proceeded to work out the latitude and longitude again, in search of the archipelago.

“It’s to be hoped that he mends his temper before next Thursday, or he won’t enjoy roast pork!” said the mate to the cook.

They strolled to the other end of the deck to see what fish had been caught; the boat was coming back.

As the weather was perfectly calm, it was left over night upon the glassy sea, tied below a port-hole (or ship’s window) at the stern of the “Pound of Candles.”

The cat was sent up the mast with a telescope; it remained there for some time. When it came down it reported quite untruthfully that there was nothing in sight. No particular watch or look-out was kept that night upon the “Pound of Candles” because the ocean was so calm. The cat was supposed to watch — if anybody did. All the rest of the ship’s company played cards.



Not so the cat or Robinson. The cat had noticed a slight movement under the sail cloth. It found Robinson shivering with fright and in floods of tears. He had overheard the conversation about pork.

"I'm sure I have given you enough hints," said the cat to Robinson. "What do you suppose they were feeding you up for? Now don't start squealing, you little fool! It's as easy as snuff, if you will listen and stop crying. You can row, after a fashion." (Robinson had been out fishing occasionally and caught several crabs). "Well, you have not far to go; I could see the top of the Bong tree on an island N.N.E., when I was up the mast. The straits of the archipelago are too shallow for the 'Pound of Candles,' and I'll scuttle all the other boats. Come along, and do what I tell you!" said the cat.

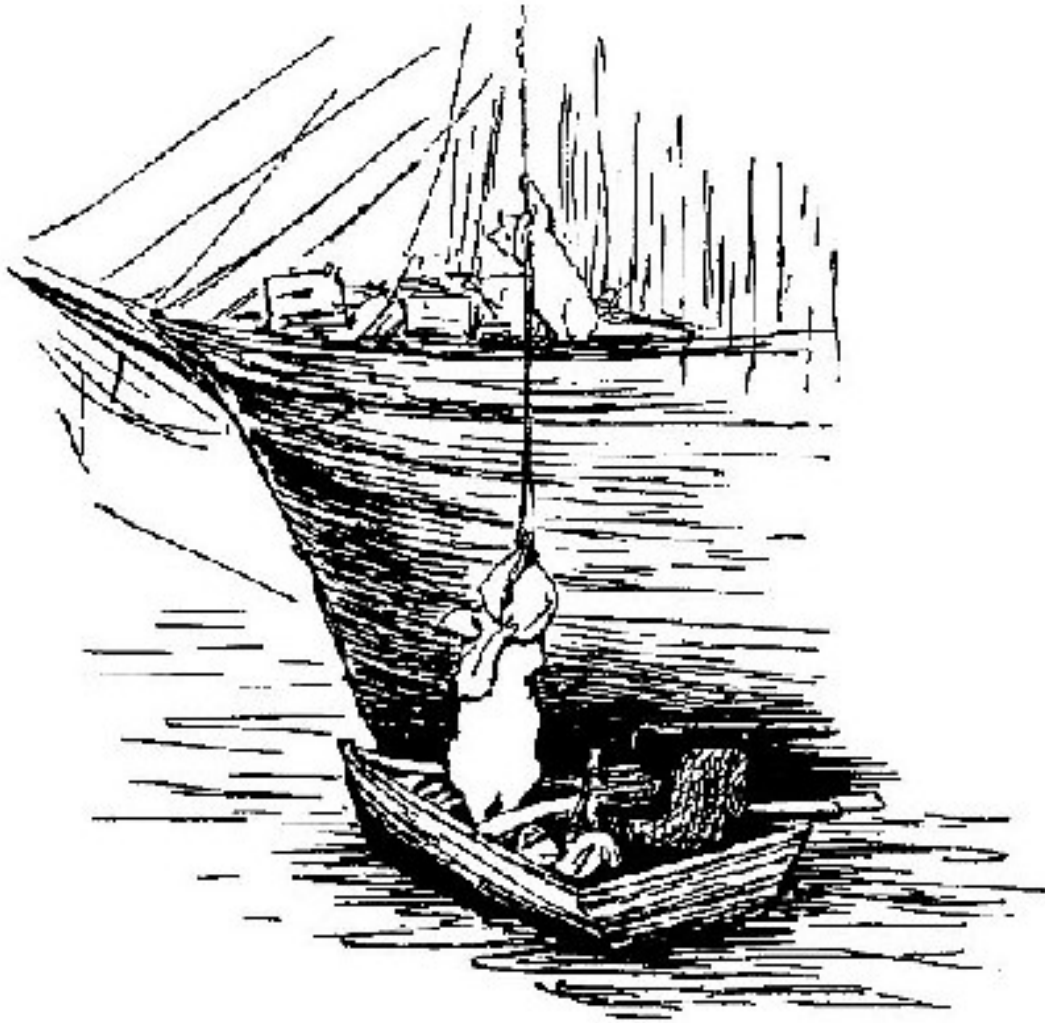
The cat, actuated partly by unselfish friendship, and partly by a grudge against the cook and Captain Barnabas Butcher, assisted Robinson to collect

a varied assortment of necessities. Shoes, sealing-wax, a knife, an armchair, fishing tackle, a straw hat, a saw, fly papers, a potato pot, a telescope, a kettle, a compass, a hammer, a barrel of flour, another of meal, a keg of fresh water, a tumbler, a teapot, nails, a bucket, a screwdriver ——

“That reminds me,” said the cat, and what did it do but go round the deck with a gimlet and bore large holes in the three boats that remained on board the “Pound of Candles.”

By this time there began to be ominous sounds below; those of the sailors who had had bad hands were beginning to be tired of carding. So the cat took a hasty farewell of Robinson, pushed him over the ship’s side, and he slid down the rope into the boat. The cat unfastened the upper end of the rope and threw it after him. Then it ascended the rigging and pretended to sleep upon its watch.

Robinson stumbled somewhat in taking his seat at the oars. His legs were short for rowing. Captain Barnabas in the cabin suspended his deal, a card in his hand, listening (the cook took the opportunity to look under the card), then he went on slapping down the cards, which drowned the sound of oars upon the placid sea.



After another hand, two sailors left the cabin and went on deck. They noticed something having the appearance of a large black beetle in the distance. One of them said it was an enormous cockroach, swimming with its hind legs. The other said it was a dolphinium. They disputed, rather loudly. Captain Barnabas, who had had a hand with no trumps at all after the cook dealing — Captain Barnabas came on deck and said:

“Bring me my telescope.”

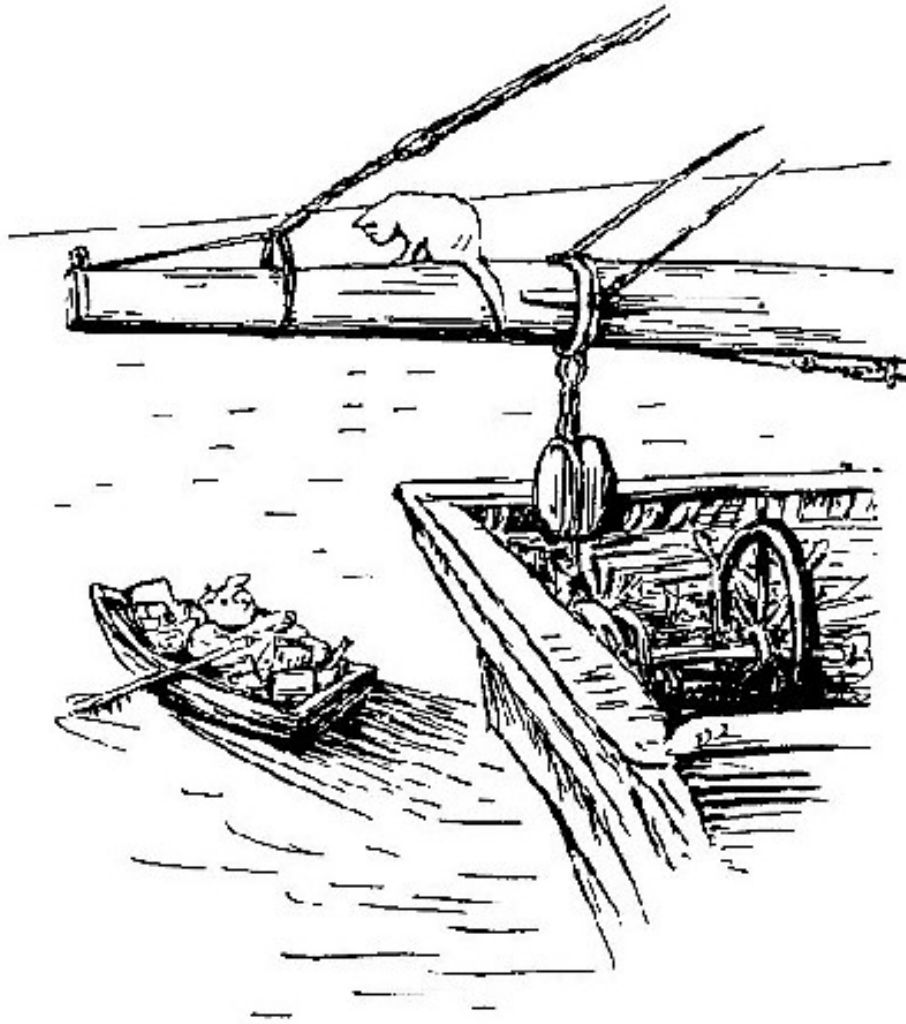
The telescope had disappeared; likewise the shoes, the sealing-wax, the compass, the potato pot, the straw hat, the hammer, the nails, the bucket, the screwdriver, and the armchair.

“Take the jolly boat and see what it is,” ordered Captain Butcher.

“All jolly fine, but suppose it is a dolphinium?” said the mate mutinously.

“Why, bless my life, the jolly boat is gone!” exclaimed a sailor.

“Take another boat, take all the three other boats; it’s that pig and that cat!” roared the Captain.



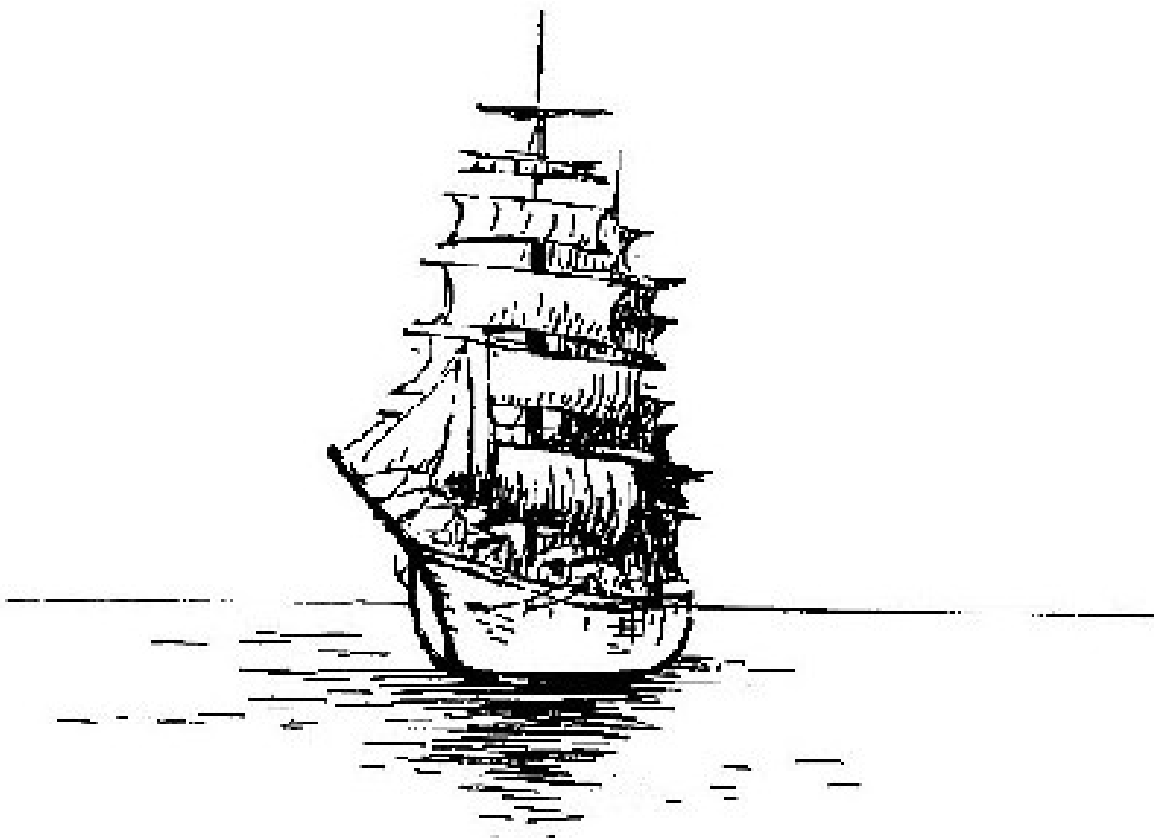
“Nay, sir, the cat’s up the rigging asleep.”

“Bother the cat! Get the pig back! The apple sauce will be wasted!” shrieked the cook, dancing about and brandishing a knife and fork.

The davits were swung out, the boats were let down with a swish and a splash, all the sailors tumbled in, and rowed frantically. And most of them were glad to row frantically back to the “Pound of Candles.” For every boat leaked badly, thanks to the cat.

CHAPTER VIII

Robinson rowed away from the “Pound of Candles.” He tugged steadily at the oars. They were heavy for him. The sun had set, but I understand that in the tropics — I have never been there — there is a phosphorescent light upon the sea. When Robinson lifted his oars, the sparkling water dripped from the blades like diamonds. And presently the moon began to rise above the horizon — rising like half a great silver plate. Robinson rested on his oars and gazed at the ship, motionless in the moonlight, on a sea without a ripple. It was at this moment — he being a quarter of a mile away — that the two sailors came on deck, and thought his boat was a swimming beetle.



Robinson was too far away to see or hear the uproar on board the “Pound of Candles”; but he did presently perceive that three boats were starting in pursuit. Involuntarily he commenced to squeal, and rowed frantically. But before he had time to exhaust himself by racing, the ship’s boats turned back. Then Robinson remembered the cat’s work with the gimlet, and he knew that the boats were leaking. For the rest of the night he rowed quietly,

without haste. He was not inclined to sleep, and the air was pleasantly cool. Next day it was hot, but Robinson slept soundly under the sail cloth, which the cat had been careful to send with him, in case he wished to rig up a tent.

The ship receded from view — you know the sea is not really flat. First he could not see the hull, then he could not see the deck, then only part of the masts, then nothing at all.

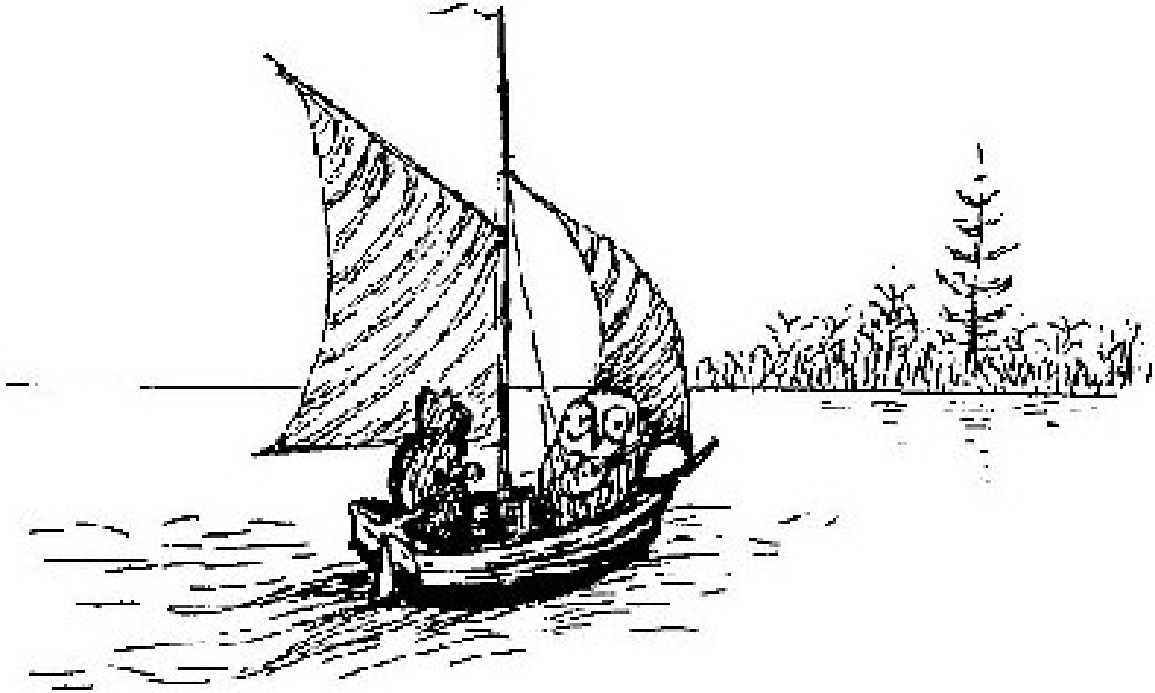


Robinson had been steering his course by the ship. Having lost sight of this direction sign, he turned round to consult his compass — when bump, bump, the boat touched a sandbank. Fortunately it did not stick.

Robinson stood up in the boat, working one oar backwards, and gazing around. What should he see but the top of the Bong tree!

Half an hour's rowing brought him to the beach of a large and fertile island. He landed in the most approved manner in a convenient sheltered bay, where a stream of boiling water flowed down the silvery strand. The

shore was covered with oysters. Acid drops and sweets grew upon the trees. Yams, which are a sort of sweet potato, abounded ready cooked. The bread-fruit tree grew iced cakes and muffins, ready baked; so no pig need sigh for porridge. Overhead towered the Bong tree.



If you want a more detailed description of the island, you must read “Robinson Crusoe.” The island of the Bong tree was very like Crusoe’s, only without its drawbacks. I have never been there myself, so I rely upon the report of the Owl and the Pussy Cat, who visited it eighteen months later, and spent a delightful honeymoon there. They spoke enthusiastically about the climate — only it was a little too warm for the Owl.

Later on Robinson was visited by Stumpy and little dog Tipkins. They found him perfectly contented, and in the best of good health. He was not at all inclined to return to Stymouth. For anything I know he may be living there still upon the island. He grew fatter and fatter and more fatterer; and the ship’s cook never found him.

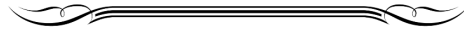
The Unpublished Tales and Paintings



Dalguise House, Perth and Kinross – where Potter spent many of her early summer holidays

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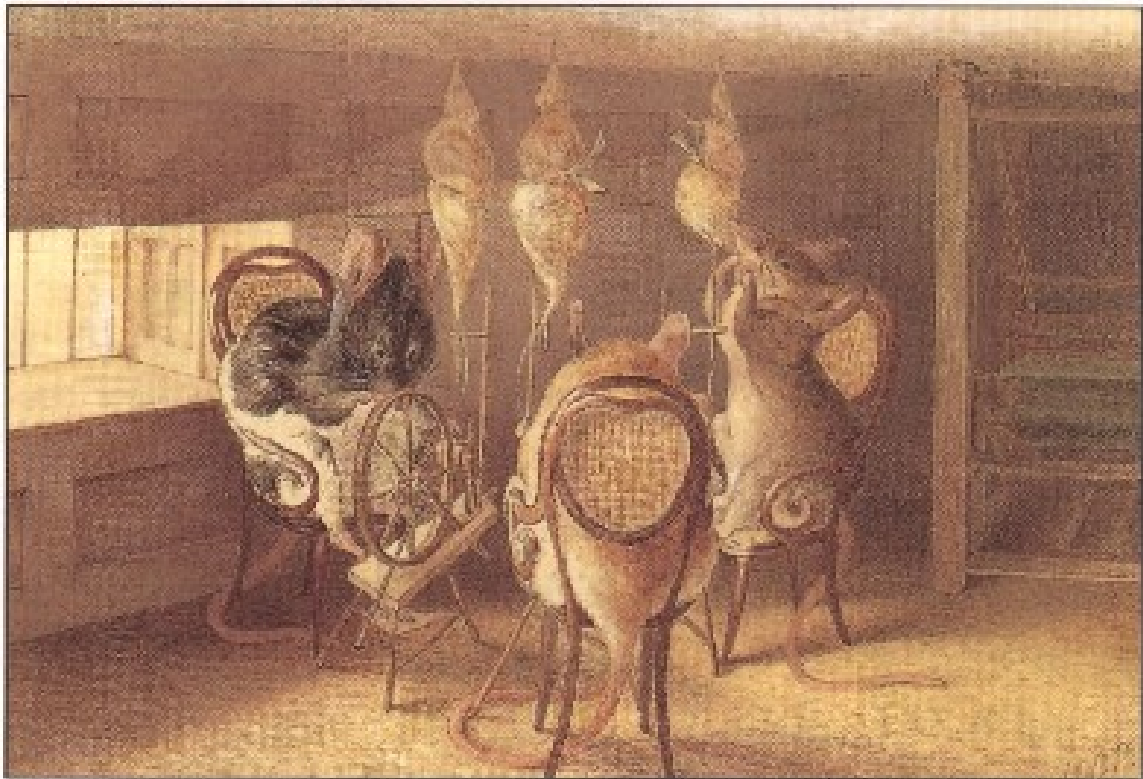
THREE LITTLE MICE



These six exquisite images were originally intended for use on greetings cards, being accepted by a commercial publisher in 1890. However for some reason Potter never completed the project. Later in the 1895 she prepared her own booklet based on the rhyme ‘Three little mice sat down to spin’, with each line being illustrated with a full-colour painting. However, for some unknown reason the project never appeared in print during the author’s lifetime.

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Three little mice
sat down to spin,



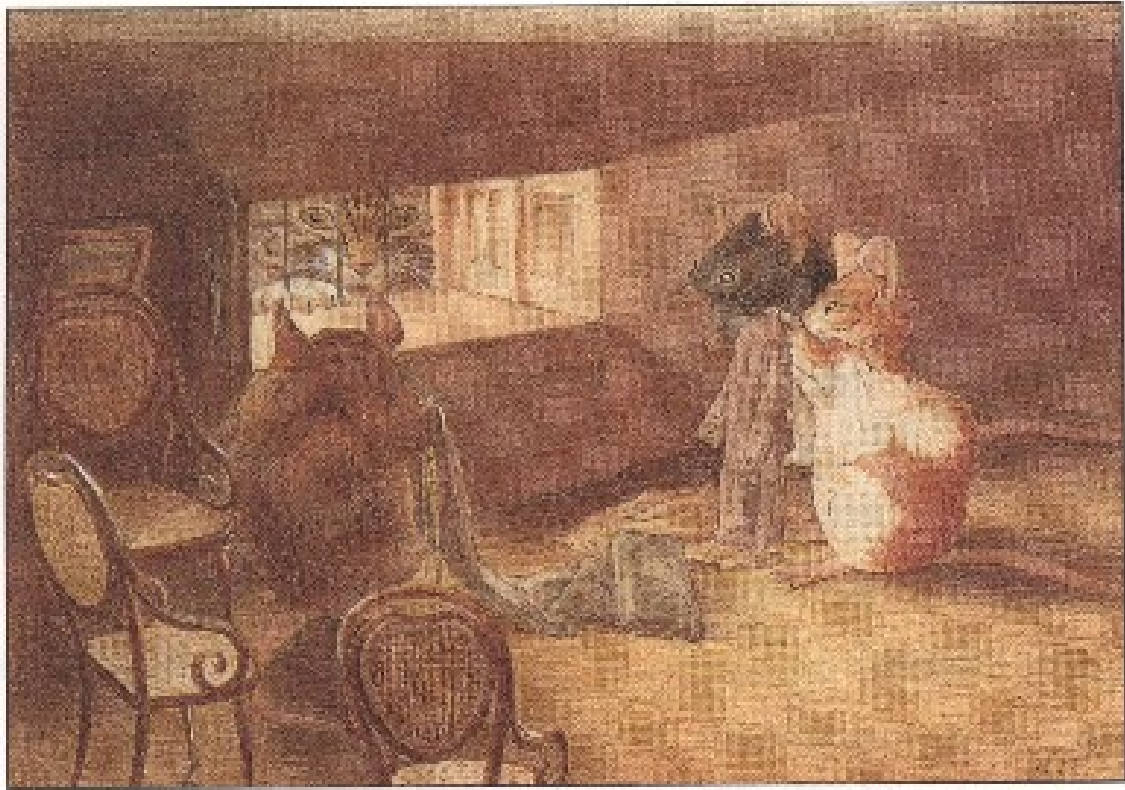
Pussy passed by
and she peeped in.



“What are you at my
fine little men?”



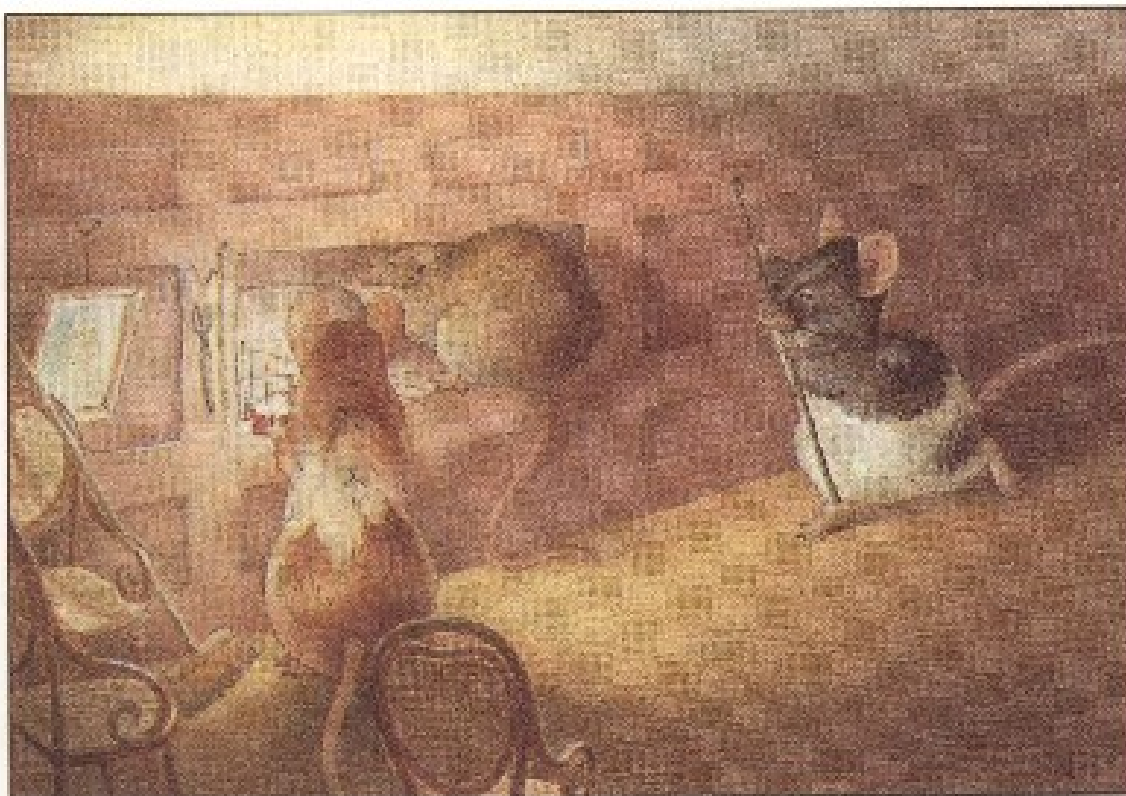
“Making coats
for gentlemen.”



“Shall I come in and
cut off your threads?”

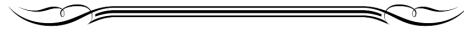


“Oh no! Miss Pussy, you’d
bite off our heads!”



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THE SLY OLD CAT



The Sly Old Cat was written in 1906, but not published by Frederick Warne & Co until 1971, twenty seven years after Potter's death. The story had been written for Harold Warne's daughter in 1906, with an intended publication date of 1907, but after booksellers refused to stock the panorama format, the project was abandoned. The book was considered for publication again in 1916 in the smaller, standard format of *The Peter Rabbit* series. However, Potter's watercolours were never finished and with her eyesight deteriorating she did not wish to have to work as hard as it would have been necessary to prepare the book for release. At one stage Potter suggested that the famous children's illustrator Ernest Aris could complete the work, but despite his prolific output the book never progressed past a draft stage. Potter's relationship with Aris deteriorated over the years with accusations of plagiarism against him; he eventually acknowledged this and apologised to the *Mrs Twigg-Winkle* creator. *The Old Sly Cat* is not considered to be a part of the twenty three *Peter Rabbit* tales and the 1971 version consists only of Potter's rough sketches.

The plot centres on the dynamic between a cat and rat and their various machinations to deceive each other. The cat invites the rat to a tea party in the hopes of eating him at the end of the meal. The rat must display cunning and guile to avoid becoming the evening's prey and to discourage the cat from believing it to be a good idea to pursue him in the future. The book has been praised by critics for the unity of the pictures and text, as well as the fluidity of the narrative.

THE SLY OLD CAT



By BEATRIX POTTER

The first edition

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This is a sly old cat, who gave a tea party to a rat.

This is the rat in his best clothes coming down the area steps. They had their tea in the kitchen.





“How do you do, Mr. Rat? Will you sit on this chair?” said the cat.

“I will eat *my* bread and butter first,” said the cat, “and then *you* shall eat the crumbs that are left, Mr. Rat!”





“This is a very rude way of treating visitors!” said Mr. Rat to himself.

“Now I will pour out *my* tea,” said the cat, “and you shall lick up the drops that are left in the milk jug, Mr. Rat; and then *I* will have some dessert!” said the cat.





“I believe she is going to eat me for dessert; I wish I’d never come!” said poor Mr. Rat.

She tipped up the milk jug — that greedy old cat! She didn’t want to leave one single drop for the rat.



But the rat jumped on the table and gave the jug a pat, and it slipped down quite tight over the head of the cat!



Then the cat banged about the kitchen with its head fast in the jug.





And the rat sat on the table drinking tea out of a mug.
Then he put a muffin in a paper bag and went away.

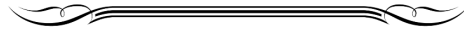




And he ate the whole muffin at one sitting; so that is the end of the rat.
And the cat broke the jug against the leg of the kitchen table; so that is
the end of the cat.



THE FOX AND THE STORK



This unpublished tale was produced in 1919 and is based on an Aesop fable. Potter's editor at the time, Fruing Warne, was unhappy with the tale, complaining "it is not Miss Potter; it is Aesop!" Potter's lack of time due to the demand of other projects and her failing eyesight led to her giving up the book, which never progressed any further.

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“Sir,” said Mr. Tod to King Stork, “will you honour me by taking tea with me?” King Stork bowed. He walked home with Mr. Fox; he took long strides and Mr. Tod trotted.



Mr. Tod is a stingy person. He regretted the invitation as soon as he had given it, when he considered the size of Mr. Stork. So he made a plan. Said he to Mr. Stork— “When I have visitors I use Great Grandmother Vixen’s Derby tea set.” He poured the tea into two flat saucers.

King Stork dipped the point of his bill into the saucer, but he could scarcely scoop up a drop. Presently he made a bow and took leave. Mr. Tod lapped up the remaining tea himself.





As he had a conscience which told him he had behaved shabbily — Mr. Tod was surprised to receive an invitation to lunch with King Stork.
The note was brought by a very nervous lapwing.



King Stork's home was upon the top of a high chimney-stack over the roof of a tall old house.



As Mr. Tod has no wings for flying up aloft onto roofs — King Stork came down and met him in the courtyard of the house, and led him inside and up a corkscrew staircase.



There was a pleasing smell of broth when they reached the attic. The broth was served in two narrownecked pitchers.

King Stork plunged his long bill into one pitcher and sucked up the broth. Mr. Tod could only lick his lips and sniff.

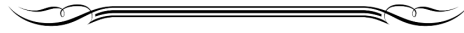


Presently he got up and said Good Day!

King Stork drew his bill out of his empty pitcher. He was a silent old bird. All he said was "Tit for tat!"

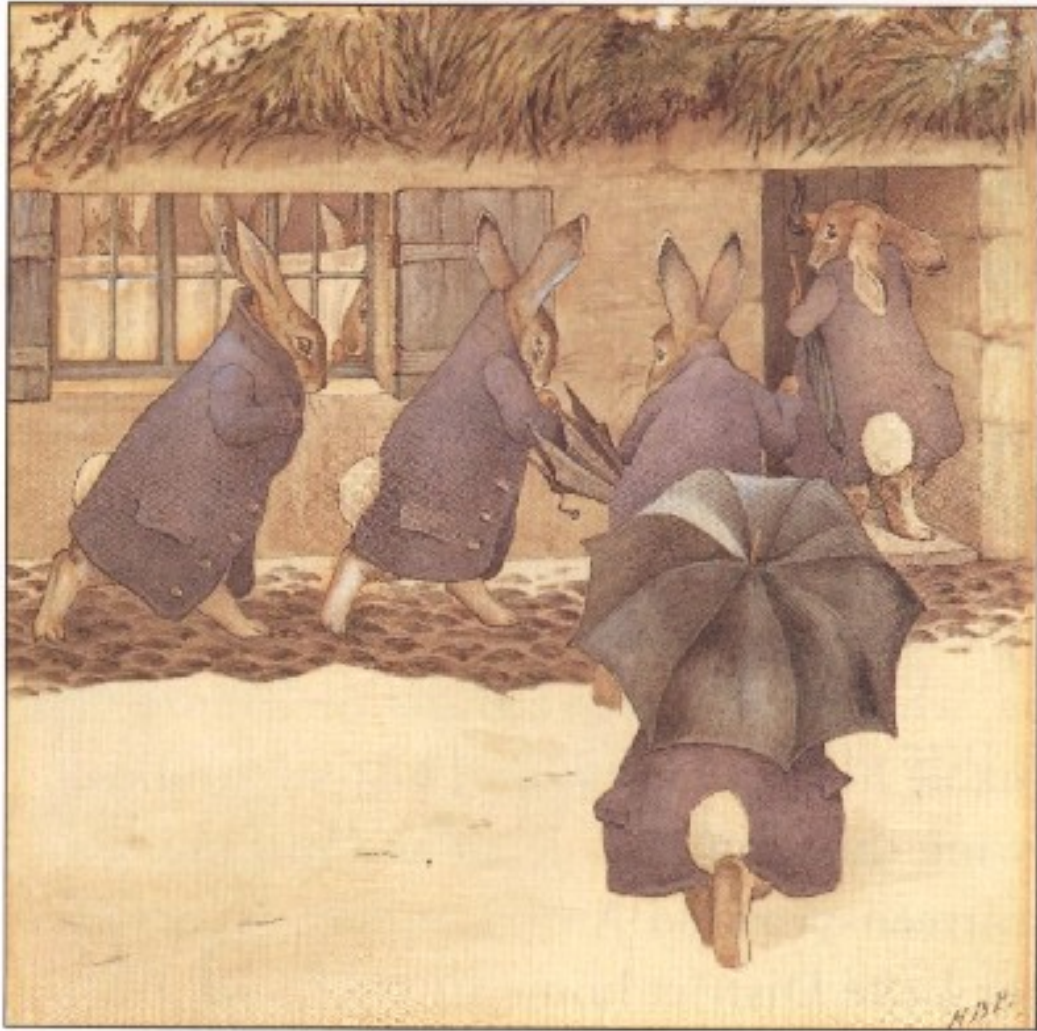
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THE RABBITS' CHRISTMAS PARTY



These six paintings represent several rabbits enjoying Christmas celebrations together, which Potter painted at some point during the early 1890s. The artist gave four of the paintings to her aunt, Lady Ruscoe, whose husband, the scientist Sir Henry Ruscoe, previously gave Potter valuable assistance in her natural history studies.

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The guests arrive



Dinner is served



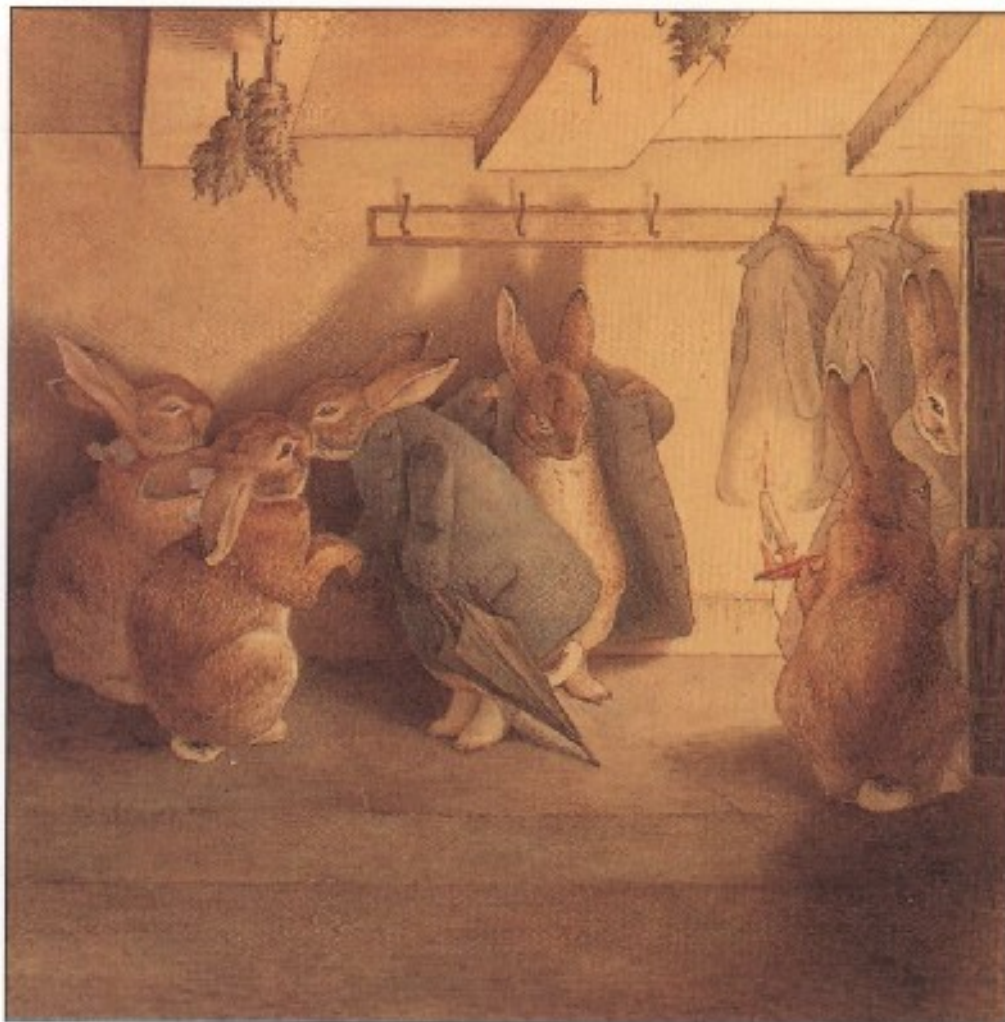
The dancing begins



Blind man's buff



Roasting apples around the hearth



Time to go home

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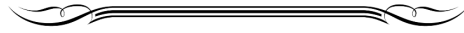
The Other Works



In her teenage years Potter particularly enjoyed visiting the summer and winter exhibitions at the Royal Academy. Her Journal reveals her growing sophistication as a critic as well as the influence of her father's friend the artist Sir John Everett Millais, who recognised her early talent of observation.

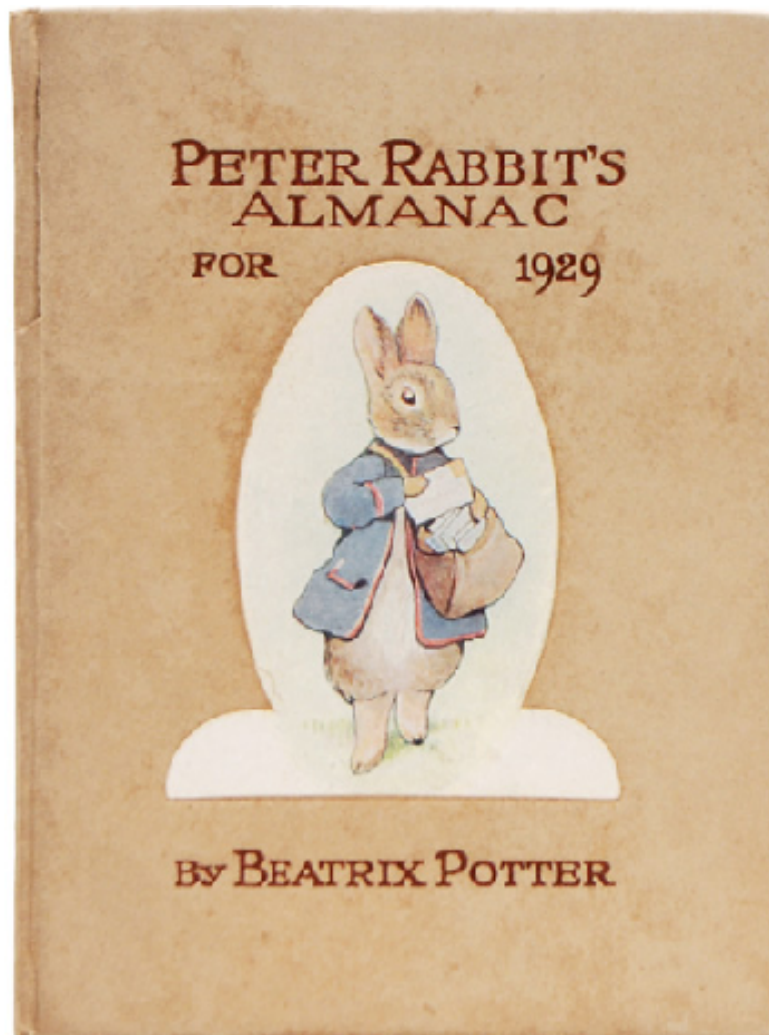
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PETER RABBIT'S ALMANAC FOR 1929



Peter Rabbit's Almanac for 1929 was intended by Warne to be one of a series, but Potter was dissatisfied with the finished product and felt the work interfered too much with her other commitments. Therefore, it was the one and only almanac produced by Potter. The original thirteen colour illustrations of the book are provided here, featuring the popular characters Peter Rabbit, Benjamin Bunny and Jemima Puddle-Duck.

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THE FAIRY CARAVAN



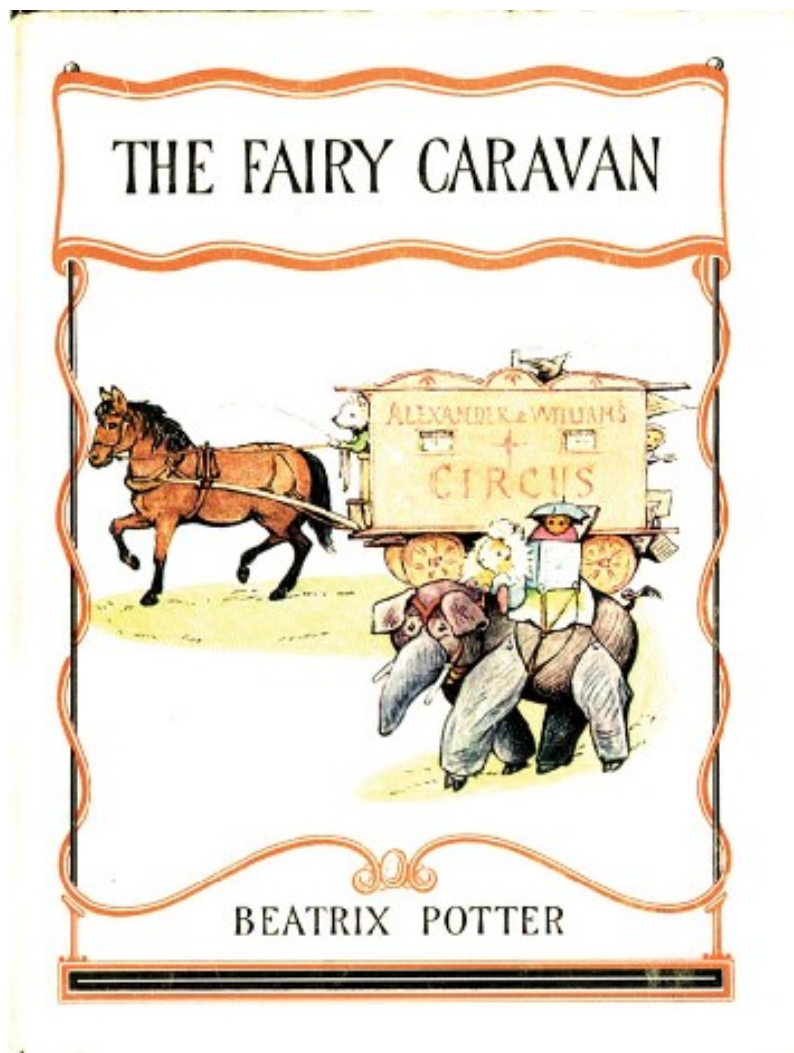
The Fairy Caravan was published in 1929 specifically for an American audience by Philadelphia based David McKay. Potter did not believe that it would appeal to her British readership and she was concerned that some of the stories were too personal to be released in her home country. However, due to copyright fears about the work Potter requested that McKay send one hundred sets of the sheets for semi-private distribution; the first nine leaves were bound and printed in Ambleside by publisher George Middleton before McKay released one hundred copies in October 1929. In the British version Potter discarded the preface and the dedication page and used her married name Beatrix Heelis. In 1952 Frederick Warne & Co printed seven thousand five hundred copies of the book in Britain.

The Fairy Caravan is a story about a travelling circus that performs for animals and is invisible to humans. The circus is run by a terrier called Alexander and William, or Billy, who is a kindly, gentle pony who pulls the caravan. The book begins with Tuppenny's hair problems, which result in him running away humiliated; on his travels he encounters the miniature circus and so starts the many adventures of this travelling band of creatures. One particularly vivid episode in the book involves the pig, Paddy, getting lost in the woods and accidentally eating a mushroom that contains properties offering more than just nutrients. Other adventures involve a herd of sheep and a cat attempting to run a seminary for mice, highlighting Potter's comedic abilities as a writer.

The Lake District is a central feature of the work, including the use of the regional dialect and real locations. Potter included a glossary of terms for local words to help readers understand her work; she described how a 'thrivel' was a wooden stick for stirring and that a 'lonnin' was a lane. In a privately bound copy of the work to the McKay family she added notes about the illustrations and characters, revealing her inspiration for the book. Many areas of Sawrey were included in the work such as Wilfin Beck, a river bank, which Potter places in 'Pringle Wood' in her book. The author also informs her American friends that Sandy, the dog, is named after her first dog, but the personality is drawn from a neighbour's small terrier. *The Fairy Caravan* is not considered to be one of the author's best or more inspired works although to some degree it does serve as an affectionate and

sweet love letter to the Lake District, an area that Potter found beautiful and life-enriching.

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Wilfin Beck — part of 'Pringle Wood'

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DEDICATION

TO HENRY P.

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PREFACE

As I walk'd by myself,
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me –

Through many changing seasons these tales have walked and talked with me. They were not meant for printing; I have left them in the homely idiom of our old north country speech. I send them on the insistence of friends beyond the sea.

BEATRIX POTTER

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Chapter 1. Tuppenny



In the Land of Green Ginger there is a town called Marmalade, which is inhabited exclusively by guinea-pigs. They are of all colours, and of two sorts. The common, or garden, guinea-pigs are the most numerous. They have short hair, and they run errands and twitter. The guinea-pigs of the other variety are called Abyssinian Cavies. They have long hair and side whiskers, and they walk upon their toes. The common guinea-pigs admire and envy the whiskers of the Abyssinian Cavies; they would give anything to be able to make their own short hair grow long. So there was excitement and twittering amongst the short-haired guinea-pigs when Messrs. Ratton and Scratch, Hair Specialists, sent out hundreds of advertisements by post, describing their new elixir.

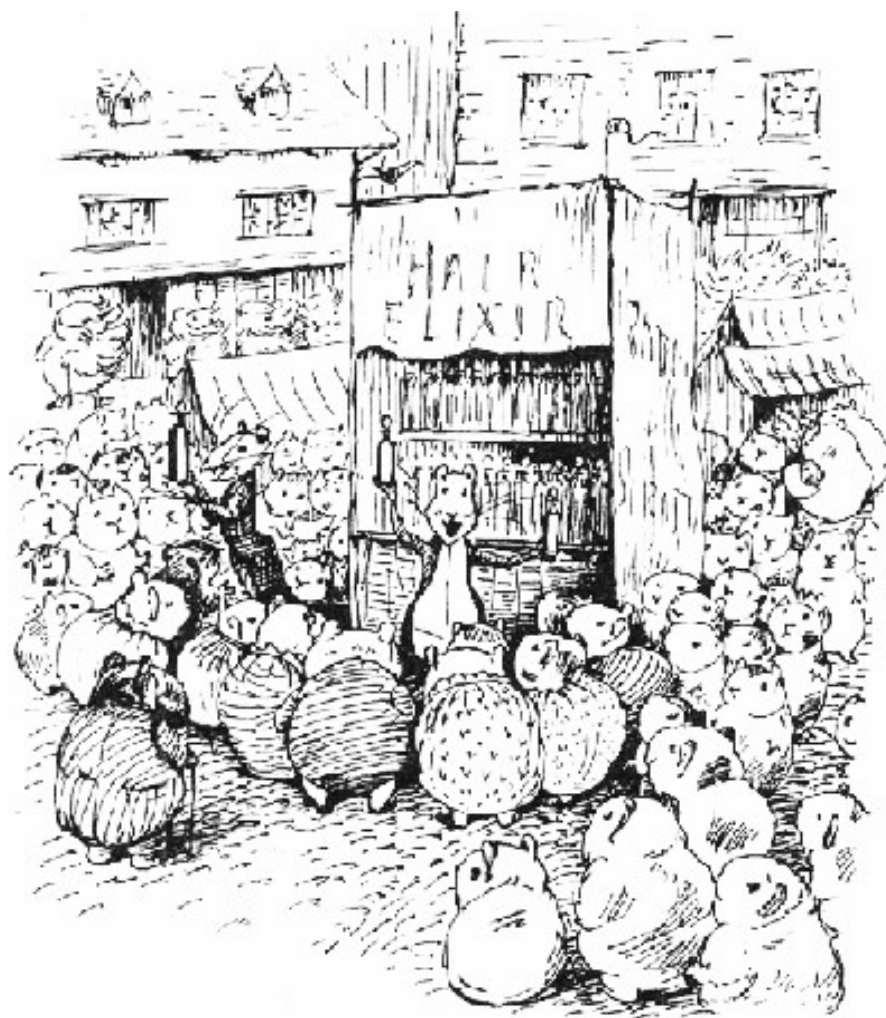
The Abyssinian Cavies who required no hair stimulant were affronted by the advertisements. They found the twitterings tiresome.

During the night between March 31st and April 1st, Messrs. Ratton and Scratch arrived in Marmalade. They placarded the walls of the town with posters; and they set up a booth in the market place. Next morning quantities of elegantly stoppered bottles were displayed upon the booth. The rats stood in front of the booth, and distributed handbills describing the wonderful effects of their new quintessence. 'Come buy, come buy, come buy! Buy a bottleful and try it on a door-knob! We guarantee that it will grow a crop of onions!' shouted Messrs. Ratton and Scratch. Crowds of short-haired guinea-pigs swarmed around the booth.

The Abyssinian Cavies sniffed, and passed by upon their toes. They remarked that Mr. Ratton was slightly bald. The short-haired guinea-pigs

continued to crowd around, twittering and asking questions; but they hesitated to buy. The price of a very small bottle holding only two thimblefuls was ten peppercorns.

And besides this high charge there was an uncomfortable doubt as to what the stuff was made of. The Abyssinian Cavies spread ill-natured reports that it was manufactured from slugs. Mr. Scratch emphatically contradicted this slander; he asserted that it was distilled from the purest Arabian moonshine; ‘And Arabia is quite close to Abyssinia,’ said Mr. Scratch with a wink, pointing to a particularly long-haired Abyssinian Cavy. ‘Come buy a sample bottle, can’t you! Listen to these testimonials from our grateful customers,’ said Mr. Ratton. He proceeded to read aloud a number of letters. But he did not specifically deny a rumour that got about; about a certain notorious nobleman, a much married nobleman, who had bought a large bottle of the quintessence by persuasion of the first of his eight wives. This nobleman – so the story ran – had used the hair stimulant with remarkable results. He had grown a magnificent beard. But the beard was blue. Which may be fashionable in Arabia; but the short-haired guinea-pigs were dubious. Messrs. Ratton and Scratch shouted themselves hoarse. ‘Come buy a sample bottle half price, and try it for salad dressing! The cucumbers will grow of themselves while you are mixing the hair oil and vinegar! Buy a sample bottle, can’t you?’ shouted Messrs. Ratton and Scratch. The short-haired guinea-pigs determined to purchase one bottle of the smallest size, to be tried upon Tuppenny.



Tuppenny was a short-haired guinea-pig of dilapidated appearance. He suffered from toothache and chilblains; and he had never had much hair, not even of the shortest. It was thin and patchy. Whether this was the result of chilblains or of ill-treatment is uncertain. He was an object, whatever the cause. Obviously he was a suitable subject for experiment. 'His appearance can scarcely become worse, provided he does not turn blue,' said his friend Henry P.; 'let us subscribe for a small bottle, and apply it as directed.'

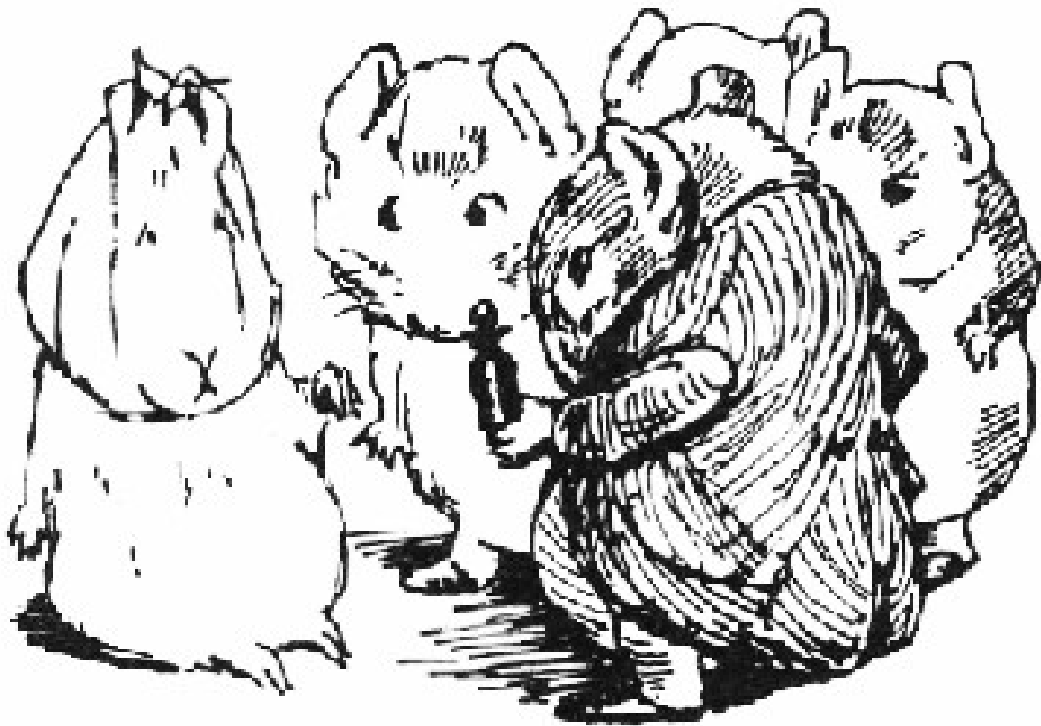
So Henry P. and nine other guinea-pigs bought a bottle and ran in a twittering crowd towards Tuppenny's house. On the way, they overtook Tuppenny going home. They explained to him that out of sympathy they had subscribed for a bottle of moonshine to cure his toothache and chilblains, and that they would rub it on for him as Mrs. Tuppenny was out.

Tuppenny was too depressed to argue; he allowed himself to be led away. Henry P. and the nine other guinea-pigs poured the whole bottleful

over Tuppenny, and put him to bed. They wore gloves themselves while applying the quintessence. Tuppenny was quite willing to go to bed; he felt chilly and damp.

Presently Mrs. Tuppenny came in; she complained about the sheets. Henry P. and the other guinea-pigs went away. After tea they returned at 5.30. Mrs. Tuppenny said nothing had happened.

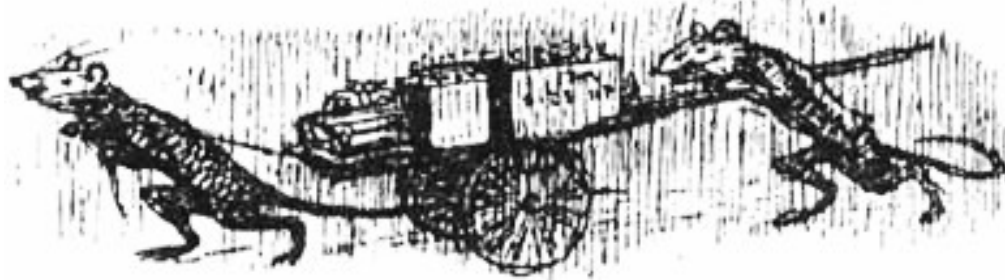
The short-haired guinea-pigs took a walk; they looked in again at 6. Mrs. Tuppenny was abusive. She said there was no change. At 6.30 they called again to inquire. Mrs. Tuppenny was still more abusive. She said Tuppenny was very hot. Next time they came she said the patient was in a fever, and felt as if he were growing a tail. She slammed the door in their faces and said she would not open it again for anybody.



Henry P. and the other guinea-pigs were perturbed. They betook themselves to the market place, where Messrs. Ratton and Scratch were still trying to sell bottles by lamplight, and they asked anxiously whether there

was any risk of tails growing? Mr. Scratch burst into ribald laughter; and Mr. Ratton said – ‘No sort of tail except pigtails on the head!’

During the night Messrs. Ratton and Scratch packed up their booth and departed from the town of Marmalade.



Next morning at daybreak a crowd of guinea-pigs collected on Tuppenny's doorstep. More and more arrived until Mrs. Tuppenny came out with a scrubbing brush and a pail of water. In reply to inquiries from a respectful distance, she said that Tuppenny had had a disturbed night. Further she would not say, except that he was unable to keep on his nightcap. No more could be ascertained, until, providentially, Mrs. Tuppenny discovered that she had nothing for breakfast. She went out to buy a carrot.



Henry P. and a crowd of other guinea-pigs swarmed into the house, as soon as she was round the corner of the street. They found Tuppenny out of bed, sitting on a chair, looking frightened. At least, presumably it was Tuppenny, but he looked different. His hair was over his ears and nose. And that was not all; for whilst they were talking to him, his hair grew down

onto his empty plate. It grew something alarming. It was quite nice hair and the proper colour; but Tuppenny said he felt funny; sore all over, as if his hair were being brushed back to front; and prickly and hot, like needles and pins; and altogether uncomfortable.

And well he might! His hair – it grew, and it grew, and it grew; faster and faster and nobody knew how to stop it! Messrs. Ratton and Scratch had gone away and left no address. If they possessed an antidote there was no way of obtaining it. All day that day, and for several days – still the hair kept growing. Mrs. Tuppenny cut it, and cut it, and stuffed pin-cushions with it, and pillow cases and bolsters; but as fast as she cut it – it grew again. When Tuppenny went out he tumbled over it; and the rude little guinea-pig boys ran after him, shouting ‘Old Whiskers!’ His life became a burden.



Then Mrs. Tuppenny began to pull it out. The effect of the quintessence was beginning to wear off, if only she would have exercised a little patience; but she was tired of cutting; so she pulled. She pulled so painfully and shamelessly that Tuppenny could not stand it. He determined to run away – away from the hair pulling and the chilblains and the long-haired and the short-haired guinea-pigs, away and away, so far away that he would never come back.

So that is how it happened that Tuppenny left his home in the town of Marmalade, and wandered into the world alone.



Chapter 2. The Travelling Circus

In after years Tuppenny never had any clear recollection of his adventures while he was running away. It was like a bad mixed up dream that changes into morning sunshine and is forgotten. A long, long journey: noisy, jolting, terrifying; too frightened and helpless to understand anything that happened before the journey's end. The first thing that he remembered was a country lane, a steep winding lane always climbing up hill. Tuppenny ran and ran, splashing through the puddles with little bare feet. The wind blew cold against him; he wrapped his hands in his mop of hair, glad to feel its pleasant warmth over his ears and nose. It had stopped growing, and his chilblains had disappeared. Tuppenny felt like a new guinea-pig. For the first time he smelt the air of the hills. What matter if the wind were chilly; it blew from the mountains. The lane led to a wide common, with hillocks and hollows and clumps of bushes. The short cropped turf would soon be gay with wild flowers; even in early April it was sweet. Tuppenny felt as though he could run for miles. But night was coming. The sun was going down in a frosty orange sunset behind purple clouds – was it clouds, or was it the hills? He looked for shelter, and saw smoke rising behind some tall savin bushes.

Tuppenny advanced cautiously, and discovered a curious little encampment. There were two vehicles, unharnessed; a small shaggy pony was grazing nearby. One was a two-wheeled cart, with a tilt, or hood, made of canvas stretched over hoops. The other was a tiny four-wheeled caravan. It was painted yellow picked out with red. Upon the sides were these words in capital letters – 'ALEXANDER AND WILLIAM'S CIRCUS.' Upon another board was printed – The Pigmy Elephant! The Learned Pig! The Fat Dormouse of Salisbury! Live Polecats and Weasels!

The caravan had windows with muslin curtains, just like a house. There were outside steps up to the back door, and a chimney on the roof. A canvas screen fastened to light posts sheltered the encampment from the wind. The smoke which Tuppenny had seen did not come from the chimney; there was a cheerful fire of sticks burning on the ground in the midst of the camp.

Several animals sat beside it, or busied themselves with cooking. One of them was a white West Highland terrier. When he noticed Tuppenny he commenced to bark. The pony stopped grazing, and looked round. A bird,

who had been running up and down on the grass, flew up to the roof of the caravan.

The little dog came forward barking. Tuppenny turned and fled. He heard yap! yap! yap! and grunt, grunt, grunt! and pattering feet behind him. He tripped over his hair, and fell in a twittering heap.

A cold nose and a warm tongue examined Tuppenny and turned him over. He gazed up in terror at the little dog and a small black pig, who were sniffing all over him. 'What? what? what? Whatever sort of animal is it, Sandy?' 'Never saw the like! it seems to be all hair! What do you call yourself, fuzzy wig?' 'P-p-please sir, I'm not a fuzzy wig, a fuzzy pig, a please sir I'm a guinea-pig.' 'What, what? a pig? Where's your tail?' said the little black pig. 'Please sir, no tail, I never had – no guinea-pig – no tail – no guinea-pigs have tails,' twittered Tuppenny in great alarm. 'What? what? no tails? I had an uncle with no tail, but that was accidental. Carry him to the fire, Sandy; he is cold and wet.'

Sandy lifted Tuppenny delicately by the scruff of the neck; he held his own head high and curled his tail over his back, to avoid treading on Tuppenny's hair. Paddy Pig scampered in front; 'What! what! we've found a new long-haired animal! Put more sticks on the fire Jenny Ferret! Set him down beside the dormouse, Sandy; let him warm his toes.'



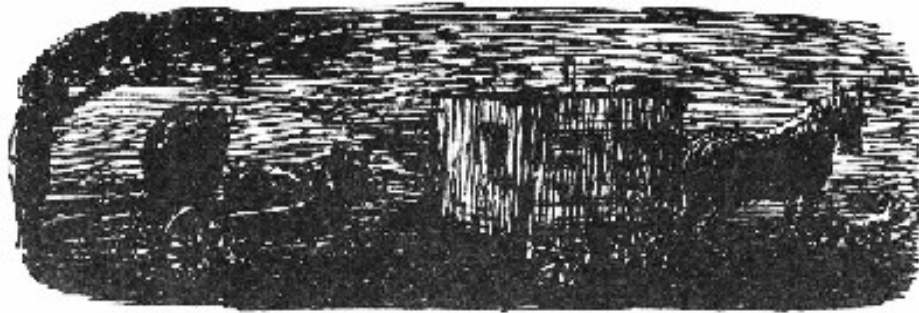
The person addressed as Jane Ferret was an oldish person, about twelve inches high when she stood upright. She wore a cap, a brown stuff dress, and always a small crochet crossover. She filled up the tea-pot from a kettle on the fire, and gave Tuppenny a mug of hot balm tea and a baked apple. He was much comforted by the warmth of the fire, and by their kindness. In reply to questions he said his name was 'Tuppenny'; but he seemed to have forgotten where he came from. Only he remembered vaguely that his hair had been a grievance.

The circus company admired it prodigiously. 'It is truly mar-veel-ious,' said the Dormouse stretching out a small pink hand, and touching a damp draggled tress. 'Do you use hairpins?' 'I'm afraid, I'm sorry, I haven't any,' twittered Tuppenny apologetically. 'Let hairpins be provided – hair – pins,' said the Dormouse, falling fast asleep. 'I will go fetch some in the morning if you will lend me your purse,' said Iky Shepster the starling, who was

pecking a hole in the turf to hide something. 'You will do nothing of the sort. Bring me my teaspoon, please,' said Jenny Ferret. The starling chattered and laughed, and flew to the top of the caravan where he roosted at night.

The sun had set. The red fire-light danced and flickered round the camp circle. The pony dozed beside the caravan, lazily whisking his long tail. Sandy was lying stretched before the fire and panting with the heat. He watched Tuppenny with bright brown eyes, through his shaggy white eyebrows. 'Tuppenny, where are you going to?' 'I have forgotten.' 'What do you intend to do with yourself?' 'I don't know.' 'Let him ride in the tilt-cart,' said Pony Billy; they were the first words that he had spoken. 'Tuppenny, will you come with us? You shall have your share of fun, and peppercorns, and sugar candy. Come with us and join the circus, Tuppenny!' cried all the little animals. 'I think I would like to, yes please, thank you,' twittered Tuppenny shyly. 'Quite right, quite right! what! what!' said the small black pig, 'Lucky you found us today; we will be over the hills and far away tomorrow.'

'Wake up, wake up! Xarifa Dormouse! get into your sleeping box. And you, Tuppenny, shall go to bed in this hamper. Good night!'



Chapter 3. Moving Camp

Tuppenny fell asleep at once, and slept for many hours. He awoke in the dark, and he bumped his head against the lid of the hamper. The tilt-cart was jolting and rumbling. ‘Don’t be frightened,’ said a pleasant little voice from a neighbouring nest-box, ‘we are only moving camp. Sleep again – sleep –’ said the dormouse. Tuppenny stopped twittering. Presently there was a still more violent lurch; Tuppenny squeaked loudly. The cart stopped, and the black pig pushed back the canvas curtain of the hood. ‘What? what? what? squeaking! twittering? at 3 o’clock in the morning? You will wake the dormouse!’ ‘Please – please, Mr. Paddy Pig, I dreamed I was in a ship.’ ‘What? what? a ship? Sea-sick, sea-sick? It’s only me pulling the cart. Go to sleep again directly, little guinea-pig man!’ Tuppenny obediently curled himself up in his hay bed.

When he woke again, it was broad daylight, and a bright windy morning. The caravan company was snugly encamped on a green level sward near an old stone quarry. There was a semi-circle of high gray rocks; topped with broom bushes, that swayed and bobbed in the rushing east wind. White clouds raced over-head; and Jenny Ferret’s fire puffed and sputtered, in spite of comparative calm down below in the quarry. At the foot of the rocks for many years the Big Folk had been tipping rubbish; old pots and pans, fruit tins, jam pots, and broken bottles. Jenny Ferret had built a stone fireplace; she was cooking with an old frying pan, and some sardine tins; in fact, she was trying which tins would hold water with a view to carrying off a stock of cooking utensils. Paddy Pig was stirring the porridge for breakfast. Pony Billy grazed on the rough grass on the quarry bank. Sandy was nowhere to be seen.

‘Wake up! wake up! Xarifa!’ whistled the starling, ‘wake up, new long-haired animal! My! what a mop of hair; it’s full of hay seeds.’ ‘What, what! you meddlesome bird! His hair is beautiful! It will draw crowds when he is dressed up,’ said Paddy Pig, stirring vigorously.

‘If I had hair like that, I could play “Sleeping Beauty”,’ said the dormouse. She sat on the step of the caravan washing her face and hands rapidly, and cleaning her sleek chestnut coat. She had black beady eyes, very long whiskers, and a long furry tail with a white tip. Her nose and eyebrows were turning gray; she was a most sweet person, but slumberous.

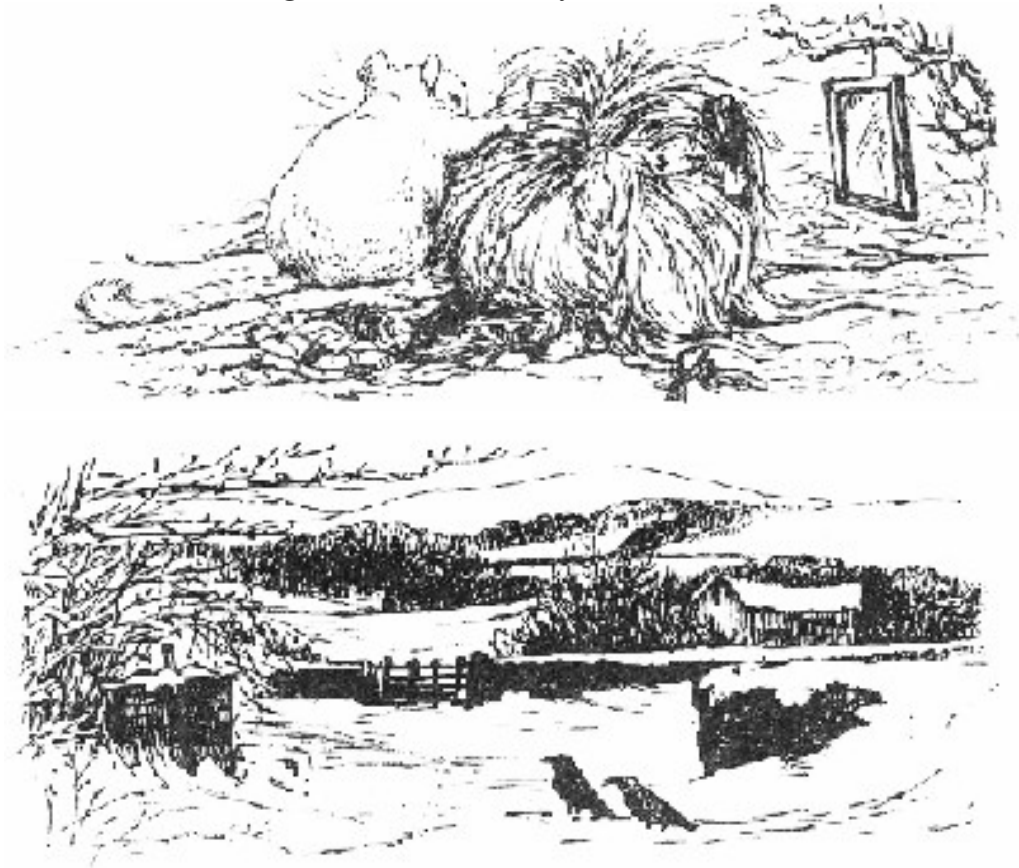
‘Madam, you sleep, and you are beautiful!’ said Paddy Pig, turning round and bowing low, with the wooden thivel in his hand. The little fat old dormouse laughed till she shook like jelly. ‘Never mind, Tuppenny; I will brush it for you. Where is Sandy?’ ‘Gone to buy a fiddle string, gone to buy fine clothes for Tuppenny!’ whistled the starling. ‘I trust he will remember hairpins. Have you a pocket-comb, Tuppenny?’ ‘I have no pocket, no comb, no comb, pocket-comb I forgot.’ ‘You appear to have forgotten most things, Tuppenny,’ said Pony Billy, ‘you may borrow my curry comb if it is not too large.’ ‘I fear it would scrape him, Pony William; but we are obliged to you. Come Tuppenny, fetch a porridge saucer and sit beside me,’ said Xarifa. Tuppenny was rather silent during breakfast. He kept looking at the large print letters on the caravan. He pointed at them with his wooden spoon. ‘Xarifa,’ he whispered, ‘is it full of polecats?’ Paddy Pig rolled on the ground with laughing. ‘Where is the Pigmy Elephant?’ ‘That’s a secret,’ said Jenny Ferret. ‘Here, Iky Shepster, help me to tidy up. Xarifa will be busy all morning combing out those tangles.’



So then began the brushing of the hair of Tuppenny, which became a daily task. At first there were pulls and twitches and squeaks; even some hopeless tangles which had to be snipped out with Xarifa's small scissors. But after it was combed through it was easily kept in order. The brushing became a pleasure to the two little barbers. Tuppenny combed in front, and Xarifa brushed behind. Whenever the brushing stopped, Tuppenny looked over his shoulder, and discovered that Xarifa had fallen fast asleep.

She told him stories to keep herself awake; and she answered his many questions. 'Who plays the fiddle, Xarifa?' 'Paddy Pig; Sandy plays the bagpipes; and each of them does step dancing. Paddy Pig dances jigs, and Sandy dances reels; and all of us do country dances. No, no, I am not too old and fat!' said Xarifa, laughing. 'I can dance "Hunsdon House", and I can dance a minuet with Belinda Woodmouse. Perhaps we may be dancing this evening; but there is not much room in the quarry. We will soon be

moving on again.' 'Do we always move in the night, Xarifa? Oh! oh! that hurts!' 'I shall have to snip it Tuppenny, give me my scissors. When we travel along the high roads we usually move in the dark; because the roads are deserted at night; very few of the Big Folk are stirring.' 'Would they chase us Xarifa?' 'No, indeed! they cannot see us, while we carry fern seed in our pockets.' 'I have not got a pocket.' 'It will be easy to plait a little packet of fern seed into your hair, like Pony Billy's. He carries one in his mane, in a plait that we call a witch's stirrup. But he once had an adventure when he lost his fern seed.' 'I did not lose it. It was stolen for mischief,' said Pony William with a snort; he was grazing near them. 'Anyway he was not invisible; he had no fern seed; so the Big Folk could see him. Now Tuppenny sit still, while I finish brushing your hair, and you shall hear the story. Only you must understand that I did not see it happen. I do not travel with the circus in winter weather. I go to live with the Oakmen.' 'Who are they, Xarifa?' 'One thing at a time. Hold your head still and listen.'



Chapter 4. Pony Billy in the Pound

It happened one winter there was a long spell of snow. The circus company was camping in a lonely barn. During real hard weather they usually preferred accessible places, near farms and villages; but this snowstorm had caught them unexpectedly. Indeed, the little caravan itself was fast in a snow-drift under a hedge. The tilt-cart had been dragged up to the barn, and the baggage had been carried inside. The building was dry, and fairly comfortable; but unfortunately, the great double doors could not be opened; so poor Pony Billy had to remain outside. The others, including Paddy Pig, contrived to squeeze between the upright wooden bars of an unglazed low window. There was dry bracken bedding in the barn; but no hay.

Pony Billy ate rough grass that grew through the snow upon the banks; he even did some digging with his forefeet, like the sheep. But when the snow continued day after day, it became necessary for him and Sandy to go foraging. They borrowed a sledge belonging to the charcoal burners, and they fetched a load of provisions; but they could only carry a very little hay as well. Pony Billy made no complaint about sleeping out. His shaggy coat was inches long; he was warm, even if he woke up half buried with snow in the morning. But he did feel as if he wanted a good feed. So one afternoon in the early darkening he announced that he intended to sup, and possibly stay a night or two, with the gypsy's donkey, Cuddy Simpson.

Sandy was not pleased. He did not mind Pony Billy going; but he – Sandy – would have liked to go, too, and spend a merry evening with Eddy Tin Cur and the gypsy lurchers.

Pony William considered the donkey a harmless, respectable animal, certainly very hardworking; but the tinker dogs were another matter. They were suspected of all manner of crimes, including sheep stealing and poaching. Therefore, he said, firmly, that it was Sandy's duty to stop with the caravan.

Iky Shepster, the starling, joined in the argument. He said people who were not sharp enough to look after their own property deserved to lose it.



He ran up and down on Pony Billy's back, and twitched his mane, and chittered. Pony Billy set off at dusk, walking up the lane that led to the main road. There was deep drifted snow against the walls and hedges. The lane was blocked for carts; only in the middle there was a beaten trod. The Big Folk from a farm further south had been using it; and the postman had followed it as a short cut.

Pony Billy got out onto the main road with a scramble and a jump over a frozen bank of snow, which the snow plough had cast up across the mouth of the lane. Where the plough had travelled, the road was scraped and smoother and slipperier. Pony Billy walked fast without trying to trot. He picked up his neat little feet; the snow was too dry to ball in his hoofs. The night was dark, but there was a ground light from the snow. He walked forwards up the hill.

Voices came towards him on the road. Pony Billy was not concerned. The Big Folk could not see him. He had complete confidence in the fern seed which he carried. He was accustomed to walk and trot invisible. But he had not reckoned with the mischief-making of Iky Shepster. He thought that his precious packet was safely plaited into his mane; instead of which it had been stolen, and hidden by the starling in a mouse hole in the barn.

Two tall figures approached out of the darkness to meet him. Pony Billy came on, as bold as bold. He knew that his shoes would not clink in the snow. He believed himself to be invisible; and there was plenty of room to pass. Even when he recognized that the patrollers were two very large policemen – Pony Billy still advanced.

The large policemen halted. ‘What’s this, Constable Crabtree?’ Then at length Pony Billy stopped, too. He stood motionless; puzzled. ‘It looks to me to be a large hairy black pig, Sergeant.’ Pony Billy was considerably startled; but still he stood his ground. Constable Crabtree flashed a bull’s-eye lantern upon him. ‘It’s a pony. No bigger than a big dog,’ said the Sergeant. Without warning, the constable sprang at the amazed Pony William, and seized him by the forelock. Pony Billy boxed desperately; but he was overpowered by the two large policemen. And alas! the sergeant in his overcoat pocket carried a piece of strong cord, which they twisted into a rough halter.

Pony Billy threw himself down; he rolled; he kicked; he tried to bite. But all in vain! They forced him along; and the more he jibbed – the more those large policemen laughed. ‘Whoa, pony! Whoa there! He is a spirited little nag! Do you recognize him, Constable Crabtree?’ ‘I do not, Sergeant Nutbush. There is a galloway at Hill Top Farm; but it’s taller. Matter-of-fact, it’s a little mare, that one; they call it Mabel.’ ‘Is he the pony from Swiss Cottage?’ ‘He is not, Sergeant. That one is a fell pony. It has nicked ears, same like a herdwick sheep; under key-bit near and cropped far.’ ‘Well, well, well! Put him in the Pound! Give him a bite of hay. We can advertise him in next week’s Gazette.’

Pony Billy felt that things were getting extremely serious. It was so unfortunately dark; there were no other animals out upon the roads; nobody to carry news of his predicament to Sandy. It was serious.

The Pound, or Pinfold, was a round enclosure, with a high circular wall, built of cobblestones. After thoughtfully providing an armful of hay, Constable Crabtree locked up Pony Billy, and left him. The oak door was

ancient, but strong. It was padlocked. The key hung upon a nail at the police station. Pony Billy had a satisfying meal at last.

Next day he tramped many, many miles, round and round inside the pinfold wall. The constable looked in, with another supply of hay, and remarked that it was funny that nobody claimed him. Pony Billy ate as much hay as he could manage to tuck in. Then he resumed his tramping round and round upon the dirty snow in the Pinfold. He neighed loudly and repeatedly. Nobody answered. The walls were very high; not the tallest Clydesdale horse could have looked over the top of those cobblestones. No living thing did he see till the second afternoon, when a small flock of starlings flew over. They wheeled round in the air, after the manner of starlings; and one bird flew back and alighted on the wall. It was Iky Shepster. He ran along the top of the wall, and sputtered and chattered with laughter. Pony Billy ate hay and pretended not to see him. Then, just as Iky Shepster spread his wings to rejoin the flight of starlings, Pony William remarked that he wished to see Sandy on particular business. 'Is that so?' said Iky Shepster. Pony Billy was left in uncomfortable doubt whether the message would be delivered or not.

In the meantime, Sandy had no suspicion but that Pony Billy was safe with the gypsy's donkey, who spent the worst of winter eating mouldy hay and taed-pipes in an open-fronted shed on the marshes. It was a most unpleasant surprise when Iky Shepster flew in with the news that Billy was fast in the Pound. 'Whose doing is that, I wonder?' said Jenny Ferret. 'He must have lost his fern seed. I shall have to get him out somehow,' said Sandy. 'Lost, stolen, or strayed,' said Jenny Ferret. Paddy Pig suggested trying to borrow the key of the padlock from the Sergeant's black Manx cat: but it was a doubtful expedient; and it would involve calling at the police station. 'It would be simpler to pick the lock. If Mettle will only come with me we will soon have him out.'

Sandy waited till moonrise; then he scampered off to the smithy in the village. The Big Folk had all gone to bed, in the clear of the moon; but the forge was still working.

Mettle, the blacksmith's yellow terrier, was doing a job on his own; opening the links in a dog chain. Another dog was blowing the bellows. They greeted Sandy, 'Come along and warm yourself at the hearth, Sandy!' 'I'm in a hurry, I cannot wait. And you must come with me, Mettle. Poor

old Billy is fast in the Pound.’ ‘Whew-w!’ whistled Mettle. He damped down the fire, gathered up some tools, and they hurried off together.

Pony Billy was dozing in the Pinfold. He was awakened by the sound of sniffing and scratching under the door; something was being done to the padlock. Within a few minutes he was free; trotting back towards the village with the dogs racing at his heels. When the constable came next morning, the mysterious pony had vanished. The Pinfold was empty.

‘So you see, Tuppenny,’ said Xarifa, ‘it is most important to carry fern seed when we go upon the roads, and pass near the Big Folks; and you must always take great care that it is not lost.’



Chapter 5. The Misses Pussycats' Shop

While the caravaners were encamped in the quarry, Sandy had gone shopping to the market town. It was an old-fashioned town with funny crooked streets and little old squares hidden away round corners; there were archways opening under houses, leading from square to square. Sandy made several small purchases at the grocer's and at the saddler's. But his most important piece of shopping was to buy something pretty to make a costume for Tuppenny, who was worthy of considerable outlay by way of dressing up. His remarkable hair, and the rarity of guinea-pigs, combined to make him an acquisition to the circus company. 'Choose something bright and fanciful; I will shape it and sew it. And pray remember hairpins!' said the Dormouse Xarifa, who was clever with her needle. So Sandy in the course of his shopping paid a visit to the milliner's.

The Misses Matilda and Louisa Pussycat kept shop in a tiny steep three-storied house, with an overhanging upper floor. Each floor came forward over the story below; it made the shop rather dark for matching ribbons.

In the attic Matilda Pussycat, leaning out of the window, could talk to Tabby Whitefoot across the way, at the staircase window of the post office opposite. The street door opened down a step into the house. On the right-hand side of the passage was a tiny parlour, containing a polished mahogany table and three chairs with horse-hair seats. On a side table were the tea tray and the best tea service, and some shells and coral under a bell glass. By the fireplace were two wicker chairs with pink cushions. Some black silhouette portraits of cat ancestors hung on the wall; and on the mantelpiece stood a pot snuffbox figure, shaped like an owl. Its head took off, and the box body contained pins and buttons; not snuff. The muslin curtains were spotlessly white.

On the other side of the passage was the milliner's shop, and a dark little kitchen behind it. The Misses Pussycats lived principally in the kitchen. It was well supplied with the usual assortment of pots and pans, shelves, milk jugs, crooks for hanging things, a deal table, stools, and a corner cupboard. The only unusual feature in the kitchen was a small window under the plate rail. This window did not look out of doors like other windows; it looked into the shop. If a customer came in, Miss Louisa Pussycat applied her eye

to the window, to see who it was. Once when she looked through, she saw a duck who had come into the shop without quacking.

Sandy came in from the street and lifted the latch of the shop door; it had a tinkling bell – ‘Bow, wow! Shop there! Bow wow!’ barked Sandy, rapping on the counter. Miss Louisa Pussycat’s eye appeared at the little window. She put on a clean apron and came in behind the counter. ‘Good morning, Mr. Alexander! I hope I see you well? What can I have the pleasure of showing you?’ ‘First rate, Miss Louisa! And how’s yourself and Miss Matilda this cold weather?’ ‘I am very well, I thank you, Mr. Sandy; but I regret to say that my sister, Miss Matilda Pussycat, has neuralgia. A fishbone, Mr. Sandy, a fishbone embedded between her wisdom teeth; it has caused a gumboil or abscess, accompanied by swelling. She has eaten nothing but slops for a fortnight.’ ‘That would disagree with me,’ said Sandy. ‘Indeed, my poor sister Matilda is becoming as “thin as a cat’s lug”, as the saying is. But the spring fashions are a great divertissement and alleviation, Mr. Sandy. See here what a sweet thing in collars, Mr. Sandy; and these neckties and tabby muslins – quite the latest from Catchester. Is it for yourself or for a lady, Mr. Alexander?’ ‘Well, it’s for a guinea-pig, to tell you the truth, Miss Louisa.’ ‘A guinea-pig! is that a species of wild boar, Mr. Sandy? Does it bite?’ ‘No, no! A most genteel and timid little animal, Miss Louisa. He is going to play in our circus, and we want to dress him up; something bright coloured and tasty –’ ‘I feel confident that we can supply every requisite article of apparel. What is his complexion? And what character will he impersonate?’ inquired Miss Louisa Pussycat; she liked long words. ‘He is lemon and white. We thought of calling him the Sultan of Zanzibar. How about a bandana pocket handkerchief? Can you show me any?’ ‘Excellent. We have a choice selection. Scarlet and gold would become him admirably. And permit me to suggest a yellow sash and a green turban; quite the height of fashion,’ said Miss Louisa Pussycat, opening cardboard boxes and unwrapping packages. ‘I don’t think a turban would stick on, he has such a lot of hair. We were going to roll it up on the top of his head, with a hatpin stuck through it. By the bye, that reminds me, I am forgetting hairpins – hairpins with a bend in them, Miss Louisa; he has difficulty in doing up his hair.’ ‘Dear me, how remarkable! Cannot he have it shingled? But it would be bad for trade. You would be surprised how the sale of hairpins has diminished; we are seldom asked for them.’ Miss Louisa clattered open numbers of little drawers behind the counter in search

of hairpins. Finally she called through the window into the kitchen – ‘Sister! Sister Matilda! Where are the hairpins?’ ‘Miaw! miaw! oh, bother!’ moaned Miss Matilda, ‘I put them away in the attic; they are never wanted.’ She was heard climbing the staircase.



Sandy chose a scarlet, gold and chocolate coloured pocket handkerchief, and a green sash ribbon. ‘Allow me to recommend the purchase of this hatpin with a glass knob; it will shimmer in the sunshine like a diamond,’ said Miss Louisa, who was greatly interested in the Sultan’s costume.

Miss Matilda came downstairs with a packet of hairpins. ‘Here! take them. Mi-i-a-ow! Oh, my poor mouth!’ Her face was swelled like a cabbage, and she had a strip of red flannel pinned round her head. ‘Let me look at it; I have had experience of bones sticking fast,’ said Sandy. ‘If I were sure you would not scratch me, I believe I could get it out.’ ‘Indeed, I should be thankful; she mews all night,’ said Miss Louisa Pussycat. ‘I’ll

scratch both of you if you touch me,' said Matilda. 'Matilda, this is folly. Open your mouth.' 'Louisa, I won't,' replied Matilda. 'Oh, all right; please yourself,' said Sandy. 'Will you make out my bill, Miss Louisa.' 'Let me see – half a yard of ribbon at 9 peppercorns a yard, 4½. One crystal hatpin, 7 peppercorns; one pocket handkerchief, 11 peppercorns; that makes 22½ peppercorns.' 'Miaw! You have forgotten to charge for the hairpins, Louisa.' 'Hairpins, 1½ peppercorns. That gets rid of the half. Small change is troublesome, is it not, Mr. Alexander? Twenty-four peppercorns exactly, thank you.'

'By the bye, what is the smallest size you stock in fancy slippers, Miss Louisa?' 'Kitten quarter two's, Mr. Sandy,' said Miss Louisa, reaching up towards the top shelf. 'I'm afraid that would be too large; no, don't trouble please to get them down; I know they would be too large, Miss Louisa.'

At this point Miss Matilda again mewed dismally, 'Miaw! mi-a-aw! Oh, my poor face.' 'I am out of patience with that wearisome fishbone. Sister, why will you not allow our obliging customer to examine it?' 'What do you want me to do?' asked Matilda crossly. 'Put on these wash-leather gloves so that you cannot scratch; sit back in this chair – so – now open your mouth.' Matilda opened it wide with the intention of spitting at them. Instantly Miss Louisa wedged a spoon between her jaws. 'Quick, Mr. Sandy! Get the sugar tongs off the tea tray in the parlour. That's it! Quick, before she scratches us! She is kicking her slippers off to scratch!' After a brief struggle Sandy held up the fishbone in the sugar tongs, while Matilda Pussycat made loud howls. 'Indeed, Mr. Sandy, the firm is under a great obligation to you; she had not trimmed one hat during the last fortnight; besides disturbing my rest. Pray do us the favour to accept this short length of blue ribbon, which I will enclose in your parcel as a present from us both.' 'Speak for yourself, Sister, I hate dogs!' said Matilda Pussycat, spitting and sputtering. 'Good morning, Mr. Alexander.' 'Good morning, Misses Pussycats.' And so Sandy was bowed out at the front door with his parcel. It was quite three days before the swelling disappeared; and when the Misses Pussycats had friends to tea next Saturday, the sugar tongs were discovered to be somewhat bent.

Sandy's purchases were much approved by the rest of the circus company; especially the hatpin.



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Chapter 6. Little Mouse

Xarifa the dormouse sat upon a hazel twig that lay upon the moss; she stitched busily. She was making the gold and scarlet pocket handkerchief into a robe for Tuppenny. Tuppenny sat opposite to the dormouse, holding two sides of the handkerchief while she sewed them together. ‘It is a long seam, Xarifa.’ ‘Shall I tell you a story to pass the time?’ ‘That would be lovely, Xarifa.’ ‘Let me see, what shall it be? I will tell you about Little Mouse.’ ‘Who was Little Mouse, Xarifa?’ ‘I don’t know, Tuppenny; she was just a little mouse, and she was asked to a wedding. And she said “What shall I wear? What shall I wear? There is a hole in my old gray gown, and the shops are shut on a Wednesday.” (You see, Tuppenny, it was the day before the wedding and the shops were not open.) So she said – “What shall I wear? What shall I wear?” And while Little Mouse was wondering there came to the door of her little house an old buff green-striped caterpillar man, with a band across his shoulder and a pack upon his back. And he sang, “Any tape, any buttons, any needles, any pins? Any hooks, any eyes, any silver safety-pins? Any ribbons, any braid, any thread of any shade, any fine spotty muslin today, M’mm?” He turned the band over his head and stood the pack open on the doorstep, and showed Little Mouse his wares. And she bought fine spotty muslin from the caterpillar man. Little Mouse spread the muslin on her table, and she cut out a mob-cap and tippet. Then she said “I have scissors and thimble and needles and pins; but no thread. How shall I sew it? How shall I sew it?”



‘Then by good luck there came to the door of her house a hairy brown spider with eight little eyes. He, too, had a pack, a tin box on his back; and his name was Webb Spinner. He sang “Spinneret, spinneret! the best you can get! Reels and bobbins, bobbins and reels! White thread and black, the best in my pack! Come buy from Webb Spinner!” So Little Mouse bought white thread, and she sewed her cap and tippet. (Hold it straight please, Tuppenny.)

‘And while Little Mouse was sewing, a large moth came to the door, selling – “Silk, spun silk! Silk spun fine! Woven by the silk moth, who’ll buy silk of mine?” Her silk was apple-green, shot with thread of gold and silver; and she had gold cord, and silken tassels, too. Little Mouse bought silk enough to make herself a gown, and she trimmed it with gold cord and tassels.

‘And when she was dressed, attired all in her best, she said – “How can I dance? how can I dance with the Fair Maids of France, with my little bare feet?”

‘Then the wind blew the grass and whispered in the leaves; and the fairies brought Little Mouse a pair of lady’s slippers. And Little Mouse danced at the wedding.’

‘That is lovely, Xarifa,’ said Tuppenny, ‘I would have liked to see the dancing. Who were the Fair Maids of France, Xarifa?’ ‘Little prim white flowers with white double ruffs and green stockings.’ ‘And the lady’s slippers, were they flowers, too?’ ‘Yes, Tuppenny; and so are the Lambs’ toes, and Lady’s smocks, and Fox gloves.’ ‘Do foxes wear gloves, Xarifa?’ ‘Perhaps. But their real name is folk’s gloves; fairy gloves. The good folk, the fairies, wear them.’ ‘Tell me about the fairies, Xarifa.’ ‘Another time I will, Tuppenny; my seam is finished, and Jenny Ferret is boiling the kettle for tea.’



Chapter 7. Springtime in Birds' Place

Spring advanced. The caravan wandered along green ways. Primroses were peeping out at the edge of the coppice; the oaks showed a tinge of gold; the wild cherry trees were snow-white with blossom. Beech trees and sycamores were bursting into leaf; only the ash trees remained bare as in midwinter. The ash is the last to don her green gown, and the first to lose her yellow leaves; a short-lived summer lady. On the topmost bare branch of an ash sat a throstle, singing loud and clear – so clear that he seemed to sing words. ‘Fly here! fly here! fly here! Will-he-do-it? Will he do it?’ shouted the throstle: ‘Come bob-a-link, come bob-a-link! Sky high! Sky high! so – so – so.’ ‘Oh greenwood tree sweet pretty lea!’ warbled a blackbird softly. ‘Spring is here! is here!’ shouted the throstle, on his tree top.

Xarifa and Tuppenny sat listening on a sunny bank below: ‘Birds; sweet singers all! The coppice is full of birds. Hark to the blackbird in the hawthorn; see his yellow bill. Now he pauses, waiting for an answering blackbird, far away in the wood. It reminds me of Birds’ Place in spring.’ ‘Where is Birds’ Place, Xarifa?’ ‘Listen while he sings his song again.’ The blackbird sang. A soft cloud dimmed the sunshine; a few large raindrops fell. The birds interrupted their singing and flew down onto the grass; all except little Dykey Sparrow, singing to his wife, while she sat on her blue speckled eggs.

‘Where is Birds’ Place, Xarifa?’ ‘Birds’ Place that I remember was in Hertfordshire, long ago when I was young. Perhaps the elms and chestnuts have been felled; the passing swallows say the cedar is blown down. Birds’ Place had been the garden of an old, old manor house. No brick, no stone was standing; but still the straggling damask roses bloomed, and garden flowers grew amongst the tall untidy grass. Currant and gooseberry bushes had run wild in the thicket; they bore the sweetest little berries that the blackbirds loved. No one pruned the bushes, or netted them against the birds; no one except birds gathered the strawberries that were scarcely larger than wild white strawberries of the woods. It was a paradise of birds.

‘The outer side of the grove was bounded by a high close-latticed wooden fence, gray green and lichen grown; with rusty nails along the top, that kept out village boys and cats. Birds and butterflies and flowers lived

undisturbed in that pleasant green wilderness that had once been a garden. And in the middle of the mossy grass plot stood the glory of the garden – the great cedar. Its head towered high above the self-sown saplings of the grove; its wide spreading lower branches lay along the mossy grass, where orange-tip butterflies flitted, and red-tailed velvety bees gathered honey from the cowslip flowers.

‘Spring following spring a pair of missel thrushes built their nest upon a branch low down, and the ring doves nested and cooed higher up. Starlings and nuthatches reared their broods in holes about the trunk; the great cedar was large enough for all. The grove was carpeted with flowers, ground ivy, forget-me-nots, blue periwinkle. Amongst the bushes grew peonies and sweet-smelling day-lilies of the old garden, along with wild flowers; cow parsley, and white stitchwort that we called “milk maids”, and pink ragged-robin, and cuckoo pint that is called “lords and ladies”; and everywhere primroses amongst the moss.

‘There, in a nest thatched with brown chestnut leaves, I was born; I and my little dormouse sister and brother.’ ‘What were their names, Xarifa?’ But Xarifa continued – ‘Never, never anywhere have I seen so many flowers or listened to so many birds. Even at night when it was dark, and our mother had closed up the opening of our nest with plaited leaves and grass – even in the deep black velvety darkness came the low slow note of a bird. I do not think that the nightingale’s is actually sweeter than a blackbird’s song; but it is weird and wonderful to hear it in the black silence of the night. There are no nightingales up here in the north, Tuppenny; but there are bonny songsters never-the-less. Father Blackbird in the hawthorn bush made me think about Birds’ Place.’



‘Tell me about the nest and your little dormouse brother and sister?’ But Xarifa did not answer; she had fallen fast asleep, dreaming peacefully of springtime in Birds’ Place.

‘Tuppenny! Tuppenny!’ called Jenny Ferret, ‘come and help me to spread the tea things underneath the caravan; spring showers can be uncommonly wetting’ ‘Tuppenny,’ said Pony William, munching mouthfuls of grass between his words, ‘Tuppenny do not – ask Xarifa questions about her dormouse sister and brother – she suffered from a distressing want of appetite – when she first travelled with us. It is unwise – to remind her of Adolphus.’ ‘I am sorry, no, yes, certainly,’ twittered Tuppenny, ‘I am not to, who was Adolphus, not to talk about; how many teaspoons will I fetch for you, Mrs. Jenny Ferret?’ ‘Only three teaspoons this time, Tuppenny; for you and me and Xarifa. Pony Billy does not use a spoon; and Paddy Pig drinks his tea without stirring; and Iky Shepster is not here, thank

goodness.’ ‘Where has he flown to, Jenny Ferret?’ ‘Up and down, and round about; scattering handbill leaves to tell the Little Folk all about our circus show tomorrow in the morning early.’

The leaves were green leaves, veined and pencilled, like as if marked by leaf-tunnelling insects; but the birds and beasts of the woods and fields know how to read them. Mice, squirrels, rabbits, and birds, as well as the larger farm animals picked up the leaves; and they knew where to look for the Circus.



Chapter 8. The Pigmy Elephant

Paddy Pig was an important member of the circus company. He played several parts – the Learned Pig that could read, in spectacles; the Irish Pig that could dance a jig; and the Clown in spotty calico. And he played the Pigmy Elephant. It was done in this way. He was the right elephant colour – shiny black, and he had the proper flap ears, and small eyes. Of course, his nose was not nearly long enough and he had no tusks. So tusks were shaped from white peeled sticks out of the hedge, and a black stocking was stuffed with moss for a trunk. The tusks and trunk were fastened to a bridle, which Paddy Pig wore on his head. His own nose was inside the stocking, so he could move the sham trunk a little bit. One time when there was too much moss stuffing in the stocking, Paddy Pig started sneezing, and he sneezed so violently that he sneezed the stocking off altogether. Fortunately, this happened at Fold Farm where the audience was only calves and poultry; they knew so little about elephants that they thought it was part of the performance. Paddy's thin legs were clothed with black calico trousers, long enough to hide his small feet, and he learned to walk with a slow swinging gait. His worst fault was forgetting to let his tail hang down.

Upon his back he carried a howdah made of a brightly coloured tin tea caddy. The lid was open; and inside upon a cushion sat the dormouse, as 'Princess Xarifa'. She had a doll's parasol, a blue dress and a crimson shawl; and a lace handkerchief across her nose, with her black beady eyes peeping over it (provided she was not asleep).

After Tuppenny joined Alexander and William's Circus, he rode on the elephant's neck in front of the howdah, holding on by the bridle, as Paddy Pig was slippery. Tuppenny's get-up was gorgeous as the Sultan of Zanzibar; he wore the scarlet bandana handkerchief robe, a brass curtain-ring round his neck, a green sash with a wooden sword stuck in it, and the crystal-headed pin stuck in his turban of rolled up hair; and at gala performances his whiskers were dyed pink! No one would have recognized him for the miserable, ill-used little guinea-pig who ran away from his home in the City of Marmalade.



And most audiences were completely deceived by the Pigmy Elephant. It is true there was once some dissatisfaction. It was on an occasion when other pigs were present. During the first part of the programme they behaved well. They squealed with delight when Sandy stood on his head on the back of Billy the pony; and when the pony jumped through a hoop, rolled a barrel about, and went down on one knee – the four little pigs applauded vociferously.

Pony William and Sandy went out of the ring at a canter, and disappeared under the canvas flap door of the tent. There was rather a long interval. (The fact was a brace button had come off the elephant's trousers; and Xarifa, the dormouse, who did all the mending, was sewing it on again.)

The four little pigs began to fidget and play jinks; they tickled one another and disturbed several hens and two rabbits who were sitting in the

front row. Then one of them jumped up and ran to the tent, and peeped under the flap. Sandy bit his nose.

Whether because he had seen something, or because his nose smarted, it is certain the four little pigs commenced to behave badly. The entrance of the Pigmy Elephant drew exclamations of awe from the rest of the audience; but the four little pigs sniffed, and whispered together. ‘I say, Mister!’ said a pig to Sandy, as he stalked past, leading the elephant by a string, ‘I say, Mister! What’s the matter with your elephant’s tail?’ Sandy ignored the question; but as soon as they were out of hearing at the opposite side of the ring, he whispered to the elephant – ‘Uncurl it, Paddy, you stupid! hang your tail down!’ The elephant obediently allowed his tail to droop. ‘I say, Mr. Elephant!’ said another little pig as the procession marched round a second time – ‘I say, Mr. Elephant! have a potato?’ Now Paddy Pig would have liked to accept the potato which they offered to the toe of his stocking trunk, but he was quite unable to grasp it. ‘There is something funny about that elephant!’ exclaimed all four little pigs; and they started shouting, ‘Give us back our peppercorns!’ (that was their entrance money) – ‘Give us back our peppercorns! We don’t believe it is an elephant!’ ‘Do be quiet behind there!’ expostulated the rabbits and poultry; ‘Oh, how sweetly pretty! Look at the Princess’s parasol!’ The Princess Xarifa in the howdah beamed down on the admiring hens.

“That is not a proper elephant at all. Give us back our peppercorns!” shouted all four little pigs, scrambling over the turf seats into the ring, and sniffing at Paddy’s calico trousers. Then Sandy lost his temper; he barked and he bit the four little pigs, and chased them out. The elephant and his riders galloped away under the tent flap in such a hurry that Tuppenny and Xarifa were nearly pulled off by the canvas.

Then Jane Ferret was led round in a heavy chain and a large wire muzzle, to impersonate the ‘Live Polecats and Weasels’, mentioned on the posters. Jenny Ferret lived on bread and milk and she had not a tooth in her head, being, in fact, cook-housekeeper to the circus company, but the rabbits scrambled hastily into back seats. Of course that was part of the performance that they had paid for and expected; if they had not had a fright for their peppercorns, they would have been dissatisfied too. In the meantime the elephant had changed his clothes; he came back as Paddy Pig himself, and he danced a jig to perfection, while Sandy fiddled. The four little pigs, quite restored to good humour and polite behaviour, applauded

loudly and threw potatoes at him; and the audience went home at 4.30 a.m. well satisfied. And two hours later the farmer, who owned the four little pigs, when he fed them, remarked – that ‘For sure they were doing a deal of grunting and talking together that morning’; and there were a lot of little pig-foot-marks in the lane. But they were shut up all right in the sty when he brought them their breakfast, so he never guessed that they had been to Sandy and William’s Circus to see the Pigmy Elephant.



Chapter 9. By Wilfin Beck

All upon a day in the month of April, the circus company crept slowly through soft green meadows. It was early morning. Long shadows from the woods lay across the grass. Birds sang to greet the rising sun. Iky Shepster, the starling, whistled and fluttered his wings on the roof of the caravan.

Pony Billy bent to the collar. The dew splashed from his shaggy fetlocks as he lifted his feet amongst the wet grass. Paddy Pig toiled between the shafts of the tilt-cart, assisted by the panting Sandy, harnessed tandem. 'We shall stick fast, Sandy! Let us go back to Pool Bridge.' 'Yap! yap! we will try the next ford higher up.' 'Get out of my way,' said Pony Billy, coming up behind them, steadily pulling the caravan.

They were trying to cross a stream that ran through the middle of the valley. In summer it was a little brook, but spring rains had filled it to the brim. The forget-me-nots waved to and fro, up to the waist in water; the primroses on the banks drew up their toes; the violets took a bath. Wilfin Beck was in high flood.

Paddy Pig disliked water. The ford which they should have crossed, had proved to be a swirling stream, instead of a broad rippling shallow. He wished to turn back and go round by the bridge.

The proprietors of the circus refused. 'If we cross the stream as far down as Pool Bridge, there will be two days' toilsome march through the woods. We broke a spring of the caravan last time we went by the drift road; and the wagoners have been snigging timber since then,' objected Sandy. 'Go on to the Ellers ford,' said Pony Billy. So Paddy Pig pulled, grunting, through the fast-asleep buttercups and daisies.

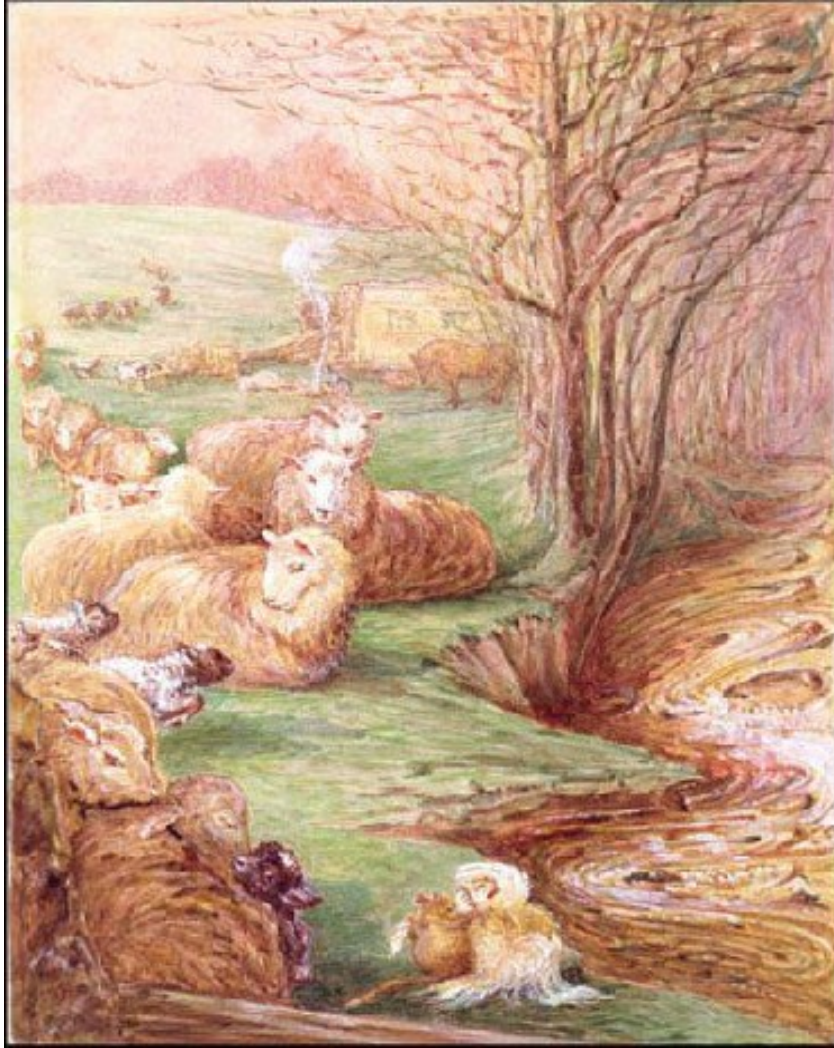
Xarifa and Tuppenny, in the cart, were fast asleep too. Jenny Ferret was awake inside the caravan. A pot had hit her on the head, when the wheel sank into a drain and caused the caravan to lurch.

When Tuppenny woke up and peeped out, the procession had halted, and unharnessed, beside the beck. Sandy was rolling on the grass. Paddy Pig was smoking a pipe and looking pigheaded, which means obstinate. 'You will be drowned,' said he to Pony Billy. The pony was pawing the water with his forefeet, enjoying the splashes, and wading cautiously step by step further across. 'Drowned? Poof!' yapped Sandy, taking a flying leap splash into the middle; he was carried down several yards by the current before he

scrambled out on the further bank. Then he swam back. 'It's going down,' said Sandy, sniffing at a line of dead leaves and sticks which had been left stranded by the receding flood. Pony Billy nodded. 'Let us pull round under the alder bushes and wait.' 'Then you will not go back by Pool Bridge?' 'What! all across those soft meadows again? No. We will lie in the sun behind this wall, and talk to the sheep while we rest.'

So they pitched their camp by the wall, where there is a watergate across the stream, and a drinking place for cattle. Pony Billy's collar had rubbed his neck; Sandy was dog tired; Jenny Ferret was eager for firewood; everyone was content except Paddy Pig. He did his share of camp work; but he wandered away after dinner, and he was not to be found at tea time. 'Let him alone, and he'll come home,' said Sandy.

'Baa baa!' laughed some lambs, 'let us alone and we'll come home, and bring our tails behind us!' They frisked and kicked up their heels. Their mothers had come down to Wilfin Beck to drink. When their lambs went too near to Sandy, the ewes stamped their feet. They disapproved of strange dogs – even a very tired little dog, curled up asleep in the sun.



The sheep watched Jenny Ferret curiously. She was collecting sticks and piling them in little heaps to dry; short, shiny sticks that had been left by the water.

Xarifa and Tuppenny were at their usual occupation, giving Tuppenny's hair a good hard brushing. Xarifa was finding difficulty in keeping awake. The pleasant murmur of the water, the drowsiness of the other animals, the placid company of the gentle sheep, all combined to make her sleepy. Therefore, it fell to Tuppenny to converse with the sheep. They had lain down where the wall sheltered them from the wind. They chewed their cud. 'Very fine wool,' said the eldest ewe, Tibbie Woolstockit, after contemplating the brushing silently for several minutes. 'It's coming out a little,' said Tuppenny, holding up some fluff. 'Bring it over here, bird!' said Tibbie to the starling, who was flitting from sheep to sheep, and running up and down on their backs. 'Wonderfully fine; it is finer than your Scotch

wool, Maggie Dinmont,' said Tibbie Woolstockit to a black-faced ewe with curly horns, who lay beside her. 'Aye, it's varra fine. And its lang,' said Maggie Dinmont, approvingly. 'It would make lovely yarn for mittens; do you keep the combings?' asked another ewe, named Habbitrot. 'I have a little bag, there is only a little in it, yes please, I put it in a little bag,' twittered Tuppenny, much flattered by their approbation.

'Baa! baa! black sheep! Three bags full!' sang the lambs, kicking up their heels.

'Now, now! young lambs should be seen, not heard. Take care, you will fall in!' said Tibbie Woolstockit, severely. Three more ewes hurried up, and gave their lambs a good hard bat with their heads; but the lambs minded nothing.

The ewes, whose names were Ruth Twinter, Hannah Brighteyes, and Belle Lingcropper, stepped down to the water side to drink. Then they lay down by the others, and considered Tuppenny. 'His hair is as fine as rabbit wool, and longer. Rabbit wool is sadly short to spin,' said Habbitrot. 'Save all the combings in your little bag, in case you pass this way again.' 'You were not with the circus last time they camped by the Ellers?' said Tibbie Woolstockit. 'What may your name be, little guinea-pig man?' 'Tuppenny.' 'Tuppenny? a very good name,' said the sheep.

At this moment a bunch of lambs galloped across the meadow with such a rush that they nearly overran the bank into the water. Their mothers were quite angry. 'A perfect plague they are! But never-the-less we would be sad without the little dears! Now lie down and be quiet, or you will get into the same scrape as Daisy and Double!' But the lambs only raced away faster. Xarifa had been awakened by the disturbance. 'Who were Daisy and Double? We love hearing stories, Tibbie Woolstockit; do tell us!'

Tibbie Woolstockit turned her mild bright eye on the little dormouse. 'Willingly I will tell you. There is not much to tell. Every spring for four and twenty years we have told that story to our lambs; but they take little heed. Daisy and Double were the twin lambs of my great grandmother, Dinah Woolstockit of Brackenthwaite, who grazed in these pastures, even where we now are feeding. The coppice has been cut thrice since then; but still the green shoots grow again from the stools, and the bluebells ring in the wood. And Wilfin Beck sings over the pebbles, year in and year out, and swirls in spring flood after the melting snow. That April when Daisy and

Double played in this meadow, Wilfin was full to overflowing, as high as it is now. Take care! you thoughtless lambs, take care!

‘But little heed will you take; no more than Daisy and Double, who made of the flood a playmate. For it was carrying down sticks and brown leaves and snow-broth – as the trout-fishers call the cakes of white fairy foam that float upon the flood water in early spring. Daisy and Double saw the white foam; and they thought it was fun to race with the snow-broth; they on the meadowbank and the foam upon the water; until it rushed out of sight behind this wall. Then back they raced upstream till they met more snow-broth coming down; then turned and raced back with it. But they watched the water instead of their own footsteps – splash! in tumbled Daisy. And before he could stop himself – splash! in tumbled Double; and they were whirled away in the icy cold water of Wilfin Beck. “Baa! baa!” cried Daisy and Double, bobbing along amongst the snow-broth. Very sadly they bleated for their mother; but she had not seen them fall in. She was feeding quietly, by herself. Presently she missed them; and she commenced to run up and down, bleating. They had been carried far away out of sight, beyond the wall; beyond another meadow. Then Wilfin Beck grew tired of racing; the water eddied round and round in a deep pool, and laid the lambs down gently on a shore of smooth sand. They staggered onto their feet and shook their curly coats – “I want my mammy! baa, baa!” sobbed Daisy. “I’m very cold, I want my mammy,” bleated Double. But bleat as they might, their mother Dinah Woolstockit could not hear them.

‘The bank above their heads was steep and crumbly. Green fronds of oak-fern were uncurling; primroses and wood anemones grew amongst the moss, and yellow catkins swung on the hazels. When the lambs tried to scramble up the bank – they rolled back, in danger of falling into the water. They bleated piteously. After a time there was a rustling amongst the nut bushes; someone was watching them. This person came walking slowly along the top of the bank. It wore a woolly shawl, pulled forward over its ears, and it leaned upon a stick. It seemed to be looking straight in front of it as it walked along; at least its nose did; but its eyes took such a sharp squint sideways as it passed above the lambs. “Burrh! burrh!” said this seeming woolly person with a deep-voiced bleat. “Baa! baa! We want our mammy!” cried Daisy and Double down below. “My little dears come up! burrh! burrh! come up to me!” “Go away!” cried Daisy, backing to the water’s edge. “You are not our mammy! Go away!” cried Double. “Oh, real

mammy, come to us!” Then the woolly person reached out a skinny black arm from under the shawl, and tried to claw hold of Daisy with the handle of its stick. Its eyes were sharp and yellow, and its nose was shiny black. “Baa, baa!” screamed Daisy, struggling, and rolling down the bank, away from the crook. “Burrh! burrh! bad lambs; I’ll have you yet!”

‘But what was that noise? A welcome whistle and shout – “Hey, Jack, good dog! go seek them out, lad!” The wily one threw off the shawl and ran, with a long bushy tail behind him; and a big strong wall-eyed collie came bounding through the coppice, on the track of the fox. When he came to the top of the bank, he stopped and looked over at Daisy and Double with friendly barks. Then John Shepherd arrived, and came slithering down the bank between the nut bushes. He lifted up Daisy and Double, and carried them to their mother. But it is in vain that we tell this tale to our lambs from generation to generation; they are thoughtless and giddy as of old. Well for us sheep that –

‘There’s sturdy Kent and Collie true,
They will defend the tarrie woo’!’



Sing us the spinning song that the shepherd lasses sang, when they sat in the sun before the shieling, while they cleaned the tarry fleeces; carding and spinning –

‘Tarrie woo’, oh tarrie woo’ – tarrie woo’ is ill to spin,
Card it weel, oh card it weel! Card it weel ere you begin.
When it’s carded, rolled, and spun, then your work is but half done,
When it’s woven, dressed, and clean, it is clothing for a queen.

It's up you shepherds! dance and skip! O'er the hills and valley trip!
The king that royal sceptre sways, has no sweeter holy days.
Sing to the praise of tarrie woo'!
Sing to the sheep that bare it too!

Who'd be king? None here can tell,
When a shepherd lives so well;
Lives so well and pays his due,
With an honest heart and tarrie woo'.'



Chapter 10. The Sheep

The sheep lay quietly, chewing their cud. Tuppenny fidgetted, 'When will Paddy Pig come back?' 'I don't know,' said Jenny Ferret crossly, 'I'm only an old body. I'm wanting my tea.' 'Ring the bell, Jenny Ferret,' said Sandy. She clanged a little hand-bell up and down. The lambs sprang away, startled; the sheep lay unconcerned. The sheep talked to one another. 'A bell? Sheep bells are sweeter! Ruth Twinter, do you remember the Down ram, telling us about the Cotswold flocks? How with each flock a two-three sheep go before, wearing bells? When they lift their heads from nibbling and step forward, the bells ring – ting ting ting – tong tong tong – tinkle tinkle tinkle! Why has Mistress Heelis never given us bells? She will do anything for us sheep?' 'I know not,' answered Ruth Twinter.

'I can tell you from the wisdom of age,' said the old Blue Ewe (sixteen years gone by since first she nibbled the clover); 'I can tell you. It is because we Herdwicks range singly and free upon the mountain side. We are not like the silly Southron sheep, that flock after a bell-wether. The Cotswold sheep feed on smooth sloping pastures near their shepherd.'

Said the peet ewe, Blindy, 'Our northern winds would blow away the sheep bells' feeble tinkle. From the low grounds to us comes a sound that carries further – Old John calling with a voice like a bell; calling his sheep to hay across the frozen snow in winter.'

Up spoke a dark Lonscale ewe – 'Each to their own! The green fields of the south for them; the high fell tops for us who use to wander, and find our way alone, through mist and trackless waste. We need no human guide to set us on our way.'

'No guide, nor star, nor compass, to set us a beeline to Eskdale!' said the bright-eyed Allonby ewe (her that had knocked her teeth out when she tumbled down Scaw fell). 'Two of you Lonscales were runaways, in spite of old John's hay.' 'Who can langle the clouds or the wind? If we want to come back – we will!'

'Where was it that they drove you, Hannah Bright-eyes?' asked the little ewe, Isabel. 'Nay! I did not stay to learn its place name; I came straight back to my heaf on the fell! It was eight miles to Cockermouth market, and twelve beyond.' 'What short-wooled sheep could do that?' said Habbitrot, 'it takes strong hemp to langle us.' 'We want no bells and collars,' said

Blindey, 'they would get caught on rocks and snags.' 'A sad death it must be to die fast,' said Hill Top Queenie, plaintively; 'I would not like to be fast, like poor little Hoggie in the wood. He had eaten sticks and moss as far as he could reach; but he had not sense to bite through the cruel bramble that held him, twisted round his woolly ribs.'

'Grown sheep can get crag-fast,' said Belle Lingcropper, 'I was fast in Falcon Crag. I knew each yard of slippery scree; and the chimnies, or rifts, that lead up to the high ledges. A summer drought had parched the herb; only where water oozed from the rock face, it was green. I went up and up, a hundred feet, always feeding upwards. Down below, the tree tops quivered in the heat; and a raven circled slowly. Dizziness is unknown to Herdwick sheep; I fed along a narrow ledge.

'A rock gave way beneath my feet. It clattered down into the abyss. I sprang across the gap, and went on feeding. The grass was longer; it seemed as though no sheep had bitten it. Nor had we! Our turning spot had been upon the stone that fell. I could not turn.

'I lived thirty days upon the ledge; eating the grass to the bone; parched by the sun and wind. Only a welcome thunder shower brought moisture that I licked on the stones. I bleated. No one heard me, except the raven. In the fourth week a shepherd and his dog saw me from below. He shouted; I rose to my feet. He watched me for a time; then he went away, and left me. Next day he came again and shouted. I staggered along the ledge. Again he left me; fearing that I might leap away from him to death, if he approached too near. On the last day, three shepherds came and watched. I was too weak to rise; I dozed upon the ledge. They climbed round the hillside; and they came sideways above the crag. I could hear their voices faintly, talking overhead. One came down on a rope; he swung inward onto the ledge, and tied another rope to me – a woolly fleece and rattling bones! They drew me up. Still I can feel the hot breeze, and smell the wild sage, as they slung me past the face of the rock. I was carried to the farm, and given warm milk. Within a week I was well.'

'A brave shepherd, truly: one who would go through fire and water and air to save his sheep.'

'Our shepherds face rough times,' said White Fanny, 'dost remember hearing tell of the lad who parted from his fellow shepherd when the early winter sunset was going down over the snow? The other one came home at tea time; but he did not come. His folks turned out to seek for him; some

went along the tops; others searched below the crags. There they saw marks of a rush; and his collie Bess watching by a snow-drift. Just in time; just and so!’ ‘Our men take risks with their eyes open: they know that they cannot live underneath snow like us.’

Then Ruth Twinter spoke up cleverly: ‘I and three sisters were buried twenty-three days beside the Dale Head wall.’ ‘Nought to brag on!’ said the Lonscale ewe scornfully; ‘could you not feel it coming? or were the gates shut?’

‘Nay, they stood open. The wind went round suddenly, after a plash of rain. A fall came out of the east. Then it turned to frost.’ ‘I doubt you *were* a twinter, or a two-shear at most!’ said the Blue Ewe; ‘the low east brings the heaviest falls.’

‘Indeed, and indeed we were hurrying,’ said Ruth Twinter; ‘we came down the fell, strung out in single file. I mind me we met a fox at Blue Ghyll, going up. Then we met a blizzard that blew us into the wall. A blinding yellow storm of dithering powdery flakes. Belle Lingcropper’s mother went over a bank into the beck; she was dashed against the stones and drowned. The rest of us cowered by the wall. We were quickly snowed over. It drifted level with the cams. We stirred ourselves under the drift, like the mowdie-warps and field voles. Our breath melted the snow somewhat; it caked over our heads, a blue green frozen vault. We ate all the bent-grass that we could reach; all the grey moss on the wall. The dogs found us at last: dogs scratching, and shepherds prodding the drift with the long handles of their crooks.’

‘You would feel it colder when you came out?’ ‘Yes,’ said Ruth Twinter, ‘it was warm and stuffy under the snow. Although we came out into spring sunshine, the air outside felt colder than it did inside the great white drift that lay on the grass along the Dale Head wall. We came out quite lish and cheerful. Two of us never heard the cuckoo again. Such things will happen,’ said Ruth Twinter placidly, turning on her shoulder and chewing her cud. Said old Blindey, ‘It is a sign of snow, when the sheep come down to the gates. Sing us the rhyme, Hannah Brighteyes:

“Oh who will come open this great heavy gate?
The hill-fox yapps loud, and the moon rises late!
There’s snow on the fell, and there’s hay at the farm –

Not that us elder ewes reckon much of hay; not unless we had learned to eat it while we were hoggie-lambies.'

'You had cause to be grateful to the sheepdogs, Ruth Twinter,' said Sandy. 'Yes, the dogs are our good friends. Sometimes over rough; but faithful.'

'They get crag-fast too,' said Sandy. 'They do. But they make such a fine haloobaloo! that they are more quickly found. There was one that made a bit of noise too loud. That happened in a blizzard. Poor dog, its position was so bad that it could neither get down nor up; and it could not be rescued with ropes. Its master tried in vain to get it out. It cried on the shelf for several days, in sleet and biting wind; cried so pitifully that the master said he would shoot it with his own hand, before he would watch it die of cold. He went home for his gun. When he was returning with the gun – he met Collie Allen in the road!'

'All dogs are not so lucky. Our Brill's mother got cragged and killed in Langdale.' 'It is always the foremost best hound that goes over with the fox,' said Sandy; 'has Brill come back to the farm?' 'Yes,' said the sheep, 'the hunting season is over; the pack is disbanded; the hounds and terriers have gone back to the farms for the summer.' 'If all the terriers are as cross as Twig – they can stay away!' said Sandy, shaking his ears. 'Our collie Nip can tackle a fox; she has led the hounds before now, for the first short burst up the quarry pastures. She can run, can old Nip!'

'Foxes are hateful,' said Tibbie Woolstockit, stamping; 'come here, you lambs, come here! You are straying too far off.'

'Do you remember, Ruth Twinter, when you and I were feeding above Woundale; we looked over the edge into Broad How? Far down below us we could see three little fox cubs, playing in the sun. Sometimes one would grab another's tail, like a kitten; then one would sit up and scratch its ear –' ('Full of fleas,' remarked Sandy) – 'then another would roll over on its back, like a fat little puppy dog. The vixen was curled up asleep on top of a big boulder stone. Presently one of our shepherds appeared, a long way off, walking along the other side of the valley. The vixen slipped quietly off the rock; stole away over Thresthwaite Mouth into Hartsop, a mile away from the cubs. She seemed to give no sound nor signal; but the little foxes vanished into the borran.' 'Very pretty. Charming! I wonder how many lambs' tails and legs there were in the larder?' said Hannah Brighteyes,

sourly; ‘they took over thirty, one spring: big lambs, too: old enough to be tailed and marked. They had skinned a lamb with Mistress Heelis’ mark on its jacket. And there was part of one of Jimmy’s ducks.’



‘I love the high places,’ said Belle Lingcropper; ‘I remember, when I was a lamb, I and my brother twin were feeding on Pavey Ark with our mother. We were feeding part way up.

‘Two climbing men came up, behind us and below. I do not think they knew that they were driving us before them. We climbed and climbed in the chimney that had scarcely foothold for a goat. We reached a shelf some four feet from the top. Our mother jumped out nimbly. My brother followed her with difficulty. Time and again I jumped; only to fall back upon that ledge above the precipice. Our mother bleated overhead. She moved to a spot where the wall of rock was lower. I followed sideways along the ledge;

looking up at her and bleating. At the third trial I jumped out. There was sweet grazing on the top.'

Cool is the air above the craggy summit. Clear is the water of the mountain keld. Green grows the grass in droughty days beneath the brackens! What though the hailstorm sweep the fell in winter – through tempest, frost, or heat – we live our patient day's allotted span.

Wild and free as when the stone-men told our puzzled early numbers; untamed as when the Norsemen named our grassings in their stride. Our little feet had ridged the slopes before the passing Romans. On through the fleeting centuries, when fresh blood came from Iceland, Spain, or Scotland – stubborn, unchanged, UNBEATEN – we have held the stony waste.

Dunmail; Faulds; Blue Joe; Wastwater Will and Thistle; Rawlins; Sworla; Wonder – old Pride of Helvellyn – pass the tough lineage forward; keep the tarrie woo' unsoftened! Hold the proud ancient heritage of our Herdwick sheep.



Chapter 11. Habbitrot

‘Now one more tale before the sun goes down. Come Habbitrot tell us of the spinner, her that you are named after.’ Habbitrot, the sheep, drew her feet beneath her comfortably, and thus commenced:

‘Long, long ago, long before the acorn ripened that has grown into yonder oak – there lived a bonny lass at the farm in the dale, and a yeoman from Brigsteer came to court her.

‘Her parents were willing for the match, and Bonny Annot liked the yeoman well; a brave, handsome fellow and a merry. He had sheep on the fell, kine in the byre, a horse in the stall, a dry flag-roofed house, and many a broad acre. For dower her father would give her a cow and stirk, a score of sheep, and ten silver merks.

‘Her mother would give her her blessing; but not without shame and a scolding. Now this was the trouble – two elder daughters when they married had had great store of blankets and sheets. For it was a good old custom in the dale that all menseful lasses should spin flax and wool, and have the yarn woven by the webster, so that they had ready against their bridewain a big oak bedding chest well filled with linen and blankets.

‘But this youngest daughter, Bonny Annot, was both the laziest and the bonniest; not one pound of wool had she carded, not one hank of tow had she spun! “Shut thee in the wool loft with thy spindle; go spin, idle Annot, go spin!”

‘Bonny Annot spun from morning till noon, from noon till the shadows grew long. But it was late a-day to commence to spin. “My back is tired, my fingers are stiff, my ears they drum with the hum of the wheel. Oh well and away to Pringle Wood, to meet my love,” in the gloaming. She left her wheel, she lifted the latch, she stole away while the cows were milking.

‘In Pringle Wood across the beck the hazels grew as still they grow, and wind flowers and violets and primroses twinkled. Bonny Annot wandered through the wood, she knelt on the moss to gather a posey; and herself was the sweetest of flowers that grow. Blue were her eyes like the wood violet’s blue, fair were her locks like the mary-bud’s gold, and her red-and-white dimples like roses on snow! She bent to the flowers and she heard a low humming. Was it horse’s hoofs on the fell road from Brigsteer? Trot, trot, habbitrot, trot, trot, trot, trot, trot! She lifted her head and she listened; but

no. She knelt on the moss and again she heard humming; was it bumbly bees storing their honey below? She peeped between stones and mossy hazel stumps, beneath a hollow stone, beneath a mossy stump – and there underground she saw a wee wee woman spinning – hum, hum! went her wheel; spinning, spinning, spinning.

“Hey, Bonny Annot!” said the little gray woman, “why art thou so pale and heavy-eyed?”

“With spinning, good woman, with spinning!”

“Spinning is for winter nights, Bonny Annot; why spinnest thou now, in the pleasant spring?” “Because I was idle, I now must spin in haste. Alack! my sheets and blankets are to spin.” She told her tale and cried.

“Dry your eyes and listen, Bonny Annot,” said the little gray woman, “eyes so blue and tender were never meant for tears. Lazy thou mayest be, but I know thee kind and true. Step up to the wool-loft in the moonlight; tie the bags of tow and wool upon the pony; bring them to old Habbitrot, and she will do thy spinning!” Even while Annot thanked her there came the clink of horseshoes along the stony road from Brigsteer; Bonny Annot forgot her troubles and sprang to meet the yeoman.

‘But when he rode away next morning her troubles recommenced – her mother, with a hazel-rod, drove her up the steps to the loft, “It wants but three weeks to thy wedding – go spin, idle daughter, go spin!” Many were the fleeces and the bags of wool and flax. So many that when she took away a load upon her pony – the wool was never missed; not although she made four journeys to and fro from Pringle Wood. “Bring more, bring more to old Habbitrot! Thou shalt have wealth of sheets and blankets!” Down below under the hollow stone there was the noise of spinning; hum, hum, trot, trot, trot! habbitrot, trot, trot!

‘Little way made Bonny Annot with her own spinning in the wool-loft; yet she sang while she turned the wheel. What though the thread broke and the flax was lumpy, still she sang and laughed while she spun. In the evening she stole away once more to Pringle Wood, riding barebacked on her pony – “Lead him to the Colludie Stone! Up with the bags and bundles! Wealth for thy wedding, Bonny Annot; she that spoke kindly to old Habbitrot shall never want for blankets.”

‘Bonny Annot’s mother expected but little in the morning. She climbed up to the wool-loft with the broomstick in her hand – “Say hast thou spun e’er a pound of wool, or a hank of tow, lazy daughter?”

‘Wonders will never cease! which of her sisters had ever had such yarn for the weaver? Worsted so strong and even; or thread so fine and fair? Her fame as a spinner was spread beyond the dale; it came to the ears of the yeoman. He, too, had great store of white wool and flax. Said her mother, “See what a housewife thou art marrying! Surely she will fill thy linen-press and deck thy cupboard!” But Bonny Annot hung her head and pouted her lip; thought she – “He will keep me at spinning forever.”

‘The wedding day came. They were a handsome pair. The sun shone; the bells were rung; all the folk in the dale came to the kirk to see them married. And the wedding feast at the farm was thronged and merry. The trenchers were piled with meat; there were cakes and pies and pasties; the jugs of ale went round, and Bonny Annot kissed the cup.

‘Someone knocked at the house-door. The bride sprang to open it. At her feet upon the threshold stood a little ugly woman, a little gray old woman, with a kindly crooked smile.

“‘Good dame, come in! Welcome to my wedding feast!” Bonny Annot led her to the table, set chair and footstool and cushion, filled trencher and cup. The weddingers looked askance at the unbidden guest; they pointed and they whispered. But still the bonny bride served her, filling trencher and cup. The old woman munched, and munched, and munched. Now the bride’s youngest brother was a merry knave, “Hey, little woman!” said he, “why hast thou such an ugly ugly mouth, wide and awry with a long flabby lip?” “Whisht, whisht, Henry!” said Bonny Annot, pulling him. The little woman smiled awry – “With spinning, my lad, with spinning.” She wet her finger on her ugly flabby lip, and made as if she twisted thread; her thumb was broad and flat.

““Oh ho!” said the yeoman, “is *that* what comes of spinning?” He kissed Bonny Annot’s cherry lips and tapered fingers, “Oh ho! so that comes of spinning?”

‘The old woman munched and munched and munched. “Hey, little woman,” said Henry, “why is thy back so bent, thine eyes so bleared, and thy foot so flat?” “With spinning, my lad, with spinning!” She beat her broad foot up and down upon the flags as though she trod the treadle – trot, trot, Habbitrot, trot, trot, trot trot trot! “So ho!” said the yeoman, who was very fond of dancing, “so ho, Habbitrot! if *that* comes of spinning – my wife’s foot shall never treadle. No, no, Habbitrot! When *we* have wool and

flax to spin, my wife shall dance and sing. We will send for Habbitrot! Habbitrot shall do our spinning; we will send for Habbitrot.” ’

‘That story,’ said Pony Billy, ‘has no moral.’ ‘But it is very pretty,’ said Xarifa, the dormouse, suddenly wakening up.



Chapter 12. Across the Ford

A chill breath rose from the water. The daisies closed their petals. ‘We will say good-night,’ said the sheep, ‘it is too cold for our lambs to sleep beside the stream. Good-night, little dormouse! All friends, good-night!’ The sheep stately and peaceful, moved up the pasture, feeding as they went; their lambs gambolled beside them. The last beams of the setting sun shone again upon the flock, when they reached the heights. Xarifa drew her fur cloak closer. Tuppenny warmed his hands at the fire; ‘I wish Paddy Pig would come back. Do you think he has fallen in, like the lambs?’ ‘Not he! he is too much afraid of water.’ Tuppenny still looked across anxiously at the wood; ‘I did think I heard a pig squeal, while Habbitrot was telling us that nice tale. Would anything bite him, in Pringle Wood?’ Sandy sat up; ‘Why did you not say so before? No, nothing would bite him.’ ‘I should not choose to spend a night in Pringle Wood myself,’ remarked Jenny Ferret. ‘Why?’ inquired Tuppenny, ‘why don’t you like Pringle Wood? It was a kind fairy that helped Bonny Annot in the story. Does she live there yet?’ ‘Tuppenny,’ said Pony William, ‘do you not remember that I observed that the tale recounted by Habbitrot had no moral?’ ‘But it was very pretty,’ said Xarifa, who had been to sleep again.

Supper was eaten; Tuppenny and Xarifa were put to bed; Pony Billy lay down behind the wall; Sandy went to sleep in his straw underneath the caravan – but neither at supper, at bed-time, nor at breakfast-time was there any sign of Paddy Pig.

‘It is useless to wait any longer,’ said Pony Billy next morning; ‘the flood has gone down eight inches; we can cross the ford. If Tuppenny really heard Paddy Pig squealing in Pringle Wood, we are more likely to find him on the other side of the stream.’ ‘It is a mystery how he got over dry shod; and he hates getting wet,’ said Jenny Ferret. ‘The wood itself is a mystery,’ said Pony Billy, ‘we had better get through it by daylight. Xarifa, you know the reputation of Pringle Wood. Be very careful that Tuppenny does not eat anything in there.’ ‘Why, Xarifa?’ asked Tuppenny. ‘It is undesirable to taste anything that grows in the wood.’ ‘Is it fairies?’ ‘Hush,’ said Xarifa, ‘we are going to cross.’ ‘Swim over with the rope, Sandy, and steady us.’ Pony Billy took the caravan safely through the water, which was up to the axle trees. Then he unharnessed himself, and came back to fetch the tilt-

cart. As there was no Paddy Pig to drag the cart, it had to be left behind for the present time, under an ellow tree beside the stream on the outskirts of the wood. Tuppenny and Xarifa and the luggage were packed into the caravan to ride with Jenny Ferret.



It took them four long hours to go through Pringle Wood. Round and round and round they went, by narrow mossy tracks; always going roundabout, always pulling steadily.

And yet the wood was no great size; just a little fairy hill of oaks. The ground beneath the trees was covered with bluebells – blue as the sea – blue as a bit of sky come down. So steep downhill were the mossy banks that Sandy had to put the slipper brake under the wheel to prevent the caravan from running away on top of Pony Billy, who was nearly flung upon his nose. Then it was uphill, and Pony Billy toiled and tugged; foam flecked his bit and shoulders; his brown leather harness creaked; he was so hot with

pulling that he was all in a lather. And no sooner had he gained the top of a bank than it was downhill again; just as steep, and the caravan was overrunning him, and pressing into the breeching straps.

Pony Billy snorted. His hoofs slipped on the moss; and if he left the track the bluebells were so thick that it was difficult to trample through them. They passed a bed of white anemone flowers – ‘Why, surely,’ said Sandy, ‘we have passed this spot already, twice?’

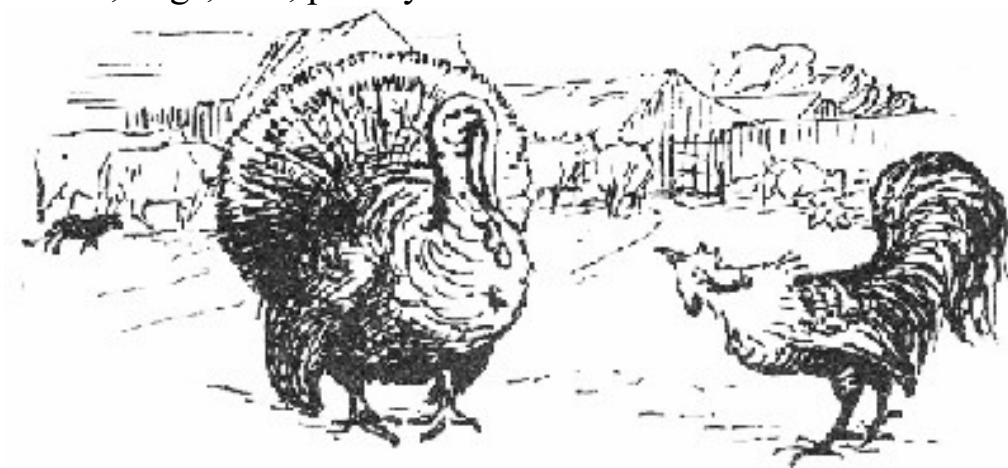
Pony Billy snorted again, and scrambled forward. A shower of oak-apples from the trees above pelted about his ears, and rattled on the roof of the caravan. They hopped on the moss like live things; they bounced like a shower of pelting hailstones. ‘Look, Xarifa! what beauties!’ cried Tuppenny, trying to catch them, ‘red oak-apples in April; have they been stored all winter in a wood mousey’s cupboard?’ ‘Throw them away, Tuppenny!’ exclaimed Xarifa and Jenny Ferret, ‘throw them away over your left shoulder!’ More and more oak-apples came pattering and pelting; Tuppenny played ball with them, catching them and tossing them back. ‘This one has been bitten, Xarifa; are they good to eat?’ ‘What is that I hear?’ said Pony Billy, laying his ears back, ‘none of you on any account may eat anything that grows in Pringle Wood.’ Instantly another pelting shower of oak-apples came rattling like a hailstorm about Pony Bill’s mane and back. He broke into a gallop, trampling through the bluebells; and this time he succeeded in dragging the caravan clear away out of Pringle Wood.

The sunshiny open meadow was refreshing after the sombre shade of the trees. Cattle and sheep were feeding peacefully; lambs frisked; swallows skimmed low over the buttercups that powdered Pony Billy’s hoofs with dusty gold. He drew the caravan across the cheerful green grass – he took it through a white gate into a lane, which they followed down to Codlin Croft Farm.

It was a pleasant sunny spot, where the circus had camped before. ‘Only it is rather too near the world of the Big Folk, and their cats and dogs and hens and cocks – especially cocks,’ said Sandy, stiffening his tail.

‘There is no help for it,’ said Pony Billy, ‘we cannot proceed further, and leave Paddy Pig behind us, lost. Besides I must go back for the tilt-cart.’ Tuppenny twittered dolefully, ‘You will be lost, too, Mr. Pony William!’ ‘I shall not,’ said Pony Billy, ‘I am not a pig-headed fool of a pig!’ ‘Now Xarifa and Tuppenny,’ said Sandy, ‘come along! I am sorry to say you will have to be shut up all the time while we stop at Codlin Croft. It will not be

safe to let you out, with all these strange dogs and cats – here they come!
Cows, calves, dogs, cats, poultry – all the farm animals!’



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Chapter 13. Codlin Croft Orchard

The homestead of Codlin Croft was dominated by Charles, our cock, a silver campine with handsome white neck hackles, finely barred and spotted breast, and a magnificent tail. He also had a big red comb; and spurs. Besides Charles there was a turkey cock of large size; and a sow still larger; and a cat and three farm dogs. Charles treated them all alike with contempt. When the caravan arrived in the lane, Charles and the turkey were having one of their usual combats. Charles was dancing round and churtling – cluck cur-cuck-cuck-cuck! jumping and spurring at Bubbly-jock's painfully red wattles and tassels. The turkey was bursting with rage; he scrunched the tips of his wings along the gravel (which spoilt nothing but his own feathers). Whenever he got a chance he trod heavily upon the spot where Charles had recently stood. Charles, in the meantime, had darted between the turkey's legs. When Charles became short of breath, he slipped nimbly through the narrow bars of an iron gate, and pretended to be picking up titbits, in full view of the maddened turkey cock, who was unable to follow him. Then he scratched up dirt, and crowed. Charles and Sandy never hit it off very well; they both had a habit of scratching up the earth, and they mutually irritated one another. But all the same, Charles graciously did the honours of Codlin Croft, and invited the company into the orchard through a broken gate.

The orchard which gives Codlin Croft Farm its name is a long rambling strip of ground, with old bent pear trees and apple trees that bear ripe little summer pears in August and sweet codlin apples in September. At the end nearest to the buildings there are clothes-props, hen-coops, tubs, troughs, old oddments; and pigsties that adjoin the calf hulls and cow byres. The back windows of the farmhouse look out nearly level with the orchard grass; little back windows of diamond panes not made to open. The far end of the orchard is a neglected pretty wilderness, with mossy old trees, elder bushes, and long grass; handy for a pet lamb or two in spring, and for the calves in summer.

At this time of year, a north country April, the pear blossom was out and the early apple blossom was budding. The snowdrops that had been a sheet of white – white as the linen sheets bleaching on the drying green – had passed; and now there were daffodils in hundreds. Not the big bunchy tame

ones that we call 'Butter-and-eggs,' but the little wild daffodillies that dance in the wind. Through the broken gate at top of Codlin Croft orchard came Pony Billy with the caravan. He drew it up comfortably in shelter of Farmer Hodgson's hay-stack, which stood, four-square and prosperous, half in the orchard and half in the field. 'Only, Jenny Ferret, if I put the caravan here you must promise not to light a fire. We must not burn Farmer Hodgson's hay for him.' 'And how will I boil the kettle without a fire? Take us further down the orchard near the well, behind the bour-tree bushes.' 'All right,' agreed Pony Billy, pulling into the collar again; 'perhaps it would be safer. I can come up to the stack by myself for a bite.'

'Cluck-cur-cuck-cuck!' said Charles, 'I recommend that flat place between the pig-sty and the middenstead.' 'Yes, indeed, cluck, cluck! there are lots of worms if you scratch up the manure,' clucked Selina Pickacorn. 'Are they going to put up a tent?' asked the calves. 'Oh, yes, lots of nice red worms,' clucked Tappie-tourie and Chucky-partlet. 'What's that funny old woman they call Jenny Ferret? she has got whiskers?' asked an inquisitive cat, sitting on the roof of the pig-sty.



‘Quack, quack! stretch your long neck and peep in at the window, Dilly Duckling.’ ‘I cannot see; quack quack; I cannot see anything through the curtains.’ ‘Gobble-gobble-gobble!’ shouted the turkey cock, strutting after Charles. Sandy curled his tail tightly; ‘Go further down beyond the bour-tree bushes, Pony William, further away from the farmyard.’ When the caravan had been drawn into position, it became necessary for Sandy to do a large loud determined barking all round, in order to disperse the poultry.

After pitching camp in the orchard Pony Billy and Sandy held an anxious consultation, ‘Did you notice anything while we were coming through the wood?’ ‘Yes. Pig’s trotter marks.’ ‘How many times did we go round and round that hill, Pony William?’ ‘We would be going round it yet, if I had not gone widdershins.’ ‘What shall we do about Paddy Pig?’ ‘I am going back to fetch him.’ ‘What! into Pringle Wood?’ ‘Yes,’ said Pony Billy; ‘but first I want a saddle and bridle. And look whether my packet of

fern seed is safe; for I shall have to go amongst the Big Folk in broad daylight.'

Pony Billy borrowed several things, by permission of the farm dogs, Roy, Bobs, and Matt, who were lying lazily in the sun before the stable door. He asked for the loan of a nosebag containing chopped hay, and straw, and uveco; also for two pounds of potatoes; and a saddle and bridle, and for the chest-strap with brass ornaments belonging to the cart harness. There were four brass lockets on the strap; a swan, a galloping horse, a catherine wheel, and a crescent. The last named is a charm that has been worn by English horses since the days of the crusaders. The strap was too long; it swung between his knees; but Pony Billy felt fortified and valiant. 'Do you think you will be chased?' asked the dogs. 'I shall not. I am going to smithy to have my shoes turned back to front.' 'Our mare Maggret is at the smithy,' said Bobs. 'You will have to go past the back door and the wash-house if you want potatoes,' said Matt. 'Nobody can see me,' said Pony Billy. He clattered across the flags, bold in possession of fern seed and invisibility. Mrs Hodgson, inside the house, called to her maid-servant, 'Look out at the door, Grace; is that the master I hear coming home with the mare?' 'I hear summat, but I see nought,' answered Grace, perplexed.



Pony Billy started on his quest. The farm dogs went to sleep again in the sun.

Sandy with his tail uncurled trailed back disconsolately to the orchard camp. The ducks and calves had wandered away; but Charles and his inquisitive hens were still in close attendance, and conversing endlessly.

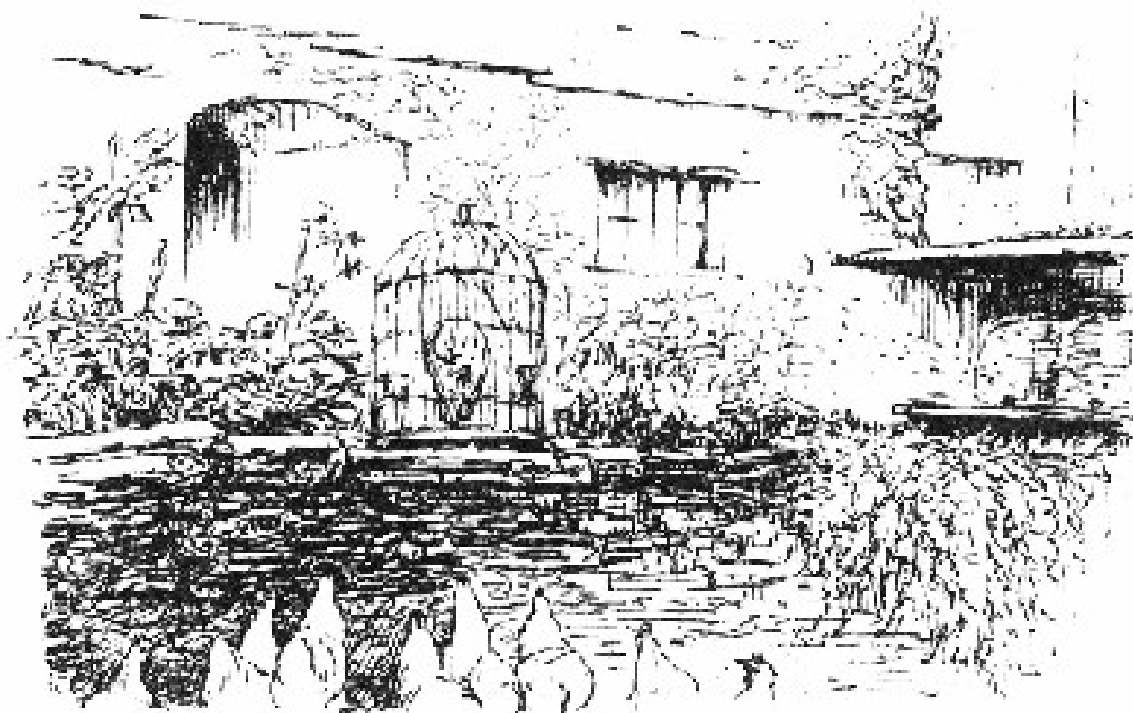
The conversation was about losing things. Xarifa's scissors were missing. Jenny Ferret as usual suspected Ikey Shepster, the starling. He was not present to deny the charge; he had flown off foraging with the sparrows.



‘Losses,’ said Charles, sententiously, ‘losses occur in the best regulated establishments. Likewise finds; but finds are less frequent; and, therefore, more noteworthy. One afternoon I and my hens were promenading in the meadow. I heard Tappie-tourie – that bird with the rose comb – clucking loudly in the ashpit. I inquired of Selina Pickacorn whether Tappie-tourie had laid an egg? Selina replied that it seemed improbable, as Tappie-tourie had already laid one that morning in the henhouse. But hens are fools enough to do anything; I ordered Selina to proceed to the ashpit, to ask Tappie-tourie whether she had laid a second egg or not. When one hen runs – all the other hens run too; being idiots; cluck-cur-cuck cuck cuck!’ ‘Oh, Charles! Charles!’ remonstrated Selina and Chucky-partlet coyly. ‘Aggravating idiots,’ repeated Charles, who did not believe in encouraging pride amongst female poultry. ‘As the whole of my hens continued to cluck in the ashpit in total disregard of my commands to come out – I stalked

across the field, and I looked in. I said, “What are you doing, Tappie-tourie? you are a perfect sweep. Selina Pickacorn, you are equally dirty. Chucky-doddie, you are even worse. Come out of the ashpit.” They replied, all clucking together – “Oh, Charles! do look what a treasure we have found! But none of us know how to stick it on, because it has no safety-pin.” They showed me Mrs Hodgson’s big cairngorm brooch that had been missing for a fortnight. They asked me if it was worth a hundred pounds. Cock-a-doodle-doo! A hundred pounds, indeed!’ said Charles, swelling with scorn. ‘I told them it was absolutely worthless to us who wear no collars; not worth so much as one grain of wheat; cluck-cur-cuck cuck cuck! Hens always were noodles, and always will be. Ask them to tell you the tale of the demerara sugar.’

‘That?’ said Selina Pickacorn, quite unabashed, ‘oh, that happened long ago when we were inexperienced young pullets. Besides, it was all along of the parrot.’ ‘Pray explain to us the responsibility of the parrot?’ said Sandy. Five or six hens all commenced to cluck at once. Charles interjected cock-a-doodles. Consequently their explanation became somewhat mixed. Therefore it must be understood that this story – like the corn in their crops – is a digest.





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Chapter 14. Demerara Sugar

Upon fine days in spring the parrot's cage was set out of doors upon top of the garden wall, opposite the farmhouse windows. In the intervals of biting its perch and swinging wrong-side up, the parrot addressed remarks to the poultry in the yard below. The words which it uttered most frequently in the hearing of those innocent birds were, 'Demerara sugar! demerara sug! dem, dem, dem, Pretty Polly!' The chickens listened attentively.

When the chickens were feathered, they were taken to live in a wooden hut on wheels in the stubble field. They picked up the scattered grain; and grew into fine fat pullets. In autumn the farmer talked of taking the hen-hut home. But he was busy with other work; he delayed till winter.

In the night before Christmas Eve there came a fall of snow. When Tappie-tourie looked out next morning the ground was white. She drew back into the hut in consternation. Then Selina Pickacorn and Chucky-doddie looked out. None of them had ever seen snow before; they were April hatched pullets without a single experienced old hen to advise them.

'Is it a tablecloth?' asked Chucky-doddie. They knew all about tablecloths because they had been reared under a hen-coop on the drying green. They had been scolded for leaving dirty foot-marks on a clean tablecloth which was bleaching upon the grass.

The hens slid nervously down the hen ladder on to the snow. No; it was not a tablecloth. Said Tappie-tourie, 'I'll tell you what! I do believe it is the parrot's demerara sugar!' (Now the parrot ought to have told them that demerara sugar is *not* white.) Selina Pickacorn tasted a beakful. 'It is nothing extra special nice; he need not have talked so much about it.' 'How horribly cold and wet it feels.' Just then the farmer came into the field with a horse and cart. He drove the hens back into the hut, fastened the door with a peg, and tied the hut behind his cart with a rope in order to drag it homewards through the snow.

The hen-hut did not run smoothly; it had a tiresome little waggling wheel at one end, that caught in ruts. It bumped along; and the pullets inside it cackled and fluttered. Before the procession had got clear of the field – the hut door flew open. Out bounced Tappie-tourie, Chucky-doddie, Selina Pickacorn, and five other hens. The farmer and his dog caught five of them,

none too gently. But the three first-named birds flew back screaming to the spot where the hen-hut had stood originally, before it had been removed.

The farmer was obliged to leave them for the present.

Tappie-tourie, Chucky-doddie, and Selina wandered around in the snow; the field seemed very large and lost under its wide white covering. 'The hut is gone,' said Tappie-tourie, with a brain wave. 'That is so,' agreed Selina Pickacorn, 'we fell out of the hut.' 'What shall we do?' asked Chucky-doddie. 'I see nothing for it but a Christmas picnic,' said Tappie-tourie; 'here is sugar in plenty, but where is the tea and bread and butter?'

Large flakes of snow commenced to fall. 'Perhaps this is the bread and butter coming,' said Tappie-tourie, looking up hopefully at the darkening sky. 'My feather petticoat is getting so wet,' grumbled Chucky-doddie; 'let us try to walk along the top of that wall, towards the wood.' The wall had a thick white topping of snow; it proved to be a most uncomfortable walk, with frequent tumblings off. They crossed Wilfin Beck on a wooden rail. The water below ran dark and sullen between the white banks. By the time they had reached the wood it was dusk; for the last hundred yards the hens had been floundering through snow-drifts. 'If this is a Christmas picnic – it is horrid! Let us get up into that spruce tree, and roost there till morning.' They managed to fly up. They perched in a row on a branch, fluffing out their feathers to warm their cold wet feet. They were one speckled hen and two white hens; only the white hens looked quite yellow against the whiter snow. 'The picnic is a long time commencing,' said the speckled hen, Tappie-tourie. It was soon black as pitch amongst the spreading branches of the spruce.

Down below in the glen the waters of the stream tinkled through the ground ice. Now and then there was a soft rushing sound, as the wet snow slipped off the sapling trees that bent beneath its weight, and sprang upwards again, released. Far off in the woods, a branch snapped under its load, like the sound of a gun at night. The stream murmured, flowing darkly. Dead keshes, withered grass, and canes stood up through the snow on its banks, under a fringe of hazel bushes.

Between the stream and the tree where the hens were roosting, there was a white untrodden slope. Only one tree grew there, a very small spruce, a little Christmas tree some four foot high. As the night grew darker – the branches of this little tree became all tipped with light, and wreathed with icicles and chains of frost. Brighter and brighter it shone, until it seemed to

bear a hundred fairy lights; not like the yellow gleam of candles, but a clear white incandescent light.

Small voices and music began to mingle with the sound of the water. Up by the snowy banks, from the wood and from the meadow beyond, tripped scores of little shadowy creatures, advancing from the darkness into the light. They trod a circle on the snow around the Christmas tree, dancing gaily hand-in-hand. Rabbits, moles, squirrels, and wood-mice – even the half blind mole, old Samson Velvet, danced hand-in-paw with a woodmouse and a shrew – whilst a hedgehog played the bag-pipes beneath the fairy spruce.

Tappie-tourie and her sisters craned forward on their branch. ‘Is the Christmas picnic commencing? May we fly down and share it? Shall we, too, join the dance?’ They slid and sidled forward, shaking down a shower of melting snow and ice. ‘Cluck, cluck!’ cackled the hens, as they clutched and fluttered amongst slippery boughs.

The lights on the Christmas tree quivered, and went out. All was darkness and silence. ‘I’m afraid the Christmas picnic was only a dream; we shall have to roost here till morning.’ ‘Hush! sit still,’ said Tappie-tourie, ‘it was not us that frightened them away. Something is stirring near the stream! What is it?’ The moon shone out between the clouds, throwing long shadows on the snow; shadows of the hazels and tall keshes. A little figure, questing and snuffling, came out into the moonlight: a small brown figure in a buttoned-up long coat. He examined the footsteps on the snow round the Christmas tree. Then, horrible to relate! he came straight up the snowy slope and stood under the spruce; looking up at the hens. He was a disagreeable fussy musky person, called John Stoot Ferret. (At this point Charles thought it necessary to apologize to Jenny Ferret who was knitting on the caravan steps. She accepted the apology in good part, and said of course she was not answerable for disagreeable relations – a horrid fussy musky smelly relation, with short legs, and rather a bushy tail.) First he tried to climb the tree, but he could not do so. Then he cried, ‘Shoo! shoo!’ and threw sticks at the hens. And then he butted against the tree, and tried to shake them down. They clung, cackling and terrified, in the boughs high over head.

Then John Stoot Ferret thought of another plan; he determined to make them dizzy. He set to work. He danced. It was not at all nice dancing. At first he circled slowly; very, very slowly; then gradually faster, faster, faster,

until he was spinning like a top. And always a nasty fussy musky smell steamed upwards into the tree. Tappie-tourie, Chucky-doddie, and Selina Pickacorn, overhead, watched him. They had left off clucking; they watched him in fascinated terrified silence, craning over their branch. And still he spun round and round and round, and the fussy smell rose up into the spruce. Tappie-tourie twisted her head round, following his movements as he danced. And Chucky-doddie twisted her neck round. And Selina Pickacorn not only twisted her head, she began to turn round herself upon the branch. All the hens were growing giddy.

John Stoa Ferret danced and spun more furiously, the fussy musky smell rose higher. All three hens commenced to turn round dizzily. In another minute they would fall off. John Stoa Ferret capered and twirled. But all of a sudden he stopped. He sat up, motionless, listening. Voices were approaching up the cart road that skirts the wood.

Upon Christmas Eve it is a pleasant custom amongst the Big Folk for carol singers to go singing from farm to farm; even to the lonely cottages on the outskirts of the great woods.

Two small boys, who had been out with the carollers, were going home to supper. Their Christmas picnic had been more prosperous than poor Tappie-tourie's. Their pockets were full of apples and toffy and pennies.

'George,' said Jimmy, 'give us a ginger snap.'

'Na-a!' said George, 'it will gummy your teeth tegidder, that you cannot sing. Whooop!' shouted George, jumping into a snowdrift, 'sing another –

"Wassail, wassail! to our town!

The bowl is white, and the ale is brown;

The bowl is made of the rosemary tree, and so is the ale, of the good barlee.

Little maid, little maid, tirl the pin!

Open the door, and let us come in!"

John Stoa Ferret listened intently. 'Whooop!' shouted Jimmy, kicking the snow about, and swinging his candle lantern; 'sing another one –

“Here us comes a wassailing, under the holly green,
Here us comes a wandering, so merry to be seen.
Good luck good Master Hodgin, and kind Mistress also,
And all the little childer that round the table go!
Your pockets full of money, your cupboards of good cheer,
A merry Christmas, Guizzards, and a Happy New Year!”

‘Jimmy!’ exclaimed George suddenly, ‘I smell stoat. Look over the wall with the lantern.’ John Stoat Ferret departed hurriedly. And as if a spell were broken, Chucky-doddie, Tappie-tourie, and Selina found their voices. They cackled loudly, up in the tree. ‘Eh, sithee!’ said George, ‘them’s our three hens that father lost out of t’ hen-hut. Fetch ’em down: I’s e haud lantern.’ ‘This wall’s gaily slape!’ giggled Jimmy, balancing himself on the slippery top stones. He reached up into the tree, and got hold of Tappie-tourie first, by the legs. ‘Ketch!’ said he, and flung her out into the snow-drift in the lane. ‘Here’s another fat ’un!’ He threw Chucky-doddie across. Selina flew after them of her own accord. The boys picked the hens out of the snow, and trudged homewards; George, with a hen tucked under each arm; and Jimmy, with one hen and the candle lantern. It was an inglorious ending to Tappie-tourie’s Christmas picnic; but at one time it looked like ending much worse – ‘very much worse, Cluck-cur-cuck-cuck-cluck!’ said Charles the cock.

Sandy looked thoughtful. ‘Was the parrot an elderly bird?’ ‘Very aged by his own account, if truthful,’ replied Charles.

‘I wonder whether he was the same parrot who had an adventure with a hawk, long ago. The parrot, which I am referring to, belonged to Squire Browne of Cumberland. The Squire also had a chestnut cob on which he went out riding; and he employed an old groom-gardener, named John Geddes. When Squire Browne came downstairs on fine mornings, he called through the open staircase window to John Geddes in the stable-yard. He said, “I’m riding today, John Geddes!” Then he scratched the parrot’s head, and read the newspaper, and had breakfast.

‘Now the parrot was so tame that he was allowed to come out of his cage; and one day he was waddling about on the lawn, when – shocking to say – a large hawk swooped down from the sky, and seized poor Polly in its claws. The hawk rose into the air, over the house and stableyard; and the

parrot, looking down for the last time at its home, saw the old groom-gardener sweeping with the yard broom. "I'm riding today, John Geddes!" shouted Polly. Whereupon the hawk was so startled that it let go the parrot, who skimmed downwards from the clouds to safety.'



'Cuck, cuck, cluck! I think I have heard that anecdote before,' said Charles. 'Possibly,' replied Sandy, bristling up his moustache, 'possibly. But Squire Browne's parrot was the first one it happened to.' Xarifa intervened hastily, in the cause of peace, 'Was it not Miss Browne, a very, very old lady, who told us the story?' 'It was,' said Sandy, eyeing Charles, the cock. 'And did she not tell us other pretty stories?' continued Xarifa, 'the story of the fairy clogs; and that pretty tale about the water-lilies? How they went adrift and sailed away, along the lake and down the river? In each water-lily flower was a fairy sitting, with golden curls, in the white lily flowers; and a fairy in green, on each broad round leaf, rowing with oars made of rushes?' 'What was the end of that story, Xarifa?' asked Tuppenny. 'Unfortunately, I do not remember. I don't think it had any end; or else I fell asleep.'



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Chapter 15. Pony Billy's Search

Whilst Sandy and the poultry were entertaining each other in the orchard, Pony Billy, saddled and bridled, trotted away in search of the truant Paddy Pig. He passed in front of the farmhouse windows, clink! clink! went his shoes on the cobblestones in the yard. Mrs. Hodgson darning stockings in the sunny window-seat looked up and listened. Nothing could she see; she threaded her needle in and out, out and in, through the stocking foot. Pony Billy passed by the sweet-smelling wallflowers in the old-fashioned garden, where beehives, all a-row, stood on a deep stone shelf of the wall that faced the sun. The bees were stirring busily after their drowsy winter's sleep. He came along a cart-track, and through a gate, on to the public road. Little sunshiny whirly winds had powdered white dust upon the king cups under the hedge; belated March dust in April. The cows looked over the hedge at Pony Billy. Said White-stockings to Fancy, 'There goes a brave little saddle pony! Look how proudly he arches his neck, and tosses his cunning head! See the brass lockets glittering in the sun, and the stirrup irons, and the saddle leather. Look at his long flowing tail; and how gaily he picks his steps! He lifts his feet as prettily as Merry-legs or Cricket, who won the prize at Helsington.' 'Where is he trotting to, think you?' said Buttercup Cow to Nancy. Pony Billy trotted along. It was dinner time with the Big Folk. He met nobody except old Quaker Goodman, jogging leisurely homeward in a low two-wheeled tub. The fat Quaker pony could see Pony Billy in spite of fern seed; it swerved across the road to leave him room to pass. Old Mr. Goodman laid his whip very gently along the ribs of the fat pony, as it were patting her with the handle of the whip, 'What Daisey! Why, Daisey? What is thee shying at, Daisey? Tch-tckk-tckk!' Staid iron-gray Daisey plodded steadily on; her thick bob-tail swung from side to side.

Horses can see things where the Big Folk can see nothing – nothing but a silly white stone, or a stump on the roadside bank. But horses can see. So likewise can little young children. Two toddling youngsters at play in the dust caught a fleeting glimpse of the fairy pony; they prattled baby talk, and clapped their dirty chubby hands. Pony Billy breasted the hill at a canter; he slackened his pace to a walk as he came along over the croft. He pricked his ears and looked down at the village. The Big Folk were all indoors at dinner. Maggret, the Codlin Croft mare, dozed under the pent-house at the

smithy. Farmer Hodgson was gossiping at the inn, whilst he waited for the blacksmith.

Pony Billy came down the croft at a quick, high-stepping trot; his brass lockets shone in the sun; his bright eyes sparkled. He hailed the smithy with eager neighings, 'Hinny ho! Mettle! Bellows and shoes, Mettle! Hinny ho!'

Out came Mettle, barking; a hard-haired yellow terrier, wearing a little leather apron, 'Good-day to you, Pony Billy! So the caravan is round again? What can I do for you this time? Another hoop? Another new circus trick?' 'I wish to have my shoes removed and put on backwards.' 'Certainly; four removes; we will soon have them off,' said Mettle, 'it does not sound very comfortable; but just as you please. I will blow up the fire (c-r-e-a-k, puff; Mettle leaned upon the handle of the bellows, c-r-e-a-k, puff, puff), they will require a little fitting. (Mettle turned the shoe upon the hearth amongst the small hot coal, puff, puff.) I will take it out in tickets; and treat our smithy cat to an outing (puff, puff!). I owe her one. I pulled her tail. She did scratch me (puff, puff)! Why did I do it? (C-r-e-a-k, puff, puff!) I did it because she was black. I thought she was a stray black cat! She went up the chimney tortoise-shell and white, and she came down black! Cheesebox, our smithy cat.'

Farmer Hodgson's mare yawned dismally. 'I am sorry, Maggret, I cannot offer to fit your shoes; your feet are so large I could not lift them.' (The mare laid her ears back.) 'No offence to a lady! My master says he likes a horse with a big open foot.'

Mettle took the white-hot horseshoe from the hearth with a little pair of tongs and hammered it daintily on the anvil; 'Now your shoes are little fairy shoes, Pony Billy'; tick, tock, tap, tock! hammered Mettle merrily and sang, 'Shoe the horse and shoe the mare, but let the little colt go bare! Now lift up your foot till I fit it. Have you ever gone short of fern seed since that night in the snow, Pony Billy?' 'Never,' said Pony Billy, shaking his mane to feel the precious packet nestling against his neck. Tap, tap, tap! hammered Mettle, 'Here a nail and there a trod; now the horse is well shod! Yes, Cheesebox and I will be coming to the circus this evening.'

Then Maggret pricked her ears and whinnied at sound of hob-nailed boots; her master and the blacksmith came into the pent-house together. Just then Pony Billy came out. Farmer Hodgson did feel as though he had bumped against something soft; but there was nothing to be seen. It might have been the door-post.

Pony Billy walked up a stony lane picking his footsteps carefully. It is not agreeable to trot amongst stones with four newly-shod back-to-front shoes. He stepped in the softest places. By banks and hollows and turnings, by muddy places and dry, always leaving back-to-front horseshoe marks behind him, as though he had come down the lane, instead of having gone up. He turned into another lane, crossed a shallow ford; came roundabout behind the wood, and looked over a tumble-down wall.

Pringle Wood lay before him, silent, still; crowned with golden green in a pale spring afternoon. Almost silent, almost still; save for a whispering breath amongst the golden green leaves, and a faint tingle ringle from the bluebells on the fairy hill of oaks. How blue the bluebells were! a sea of soft pale blue; tree behind tree; and beneath the trees, wave upon wave, a blue sea of bluebells. Below the low stone wall, between it and the wooded hill, was a tangly boggy dell, matted with brambles and wild raspberry canes, and last year's withered meadow-sweet and keshes. Young larch trees and spruces struggled through the briars; a little stream slid gently round the hill, beneath ellers and hazel bushes.

Pony Billy came over a gap in the wall, and pushed his way through the tangle, leaving back-to-front footsteps as he squelched through the black earth and moss. Briars tugged his mane; raspberry canes pulled his tail as though they were fingers; he left tufts of his shaggy coat upon the brambles. He whinnied, 'Hinny ho! where are you hiding, Paddy Pig?' No one answered. Only there seemed to be a faint tingle ringle of laughing from the thousands of bluebells in the wood.

Pony Billy got out of the bog with a jump and a scramble up the steep grassy slope of the hill. Round and round and round he went underneath the oaks; always going widdershins, contrary to the sun; always leaving back-to-front misleading marks behind him. Six times round he went; and he saw nothing but the bluebells and the oaks. But the seventh time round he saw a little Jenny Wren, chattering and fussing round an old hollow tree. 'What are you scolding, you little Jenny Wren?' She did not stay to answer; she darted through the wood twittering gaily. 'I had better go and look inside that hollow tree myself,' thought Pony Billy. He walked up to it, and looked in. 'Ho, ho! what are you doing in there, Paddy Pig? Come out!' 'Never no more,' replied Paddy Pig. He was sitting huddled up inside the tree, with his fore-trotters pressed against his tummy; 'never again. I cannot break through the ropes.' 'Ropes? don't be silly! there is nothing but cobwebs.'

‘What, what? no ropes?’ ‘Come out at once,’ said Pony William, stamping. ‘I am ill,’ replied Paddy Pig; he pressed his trotters on his waistcoat. ‘What have you been eating?’ ‘Tartlets.’ ‘Tartlets in Pringle Wood! more likely to be toadstools. Come out, you pig; you are keeping the circus waiting.’ ‘Never no more shall I return to the go-cart and the caravan.’ Pony Billy thrust his head through the spider webs in the opening, seized Paddy Pig’s coat-collar with his teeth, and jerked him out of the tree. ‘What, what? no ropes? but it is all in vain.’ He sat upon the grass and wept. ‘Try a potato? I brought you some on purpose.’ ‘What, what? potatoes! but is it safe to eat them?’ ‘Certainly it is,’ said Pony Billy, ‘they did not grow in Pringle Wood. Eat them while I have my nosebag. Then I will carry you home again pig-a-back.’ ‘We will be chased. And I will fall off.’ He ate all the potatoes; ‘I feel a little better; but I know I will fall off. Oh, oh, oh! Something is pinching my ears!’

Whatever might be the matter, Paddy Pig’s behaviour was odd. He got up on a tree-stump, and he tried to climb into the saddle. First he climbed too far and tumbled over the other side; then he climbed too short and tumbled; then he fell over the pony’s head; then he slipped backwards over the crupper, just as though someone were pulling him. He sat upon the ground and sobbed, ‘Leave me to my fate. Go away and tell my friends that I am a prisoner for life in Pringle Wood.’ ‘Try once more. Sit straight, and hold on to the strap of lockets,’ said Pony Billy, trampling through the bluebells.

He came out from under the trees into the sunshine. He trotted across the green grass of the open meadow, and carried Paddy Pig safely back to camp.



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Chapter 16. The Effect of Toadstool Tartlets

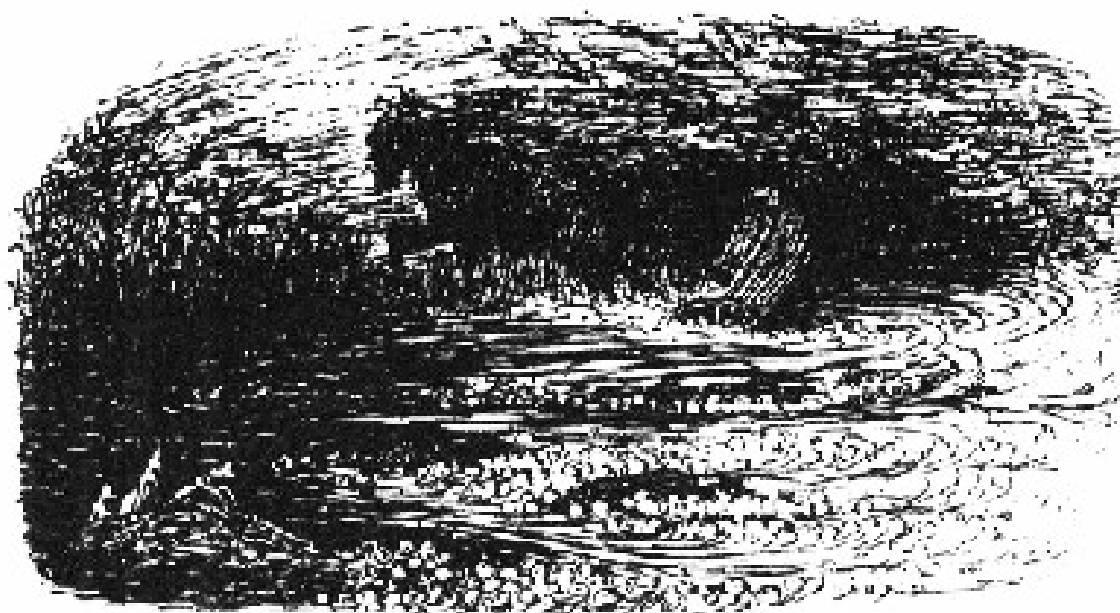
It was four o'clock of the afternoon when Pony Billy trotted into Codlin Croft orchard with Paddy Pig. Sandy and the farm dogs barked joyfully; the turkey cock gobbled; Charles crowed; and Jenny Ferret waved a dishcloth on the caravan steps. Even Tuppenny and Xarifa – dolefully confined in hampers – clapped their little paws in welcome. Paddy Pig took no notice of these greetings. He slid from the saddle, and sat by the camp fire in a heap.

'He looks poorly,' said Sandy, anxiously, 'fetch a shawl, Jenny Ferret.' 'Ill; very ill,' said Paddy Pig. They wrapped him in the shawl and gave him tea; he was thirsty, but he had no appetite. The raw potatoes appeared to have disagreed, on top of the tartlets. As evening closed in, he shivered more and more. The company plied him with questions – how did he get across the water into Pringle Wood? 'Over a plank.' 'I don't remember any plank bridge,' said Pony Billy, 'perhaps it might be a tree that had been washed down by the flood?' 'Why did you not come back the same way?' 'It was gone,' said Paddy Pig, swaying himself about. 'What did you do in the wood?' 'I tumbled down. Things pulled my tail and pinched me, and peeped at me round trees,' said Paddy Pig, shuddering. 'What sort of things?' 'Green things with red noses. Oh, oh, oh!' he squealed, 'there is a red nose looking at me out of the teapot! Take me away, Pony Billy! I'm going to be sick!' 'He is very unwell,' said Jenny Ferret, 'he should be put to bed at once.' But where? In an ordinary way, Paddy Pig and Sandy slept in dry straw underneath the caravan. But everybody knows that it is unsafe to allow a delirious pig to sleep on the cold ground. 'Do you think we could squeeze him through the door into the caravan, if I pulled and you pushed?' said Sandy. Jenny Ferret shook her head, 'He is too big. We might have crammed him into the go-cart; but it is not here; it was left behind, by the ford.' 'He must sleep indoors somehow,' said Sandy. 'Why all this discussion?' said Charles the cock. 'Let our honored visitor, Mr. Patrick Pig, sleep in the middle stall of the stable. It is empty. Maggret, our mare, stands in the stall next to the window. And there is hay, as well as straw. I, myself, scratched it out of the hay-rack. Cock-a-doodle doo! And there is even a horse rug. A large buff, moth-eaten blanket, bound with red braid,' said Charles, swelling with importance. 'The very thing! provided Maggret has no objection,' said Sandy. 'Come, Paddy Pig.' The invalid rose stiffly to

his feet. But he flopped down again, nearly into the fire (which would have caused another red nose for certain, had he fallen into it). It was necessary to borrow a wheelbarrow; also the stable lantern, as by this time it was dark. Fortunately, Farmer Hodgson had bedded up the mare, and fed all for the night. He was having his own supper, quite unconscious that his stable had been requisitioned as a hospital for sick pigs. He supped in the kitchen; and the windows looked another way. Mrs. Hodgson had occasion to go to the pantry for cheese and a pasty. She glanced through the small diamond panes towards the orchard and the warm glow that was Jenny Ferret's stick fire, 'Tis a red rising moon. Will it freeze?' 'Bad for the lambs if so be,' said Farmer Hodgson, cutting the apple pasty. Paddy Pig did not improve; he became worse. His mind wandered. He talked continually about red noses; and he thought that there were green caterpillars in the manger. He was so obsessed with red-nosed peepers that he would have bolted out of the stable if his legs had been strong enough. 'Someone must sit up with him,' said Jenny Ferret, 'I am no use; I'm only an old body. And you, Sandy, ought to remain on guard at the camp. What is to be done?' 'I should esteem it a privilege to be permitted to act as nurse; I am accustomed to night watching,' said Cheesebox, the smithy cat. She had arrived with Mettle, hoping for a circus show; but the company were so anxious about Paddy Pig that they felt unable to give any performance. 'I should esteem it a privilege to sit up with Mr. Patrick Pig. At the same time I should prefer to have a colleague to share the responsibility. Send for Mrs. Scales' Mary Ellen. She has an invaluable prescription for sick pigs. And she understands worm-in-tail,' said Cheesebox; 'had it been the time of the moon, we would have hung up rowan berries in the stall. But failing that propitious season, she has medicinal herbs of great virtue. Send for Mary Ellen!' Sandy looked doubtful; 'I presume she is another cat? I am afraid she might refuse to come with me, if I went to fetch her. Could *you* go, Pony Billy? Are you too tired?' Pony Billy sighed the sigh of a weary horse; 'Not tired; not at all; but my shoes are past bearing. And here is Mettle out for a lark; otherwise I would have gone to the smithy and had them altered. In any case I was intending to fetch the tilt-cart.' 'Go for the cart before your shoes are changed, Billy. You left it over near to Pringle Wood. I will undertake to have the hearth hot, long before you will reach the smithy.'

Pony Billy paced across the meadow in the starlight. The hill of oaks rose dark and black against the sky. On the ground beneath the trees a few

lights were twinkling: whether they were glowworms or red-noses is uncertain, as Pony Billy did not go to look! On the outskirts of the wood, under an eller bush, he found the little cart where he had left it. He placed himself between the shafts and pulled – once, twice, again – what a weight! Yet the baggage had all been lifted out, as well as Xarifa and Tuppenny. Pony Billy tugged and pulled till he moved it with a sudden plunge, that took both the cart and himself over the bank into running water. Thousands of oak-apples washed out of the cart-kist, and changed into sparkling bubbles. They floated away down Wilfin Beck, dancing and glittering in the starlight. He crossed the ford, and made his way to the smithy, without any further adventure.



Chapter 17. Fairy Horse-shoes

The smithy was all aglow with a roaring fire on the hearth. Sparks were flying. Hot firelight flickered on the rafters overhead. It shone upon a crowd of dogs and horses, and upon the gypsies' donkey, Cuddy Simpson, who was dozing in a corner. His head drooped; he rested a strained fetlock wearily. Dogs barked; horses stamped; there was even the merry feedle tweedle of a fiddle, to which the collies, Meg, and Fly, and Glen warbled a treble chorus. And through all the din sounded the tap, tap, tap! of Mettle's little hammer on the anvil, and the creaking of the bellows that another dog was blowing. The dog was Eddy Tinker, the gypsy lurcher; and the bandhold of the bellows was made of a polished ox-horn. 'Welcome, Pony Billy! but wait for Cuddy Simpson. He has cast a foreshoe, and he is lame and weary. Wait till I fit him with fairy shoes that will make him as lish as new legs. That's why the donkeys never die! They know the road to the fairy smithy!' 'I can wait,' said Pony Billy, who was fond of Cuddy Simpson.

Creak, creak! went the bellows, keeping time to the tune of Black Nag. Louder still barked the dogs, and the horses stamped on the floor. They talked of the good old days, when roads were made for horses, 'None of this tarry asphalt like a level river of glass; none of this treacherous granite where we toil and slip and stumble, dragged backward by our loads. None of these hooting lorries that force us against the wall. Shrieking, oily, smelly monsters! and everybody has one – the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker – even the fisherman and the farmer. Where are the patient horses? Where is butcher's Ginger? and fishcart Fanny? and baker's Tommy? Where is the hog-maned mare with the shrapnel marks? Gone, gone – all gone.

Queeny Cross, I, poor old mare, am the last nag left in a huckster's cart. But happen you like them, Mettle? you that work amongst iron and nails and bolts?'

'I like them?' snarled Mettle, banging the hammer on the anvil, 'I like those snorting juggernauts? I hate them as much as you do, old Queen. They run over us dogs; they lame our cattle; they kill our sheep.' (Ragman and Roy growled low.) 'Think of the noble horses in the grand old days of the road! Who needed a starting handle? Who required to wind up a thoroughbred? Breed – give me breed!' barked Mettle, 'Will-Tom's team in

the Coniston coach for me! Now it's rattle, rumble, rattle, rattle, shriek, shriek, shriek! Gone are the pleasant jog-trot days of peace. They have ruined the smithies and stolen the roads. Shame upon the Big Folks!' said Mettle, banging on the anvil, 'even Mistress Heelis – her that was so fond of ponies – serve her right to lose her clog!' 'Where did she lose it, Mettle?' 'Nay, that is a mystery! It seemed to have clog danced right away and back. It came home by Hawkshead and it had been to Gray thwaite. As to the how –' (here Mettle interrupted his story to throw a shovelful of small coal onto the hearth) – 'as to the how she came to lose it, it was this a-way. She had been on a long, long journey in one of these here rattletraps; and when she got home and unpacked her luggage, she left her clogs upon the shelf.' 'What shelf was that, Mettle?' 'What the Big Folk that ride in motors call a "footboard", quite appropriate for clogs. When the car went forth next morning there sat the pair of clogs, still upon the footboard. They looked proud.' 'One thing surprises me,' interrupted white collie Fan, 'does Mistress Heelis really ever take her clogs off? I thought she went to bed in them?' 'They were off that day, sure,' said Mettle, leaning on the bellows handle, 'I saw them pass the smithy. They grinned at me; their buckles winked. But when the car came home in the afternoon, there was only one clog on the footboard, sitting by itself. The other one had fallen off.' 'Which foot's clog was it, Mettle?' 'Her best foot that she puts foremost. She was sad. She inquired all over for her right-foot clog; and she put a notice – LOST, A CLOG – in the window of the village shop. The clog came home again after a while. My word! It had seen some fun. Now it happened this a-way,' continued Mettle, turning the donkey shoe with the tongs, and blowing white flame through the small coal, 'it happened this way. The car took the bumpy road through the woods by Eesbridge. The clogs joggled on the footboard; joggled and giggled and nudged each other with their elbows; until – bump, bump, bump! over a rise of the road, they came in sight of Joshy Campbell's tin-can-dinner-box and his big green gingham umbrella.



‘Joshy was an old man with a reddish gray beard, who tidied the sides of the roads. Always took out with him his tin-can-dinner-box, and his great big bunchy umbrella. I never saw him use his umbrella; he carried it always rolled up, to keep it out of the rain. All day, while Joshy worked, the umbrella sat by the dyke, bolt upright and serious, with a long, curved, hooky nose. And snuggled up beside it sat the dumpy tin-can-dinner-box. When the clogs saw the umbrella they bounced up with a shout – who-op! The left-foot clog bounced back upon the board and continued to joy-ride; but the right-foot clog bounced right off. It bounced onto the road and ran back – back, back, back! back to old Joshy Campbell’s umbrella. The umbrella made a bow and stepped out of the ditch; the dinner-box made a bob; the clog made a gambol; and away down the road they all ran, hoppitty hop! without ever a stop, stoppitty stop! or the slightest consideration for old Joshy Campbell. They ran and they ran, and they hopped and they

hopped. For a mile or two they ran, and it was night before they stopped.' Mettle drew the coal over the donkey shoe with a little colrake, and plied the bellows.

'Where did they hop to, and stop at, Mettle?' 'They hopped as far as the middle of the great wood. It was darkish; but they could see to follow the woodland track. For a long, long way they followed it, winding amongst the bushes; until at length before them in the distance they saw a pool of light. It was silvery, like moonlight; only it was always streaming upwards; up from the ground, not downwards from the sky above. The shining space was level, like the floor of a great pit-stead; it shone like a moonlit mere.

'And on that shining floor were dancers – strange dancers they were! Hundreds of filmy glittering dancers, dancing to silvery music; thousands of tinkling, echoing murmurs from silver twigs and withered leaves. And still from the dance floor a white light streamed, and showed the dancing shoes that danced thereon – alone.



‘They tell me that in France there is a palace – a fairy palace; and in that court, long mournful and deserted, there is a Hall of Lost Footsteps, the Salle des Pas Perdus, where ghosts dance at night. But this dance amongst the oak-woods was a dance of joyous memories. If no feet were in the footgear, the shoes but danced more lightly. And what shoes were not there? Shoes of fact and fable! Queen amongst the dancers was a tiny glass slipper – footing it, footing it – in minuet and stately gavotte. She danced with a cavalier boot; a high boot with brown leather top. Step it, step it, high boot! Step it, little glass slipper! The chimes will call you at midnight; “Cinderella’s carriage stops the way! Room for the Marquis, the Grand Marquis of Carabas! Make way for Puss-in-Boots!” These two danced one-and-one; but beside them danced a pair – Goody-two-shoes’ little red slippers. How they did jet it, jet it, jet it in and out! And round about them danced other shoes, other shoes dancing in hundreds. Broad shoes of

slashed cloth; and long-toed shoes with bells, that danced the milkmaid's morris; buckled shoes, and high-heeled shoes; jack-boots, and buskins, and shoes of Spanish leather, and pumps and satin sandals that jigged in and out together.

‘And round about them – clump, clump, clump! – danced Mistress Heelis’ clog, clog dancing like a good one, with Joshy Campbell’s dinner-box and the tall green gingham umbrella!

‘Only those two were different; all the other dancers were shoes; and the main of them were horseshoes – shoes of all the brave horses that ever were shod, in the good old days of the road. There were little shoes of galloways, and light shoes of thoroughbreds, and great shoes of Clydesdales; and the biggest were the wagoners! On they came galloping, Ha halloo! Ha halloo! (Brill, the foxhound, lifted up her voice – Ha halloo, ha halloo!) – galloping, galloping, Black Nag come galloping! Hark to the timber wagons thundering down the drift road!’ shouted Mettle, banging on the anvil, ‘hark the ringing music of the horseshoes – here’s –

“Tap, tap, tappitty! trot, trot, trod!
Sing Dolly’s little shoes, on the hard high road!
Sing Quaker Daisey’s sober pace,
Sing high-stepping Peter, for stately grace.
Phoebe and Blossom, sing softly and low, dear dead horses of long ago;
Jerry and Snowdrop; black Jet and brown

Tom and Cassandra, the pride of the town;
Bobby and Billy gray, Gypsy and Nell;
More bonny ponies than I can tell;
Prince and Lady, Mabel and Pet;
Rare old Diamond, and Lofty and Bet.”

‘Now for the wagoners! Hark to the trampling of the wagoners!’ shouted Mettle, banging on the anvil – ‘here’s –

“Dick, Duke, Sally, and Captain true,
Wisest of horses that ever wore shoe,
Shaking the road from the ditch to the crown,
When the thundering, lumbering larch comes down.”

‘Ah, good old days! ah, brave old horses! Sing loud, sing louder, good dogs!’ barked Mettle, ‘sing, Pony Billy; sing up old Queenie, thou last of the nags! Sing the right words, dogs, none of that twaddle! Now sing all together; Keep time to the bellows –

“D’ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D’ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D’ye ken John Peel when he’s far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

’Twas the sound of his horn call’d me from my bed.
And the cry of his hounds has me oft times led;
For Peel’s view halloa would ‘waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.”

Louder and merrier rose the hunting chorus, floating round the rafters with the eddying smoke from the forge. Till the Big Folk, that slept up above in Anvil Cottage, turned on their feather beds and dreamed that they were fox hunting.



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Chapter 18. The Woods by Moonlight

The moon had risen by the time that Pony Billy – properly shod – trotted away from the village smithy to fetch Mary Ellen. The empty tilt-cart rattled at his heels; jumping forward into the harness like a live thing downhill; trundling gaily along the level. The pebbles on the road sparkled in the dazzling moonlight. Pony Billy blew puffs of white breath from his nostrils, and he stepped high – tap-tap-tappitty! prancing to the tune of the smithy song.

He amused himself with step-dancing over the shadows of the hedgerow trees; black shadows flung across the silver road from hedgebank to hedge. Down below in the reed beds a wild duck was quacking. A roe-deer barked far off in Gallop Wood. White mist covered the Dub; the woods lay twinkling in the moonlight.

Up hill and down hill, Pony Billy trotted on and on; and the woods stretched mile after mile. The tall, straight tree-trunks gleamed in white ranks; trees in hundreds of thousands. Pony Billy glanced skeerily right and left. Almost he seemed to hear phantom galloping horseshoes, as his own shoes pattered on the road. Almost he seemed to see again the fairy dancers of Mettle's story by the forge.

Shadows of a shadow! Was that the shadow of a little hooded figure, flitting across a forest ride? and a dark prowling shadow that followed her? Was the trotting shadow on the road beside him the shadow of himself? Or was it the shadow of another pony? A little bay pony in a pony trap, with an old woman and a bob-tailed dog, caught in a snowstorm in the woods?

But this white road was not white with snow; and they were real overtaking footsteps that caused Pony Billy to spring forward with a start of panic. Three roe-deer cantered by. Their little black hoofs scarcely touched the ground, so lightly they bounded along. They made playful grunting noises, and dared Pony Billy to catch them; he arched his neck and trotted his best, while he 'hinnied' in answer to the deer. They bore him merry company for longer than a mile; sometimes gambolling alongside; sometimes cantering on before.



On and on they travelled; through many miles of woods. Past the black firs; past the sele bushes in the swamp; past the grove of yew trees on the crags; past the big beech trees; uphill and down. Sometimes a rabbit darted across their path. And once they saw two strange dwarfy figures crossing the road in front of them – stumpy, waddling figures, broad as they were long; running, running. The second trundled a handbarrow; the foremost pulled it with a rope – there go the Oakmen! Are those pissamoor hills in the glade? or are they tiny charcoal settings on the pit-steads? The gambolling roe-deer kick up their heels. They know the weight of Oakman Huddikin's sledge in winter! But this is spring. The dwarfy red-capped figures, running like two little fat badgers, disappeared in the moonlight behind the Great Oak.

At length the woods grew thinner. There began to be moonlit clearings; small parrocks where the Big Folk last summer had hung white streamers

on sticks, to scare the red stags from the potato drills. The friendly roe-deer turned aside and left him, leaping a roadside fence, with a flicker of white scuts.

Pony Billy by himself reached a lonely farmsteading; he was pleasantly warm after his long brisk trot. He turned up a narrow yard between manure heaps and a high stone building, that showed a white-washed front to the moon. He passed the doors of byres. Sleepy cows mooed softly; their warm sweet breath smelled through the door-slats. A ring-widdie clinked, as a cow turned her head to listen to the wheels.

Pony Billy passed several more doors. Old Tiny, the sow, was snoring peacefully behind one of them. He drew the cart round the end of the shippon into a cobble-paved yard, where the wheels rumbled over the stones. He went up to the back door of the house. There was no light upstairs; the window panes twinkled in the moonlight. A faint red glow showed through the kitchen window and under the back door.

Mary Ellen, the farm cat, sat within; purring gently, and staring at the hot white ashes on the open hearth; wood ash that burns low, but never dies for years. She sat on a dun-coloured deer-skin, spread on the kitchen flags. Pots and pans, buckets, firewood, coppy stools, cumbered the floor; and a great brown cream mug was set to warm before the hearth against the morrow's churning. The half-stone weight belonging to the butter scales was on the board that covered the mug; Mary Ellen had not been sampling the cream. She sat before the hot wood ash and purred. Crickets were chirping. All else was asleep in the silent house.

Mary Ellen listened to the sounds of wheels and horseshoes, which came right up to the porch. Pony Billy's soft nose snuffled about the latch. He struck a light knock on the door with a forward swing of his forefoot. Mary Ellen arose from the hearth. She went towards the door, and looked through a crack between the door and the doorjamb.



‘Good-evening, good Pony; good-evening to you, Sir! I would bid you come in by, only the door is locked. Snecks I can lift; but the key is upstairs.’ Pony Billy explained his errand through the crack.

‘Dear, dearie me! poor, poor young pig!’ purred Mary Ellen, ‘and me shut up here, accidental-like, with the cream! Dearie, dearie me, now! to think of that! Asleep in the clothes-swill, I was, when the door got locked. Yes! indeed, I do understand pig powders and herbs and clisters and cataplasms and nutritions and triapharmacons etcy teera, etcy terra!’ purred Mary Ellen, ‘but pray, how am I to be got out, without the door key?’ Pony Billy pawed the cobblestones with an impatient hoof.

‘Let me see, good Mr. Pony, do you think that you could push away that block of wood that is set against a broken pane in the pantry window? Yes? Now I will put on my shawly shawl; so,’ purred Mary Ellen, ‘so! I am stout, and the hole is small. Dearie, dearie me! what a squeeze! I am afraid of

broken glass. But there is nothing like trying!’ purred Mary Ellen, safely outside upon the pantry window-sill. ‘Now I can jump down into your cart, if you will back, under the windy pindy.’ ‘First rate! Are you ready, M’mam?’ said Pony Billy, backing against the wall with a bump.

‘Oh, dearie me! I have clean forgotten the herbs; I must climb in again! Bunches and bunches of herbs!’ purred Mary Ellen, pausing on the window-sill, above the cart. ‘My Mistress Scales grows a plant of rue on purpose for poor sick piggy-wiggies. Herb of Grace!’ purred Mary Ellen, ‘what says old Gerard in the big calfskin book? “St. Anthony’s fire is quenched therewith; it killeth the shingles. Twelve pennyweight of rue is a counter-poison to the poison of wolfs-bane; and mushrooms; and TOADSTOOLS; and the bite of serpents; and the sting of scorpions, and hornets, and bees, and wasps; in-so-much that if the weasel is to fight the serpent, she armeth herself by eating rue.” Toadstools! it says so in the big book! the very thing!’ purred Mary Ellen, squeezing inside, and disappearing into the pantry. ‘Bunches and bunches of herbs,’ she purred, struggling out again through the broken window; ‘bunches and bunches hanging from the kitchen ceiling! And a pot of goose-grease on the jam board; and a gun. And onions. And a lambing crook. And a fishing rod. And a brass meat-jack that winds up.’

‘Am I to take all these things, M’mam?’ inquired Pony Billy. ‘Bless me no! only the herbs,’ purred Mary Ellen, seating herself in the cart. But no sooner had Pony Billy turned it in the yard, preparing to start homewards, ‘Oh, dearie, dearie me! I’ve forgot my fur-lined boots! No, not through the window this time. I keep my wardrobe in the stick-house. And I would like an armful of brackens in the cartkist, to keep my footsies warm, please Mr. Pony Billy.’ ‘We shall get away sometime!’ thought Pony William.

Once set off, Mary Ellen sat quietly enough; never moving anything excepting her head, which she turned sharply from side to side, at the slightest rustle in the woods, hoping to see rabbits. The roe-deer did not show themselves again. The journey back to Codlin Croft Farm was uneventful. Mary Ellen was set down safely at the stable door. Cheesebox welcomed her effusively.

After assuring himself that Paddy Pig was still alive and kicking, Pony Billy dragged the tilt-cart into the orchard, and tipped it up beside the caravan. Himself he went up to the hay-stack for a well-earned bite of

supper. Afterwards he lay down on the west side of the stack; and slept there, sheltered from the wind.



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Chapter 19. Mary Ellen

Mary Ellen was a fat tabby cat with sore eyes, and white paws, and an unnecessarily purry manner. If people only looked at her she purred, and scrubbed her head against them. She meant well; but she drove Paddy Pig wild. 'Was it a leetle sick piggy-wiggy? was it cold then?' purred Mary Ellen, working her claws into the horseblanket and squirming it upwards. The result was that the top of the blanket got into Paddy Pig's mouth, whilst his hind feet were left bare and cold.

'Bless its little pettitoes! No, it must not kick its blanket off its beddee beddee!' 'What, what, what? I'm snuffocated! Sandy! Sandy! Take away this cat! I'm skumfished!' 'Was it a leetle fidgetty pidgetty –' 'Sandy, I say! Take away this awful cat!' screamed Paddy Pig.

At that moment Cheesebox entered the stable carrying a jug of rue tea, 'He sounds very fractious. Keep him flat, Mary Ellen.' Paddy Pig sat up violently under the blanket, 'Bring me a bucketful of pig-wash! None of your cat lap!' 'Rue tea,' purred Mary Ellen; 'my Mrs. Scales always prescribes nice rue tea in a little china cuppy cuppy, for poor sick piggy-wiggies with tummyakies.'

Paddy Pig swallowed the rue tea, under protest. He was sick immediately in spite of the expostulations of the two cats. Maggret, the mare in the next stall, blew her nose and stamped. After he had exhausted himself with kicking and squealing, Paddy Pig sank into uneasy slumber. But every time he turned over he kicked off the blanket, and there was another cat fight.

Towards midnight he grew quieter. The cats sat up all night; wide awake and watchful. There were noises of rats in the old walls of the stable; and noises of night birds without. Twice during the small hours of the morning Sandy's black nose appeared under the stable door. He listened to the patient's uneasy breathing, and then returned to his straw bed underneath the caravan.

At 2 a.m. the cats made themselves a dish of tea (proper tea, made of tea leaves). It enlivened them to endless purring conversations. They gossiped about other cats of their acquaintance. About our cat Tamsine, and her fifteenth family of kittens. And how Tamsine once was lost for a whole week, and came home very thin. And after all, she had been no further off than the next-door house, which was shut up empty, while the tenants had

gone away for a week's holiday. But what had Tamsine been doing to get herself locked up in the next-door pantry, I wonder? 'Perhaps she was catching dear little mousy mousies,' purred Mary Ellen. 'She did not look as though she had eaten many. And to think that her people had heard her mewling, and had searched for her high and low, never guessing that the next-door house was locked up unoccupied!'

'And there was Maidie, too! oh, what a sad, sad accident! Caught in rabbit trap, poor love! She has limped about on only three footsies ever since.' 'That comes of rabbitting,' said Cheesebox, who was a stay-at-home cat; 'I used to know a black cat called Smutty, who caught moles alive, and brought them into the kitchen.' 'What, what, what! Will you be quiet, you horrid old cats? I want to go to sleep!'

'A sweet pussy pussy is Tamsine. Whose kitten was she?' resumed Mary Ellen, after renewed struggles with the patient and the blanket. 'Whose kitten? She was Judy's kitten, only, of course, she was not Judy's. Judy had a fat big kitten of her own in the hayloft; and one day she brought in a much younger young kitten, the smallest that ever was seen. It was so very tiny it could sit inside a glass tumbler. Goodness knows where Judy had picked it up! She carried it into the house and put it down before the fire on the hearth rug. Judy nursed it, and it grew up into Tamsine; but it was not Judy's kitten.' 'She was a fine cat, old Judy; such a splendid ratter.' 'Tamsine is a rubbish; she will not look at a rat; and she plays with mice, which is as silly as trying to educate them. Did you ever hear of Louisa Pussycat's mouse seminary?' 'No? Never! does she bury the dear little things? I always eat them.' 'I did not say "cemetery", I said "seminary". "Seminary" is the genteel word for school; Miss Louisa Pussycat is very genteel.

'One night I went to town to buy soap and candles, and I thought I might as well call at the Misses Pussycats' shop, as I was passing. On my way through the square I saw Louisa coming down the steps from the loft over the stores. She had purchases in a basket, and she was on her way homewards. We passed the time of night, and inquired after each other's kittens. Then, as I had hoped, she invited me to step in and drink a cup of tea, and inspect the latest spring fashions from Catchester. As we went along the cat-walk, she told me how she had commenced to keep a mouse seminary in addition to conducting the millinery business. She said, "It is remarkable how character can be moulded in early youth; you would

scarcely credit the transformation which I achieve with my mice, Cheesebox.” I inquired, “Do you use porcelain moulds or tin, Louisa?” “Character, Cheesebox; I refer to the amelioration of disposition and character; not to compote of mouse. I mould and educate their minds. I counteract bad habits by admonition, by rewards, and – a’hem – by judicious weeding out. Recalcitrant pupils whose example might prove deleterious are fried for supper by Matilda. *I* never have any trouble with dunces or drones. My pupils excel especially in application, and in exemplary perseverance. This very night I have left the whole seminary industriously occupied with the task of sorting two pounds of rice, which I have inadvertently poured into the moist sugar canister. Think of the time which it would have cost me to retrieve those grains of rice myself! But – thanks to my indefatigable mice – I am free to go out shopping; and my sister Matilda is drinking tea with friends, whilst my mouse seminary is sorting rice and sugar under the superintendence of my favourite pupil, Tillydumpling. I have also taught my mice to count beans into dozens, and to sift oatmeal into a chestnut.” “Dear me, Louisa,” said I, getting a word in edgeways, “are their fingers clean enough to handle groceries? I always think one can smell mice in a store cupboard?” “*My* mice, Cheesebox, *always* lick their fingers before touching food.” “Really? and can you trust them with cheese?” “We have – a’hem – a china cheese cover, which the mice are unable to raise. But for ordinary household duties – such as tidying and dusting – their assistance is invaluable. And they call me punctually at 8.30 – I should say 7.30 – I sit up late, you know, trimming bonnets.”



‘At this point of the conversation, we turned a corner, and came in sight of the milliner’s shop; a little steep, three-storied house with diamond panes in the windows. (They call it Thimble Hall.) The house was lighted up; not only the shop, but also the parlour, which the Misses Pussycats only used on Sundays. “Dear me, Louisa, do you allow your mice to burn candles?” “A’hem – no. It is an indiscretion,” said Louisa, feeling in her pocket for her latchkey. Even before the key was in the lock, we could hear patterings, squeakings, and shrill laughter. “Your pupils seem to be merry, Louisa?” “It must be that little wretch Tilly Didlem, who eats comfits in school. I will have mouse sausage for supper,” said Louisa, opening the house door hurriedly. As we entered the passage, we encountered a smell of toffee; and something boiled over on the parlour fire with a flare-up. There was pitter patter and scurrying into mouse-holes; followed by silence. We looked into the parlour; the fire had been lighted upon a weekday; and upon the fire

was a frying-pan. “Toffee! Mouse toffee! Toffee with lemon in it. I’ll toffee you! I will bake the whole seminary in a pasty!” “When you catch them, Louisa. After all – when the cat’s away the mice will play!”

‘I fancy that was the end of the Misses Pussycats’ mouse seminary. Since then they have been content to manage the bonnet shop.’



Chapter 20. Iky Shepster's Play

Paddy Pig continued to be poorly all next day; poorly and very feverish. The circus company were concerned and worried. It added to their anxiety that they should be detained so long at Codlin Croft Farm. The farm animals and poultry were becoming troublesome; Sandy was almost as tired of Charles the cock, as Paddy Pig was of Mary Ellen the cat.

'A change of air might do Paddy Pig good. It strikes me his illness is largely imagination and temper; listen how he is squealing!' said Sandy to Pony Billy. 'I do not like to take the responsibility of removing him without advice,' said the cautious pony, 'suppose it should prove to be measles?' Sandy had an inspiration, 'Could we not consult the veterinary retriever?' 'Would he come, think you? You and your friend, Eddy Tinker, bit him rather shabbily, two of you at once.' 'Perhaps he would come if *you* asked him, Pony William. If you would ask him nicely; and take my apologies with this large bone.' 'Where did you find that large bone, Alexander?' 'In the ashpit, I assure you, William, it smells.' 'It does,' said Pony Billy; 'I'm tired of trotting on the roads; but I suppose it must be done. The sooner we get away to the moors the better for all of us.'

'Jenny Ferret says Xarifa has rubbed her nose with gnawing the wires of her cage; and Tuppenny's hair is all tangled again for want of being brushed. But it is not safe to let them out, with all these strange dogs and cats; and Charles is not to be trusted for pecking. Look at the poultry crowding round the caravan! Mrs. Hodgson has been calling "chuck! chuck!" all the afternoon, but the hens won't go home to lay. And the worst of it is they are all clamouring to see the Pigmy Elephant.' 'Tell them he has caught a cold in his trunk.' 'That would be too near the truth; they must not guess that Paddy Pig is the elephant.'

Pony Billy thought for a moment. 'Say the elephant has gone to Blackpool.' 'Now that's a good idea! And if Charles asks me any more impertinent questions, I'll pull his tail feathers out.'

Pony Billy looked serious; 'Such a proceeding would be a poor return for the hospitality of Codlin Croft. Give them some sort of a show, Sandy, while I am away. Consult Jenny Ferret.'

So Pony Billy trotted away once more; and Sandy and Jenny Ferret determined to give the best performance that could be arranged under the

circumstances. Iky Shepster flew round with invitations gratis; and there was quite a 'full house' in the orchard. There were ducks, pigs, poultry, turkeys, two farm dogs, and the cat (which was a great disappointment for the mice who had counted upon coming). And there were also four calves, a cow, a pet lamb, and a number of sparrows.

'It would have meant a good bit of corn for us if they had all paid for tickets,' said Sandy, regretfully, 'but then the sparrows would not have come; and I have doubts about Charles. He would never have taken tickets for all those hens.'

Sandy was inspecting the audience through a hole in an old curtain which was hung on the line between two clothes-props. Behind the curtain was a small platform (in fact, a box wrong-side up); and behind the platform were the steps of the caravan. So the stage was conveniently situated in front of the caravan door. Iky Shepster directed the performance from the roof above.

'Are you all seated? (Pull the curtain, Sandy.) Cow! pigs, poultry! and gentlemen –' (murmurs and churtlings from Charles) 'dogs, cat, poultry, and gentlemen, I beg to explain that a concatenation of unforeseen circumstances has caused this performance to be curtailed gratis' (hear, hear, chirped the sparrows) 'because Mr. Pony William isn't here, and Mr. Patrick Pig is unwell, and the Pigmy Elephant has gone to Blackpool, wherefore –' 'Cluck, cur, cluck, cuck-cluck! when do you expect him back?' interrupted Charles. '– has gone to Blackpool for a month, wherefore the rest of us will present a dramatic sketch in six scenes accompanied by recitation. I should also say the Live Polecats and Weasels are poorly but the Fat Dormouse of Salisbury will be exhibited in a cage on account of that cat; likewise the Sultan –' 'Cluck, cur, cluck, cluck, cluck! my hens would prefer not to see the polecats.' 'You ain't going to see them. Act I, Scene I,' said Iky Shepster.

The door of the caravan opened and Jenny Ferret came down the steps on to the stage. She did always dress like an old woman, but this time she was dressed more so; she wore a white-frilled mutch cap and spectacles. She carried a plate and was followed by Sandy. Iky Shepster up above recited –

‘Old Mother Hubbard she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor doggie a bone,
When she got there – the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggie had none!’

Jenny Ferret looked inside an up-ended, perfectly empty biscuit canister (which was the only piece of furniture on the stage); in dumb show she condoled with Sandy, who was begging pathetically. Then they both bundled up the steps out of sight into the caravan. ‘Cluck, cur, cluck, cluck, cluck! I’ve heard that before,’ said Charles. ‘Did not he act it natural?’ said one farm-dog to the other. ‘Not a single crumb! Fye! what bad housekeeping!’ cackled the hens. ‘Scene II,’ said Iky Shepster.

‘She went to the barber’s to buy him a wig,
When she came back he was dancing a jig!’

For this scene Sandy came on first by himself; he danced a lively ‘pas seul’, spinning round and pirouetting. Jenny Ferret came out on the steps with a wisp of gray horsehair in her hand to represent the wig; she stood in an attitude of admiration watching Sandy. Then she retired into the caravan; and after a few more twirls, Sandy fell flop upon the stage with all his legs in the air. ‘What’s the matter with him? is he ill?’ asked the ducks. ‘Cuck, cur, cluck –’ began Charles. ‘Scene III,’ said Iky Shepster, hastily,

‘She went to the baker’s to buy him some bread,
When she came back the poor dog was dead!’

Jenny Ferret wrung her hands over the prostrate Sandy. The cow appeared deeply shocked. ‘Scene IV,’ said Iky Shepster, after Jenny Ferret had gone back into the caravan, carrying the unwanted loaf wrapped in newspaper.

‘She went to the joiner’s to buy him a coffin,
When she came back the poor dog was laughing!’

‘Cuck, cur, cluck! I’ve heard the whole of this before,’ said Charles.

‘She went to the butcher’s to buy him some tripe,
When she came back, he was smoking a pipe!’

‘Cuck, cur, cluck! that, I have certainly heard,’ said Charles. Sandy was becoming so angry that he could scarcely hold the pipe in his mouth, or restrain himself from jumping off the stage at Charles. ‘Scene VI,’ said Iky Shepster severely, to the audience, who, however; were all listening with respectful attention, excepting Charles. ‘Scene VI, which *none* of you can have heard before, because I only invented it this minute (play up, Sandy!).

‘She went to the grocer’s to buy him some cheese,
When she came back the poor dog did sneeze!’

Sandy relieved his indignation by letting off a terrific ‘K’tishoo!’ ‘Scene VII and last,’ said Iky Shepster.

‘The dame made a curtsy, the dog made a bow,
The dame said, “Your servant”; the dog said “Bow-wow!” ’

‘Cluck, cluck, cluck! very good, very good!’ said Charles the cock; while the birds clapped their wings, and the dogs barked applause. ‘Now, Charles, get on the platform yourself and give us something.’ ‘Certainly, with pleasure,’ said Charles. Up he flew and commenced –

‘This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,

That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog that worried the cat,
That killed the rat that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.'

'Well done, Charles! A tale that was told in the city of Ur, of the Chaldees; and none the less interesting, although we *have* heard it before!'

The entertainment concluded with a few conjuring tricks performed by Iky Shepster, who was an adept at causing things to disappear. Xarifa's scissors were still missing, and the teaspoons were a short count.

Jenny Ferret was indignant; she reproached the bird continually. 'If you scold me any more I shall fly away without giving notice,' said Iky Shepster, sulkily. 'That is a loss we could put up with!' grumbled Jenny Ferret; 'it is my belief you are feathering your nest with teaspoons. And what for are you picking off red currant blossoms? You and that hen starling? Is it a wedding?'

Iky Shepster laughed and chattered and flew to the top of the chimney stack. He fluttered his wings and whistled to the setting sun, and to a very pretty speckled starling, perched on the next chimney pot. The ducks waddled home from the orchard. The hens became tired of waiting for the Pigmy Elephant and came home to roost. The camp was left in peace. There were white violets under the orchard hedge, they smelled very sweet in the evening.

'Jenny Ferret – please – please let me out! I want to brush Tuppenny's hair; I want to come out, Jenny Ferret!' said Xarifa, scrubbing her nose between the wires of her cage, and tugging at the bars with little pink hands.

'I cannot let you come out, Xarifa. The farm cat is sitting on the pig-sty roof; it sits there all day long, watching us.' 'Is that why the mice could not come?' 'Yes, it is. The sparrows said so. Four mice had come from Hill Top Farm on purpose to see the circus; and five others came from Buckle Yeat and the Currier. They are in the granary now, hiding behind a corn-bin.' Xarifa gnawed the bars with vexation. 'I did want to see those Hill Top mice again, Jenny Ferret; Cobweb and Dusty and Pippin and Smut. Is there no way of asking them to tea?' 'You would not like the cat to catch them, Xarifa.' A tear trickled down Xarifa's nose.

Jenny Ferret was a good-natured old thing. She said Xarifa and Tuppenny deserved a treat – that they did! and Sandy agreed with her. So he consulted Tappie-tourie, the speckled hen. Tappie-tourie talked to the sparrows who roost in the ivy on the walls of the big barn. And the sparrows twittered through the granary window, and talked to the mice, behind the corn-bin. They told the mice that it would be quite – quite – safe, on Sandy’s word of honour, to tie themselves up in a meal bag, which Sandy would carry to the caravan.

In the meantime Jenny Ferret had made preparations for a mouse party; cake, tea, bread and butter, and jam and raisins for a tea party; and comfits, and currants, lemonade, biscuits, and toasted cheese for a dance supper party to follow. She brewed the tea beforehand, because the teapot would be too heavy for the dormouse; so she covered it up with a tea-cosy. Then she unfastened Xarifa’s cage and Tuppenny’s hamper, and the string of the meal-bag; bolted the windows of the caravan, and came out; she locked the door on the outside, and gave the key to Sandy. Sandy had business elsewhere; and Jenny Ferret was quite content to spend the night curled up in a rug on top of the caravan steps, listening to the merriment within.

And a merry night it was! One of the mice had brought a little fiddle with him, and another had a penny whistle, and all of them were singers and dancers. They came tumbling out of the bag in a crowd, all dusty-white with meal. No wonder Sandy had found the sack rather heavy! There were four visitor mice from Hill Top Farm, and five from Buckle Yeat and the Currier; and there were no less than nine from Codlin Croft.

While they tidied and dusted themselves, Xarifa brushed Tuppenny’s hair. When they were all snod and sleek, she peeped under the tea-cosy, ‘The tea is brewed, we will lift the lid and ladle it out! I will use my best doll’s tea service. Please, Pippin and Dusty, sing us a catch, while Tuppenny and I set the table. First we will have songs and tea, and then a dance and a supper, and then more singing and dancing, and you won’t go home till morning!’

Pippin clapped his little paws, ‘Oh, what fun! how good of old Jenny Ferret, to cheat the pig-sty cat!’ And he and Dusty sang with shrill treble voices –

‘Dingle, dingle, dowsie! Ding, dong, dell!
Doggie’s gone to Hawkshead, gone to buy a bell!
Tingle, ringle, ringle! Ding, dong, bell!
Laugh, little mousie! Pussy’s in the well!’

Then Cobweb sang, ‘Who put her in? Little Tommy Thin!’ and Pippin repeated, ‘Who put her in? Who pulled her out?’ (‘Who put her in?’ chimed in Dusty.) ‘Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Stout!’ sang Smut. (‘Who pulled her out?’) Then all the mice sang together –

‘What a naughty boy was that,
For to drown our pussy cat;
Who never did him any harm,
And caught all the mice in Grand-da’s big barn!’

‘But Pussy did not catch quite all of us!’ laughed Pippin. He started another glee –

‘Dickory, dickory, dock! the mouse ran up the clock!’

(Each mouse took up the song a bar behind the last singer – Dickory, dickory, dock!) The clock struck one – (The mouse ran up the clock) Down the mouse run – (The clock struck one) Down the mouse run – dickory, dickory, dock!’

There was singing and laughing and dancing still going on in the caravan when Sandy came back in the morning.





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Chapter 21. The Veterinary Retriever

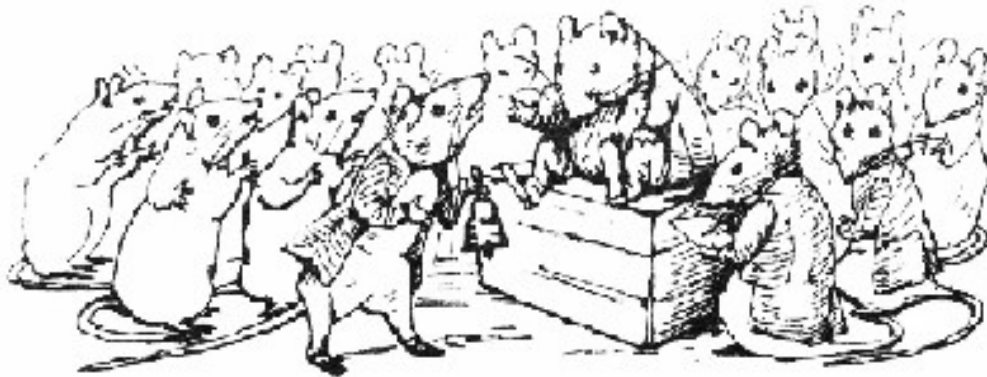
Now while the mice were merry-making in the caravan, all sorts of things were happening in the stable. Paddy Pig continued to be feverish and restless; he kicked off the blanket as fast as the cats replaced it. 'His strength is well maintained,' said Cheesebox after a renewed struggle, 'we must keep him on a low diet.' 'What! what! what? I'm hungry,' squealed the patient; 'fetch me a bucketful of pig-wash, I say! I'm hungry!' 'Possibly he might be granted a teeny weeny bit of fish; the fisher-cart comes round from Flookborough on Wednesdays,' purred Mary Ellen. 'I won't eat it! flukes are full of prickly bones. Fetch me pig-wash and potatoes!' 'I could pick it for you if you fancied a little fish –' 'I don't want fish, I tell you. I want potatoes!' grumbled Paddy Pig. He closed his eyes and pretended to snore. 'He sleeps,' purred Mary Ellen. 'Which of us shall sit up first? We might as well take turns,' said Cheesebox, who was growing a trifle tired of Mary Ellen's purring. 'I will watch first, dear Cheesebox, while you take forty winky peepies.'

Mary Ellen composed herself beside Paddy Pig with her paws tucked under her. Paddy Pig sulked. Maggret, the mare, dozed in the stall nearest to the window. There was some reflected moonlight through the small dusty panes, but the stable was very dark.

Cheesebox jumped nimbly onto the manger, and thence into the hay-rack, wherein was some foisty hay, long undisturbed, to judge by three doubtful eggs in a forgotten hen nest. Cheesebox curled herself up in the hay. Overhead cobwebs hung from the broken plaster of the ceiling; there were cracks between the laths, and holes in the floor of the loft above.

The stable had been well appointed in old days. The tailposts of the stalls were handsomely carved, and on each were nailed the antlers of deer. The points served as pegs for hanging up the harness. But all had become neglected, broken, and dark; the corn-bin was patched with tin, and the third backmost stall was full of lumber. A slight noise amongst the lumber drew the attention of Cheesebox; a climbing, scratching noise, followed by the pattering of rat's feet over the loft above. Mary Ellen, in the stall below, stopped purring. Cheesebox listened intently. There were many pattering footsteps. More and more rats were assembling. 'There must be a committee meeting; a congress of rats,' thought Cheesebox, very wide

awake. The noise and squeaking increased, until there was a sound of rapping on a box for silence. 'I move that the soapbox-chair be taken by Alder-rat Squeaker. Seconded and carried unanimously.' 'First business?' said old Chair Squeaker, in a rich suety voice. 'First business, please?' But there seemed to be neither first nor last; all the rats squeaked at once, and the Chair-rat thumped in vain upon the soapbox. 'One at a time, please! You squeak first! No, not you. Now be quiet, you other rats! I call upon Brother Chigbacon to address the assembly. Now, Brother Chigbacon, squeak up!' 'Mr. Chair-rat and Brother Rat-men, I rise from a sense of cheese – I should say duty, so to squeak. I represent the stable rats, so to squeak, what is left of us, so to squeak, being only me and Brother Scatter-meal. Mr. Chair-rat, we are being decimated. A horrid squinting, hideous old cat named Cheesebox –' (Mary Ellen looked up at the hay-rack and grinned from ear to ear; Cheesebox's tail twitched) '– a mangy, skinny-tailed, scraggy, dirty old grimalkin, is decimating us. What is to be done, Mr. Chair-rat and Brother Rat-men? We refer ourselves to the guidance of your united wisdom and cunning!'



The loud, noisy squeaking recommenced; all the rats squeaked different advice, and old Chair Squeaker thumped upon the soapbox. At length amongst the jumble of squeaks, a resolution was put before the meeting by Ratson Nailer, a pert young rat from the village shop. He proposed that a bell be stolen and hung by a ribbon round the neck of that wicked green-eyed monster, the ugliest, greediest, slyest cat in the whole village; 'But with a bell round her neck we would always hear her coming, in spite of her velvet slippers.'

Every rat voted for this proposal except old Chair Squeaker. He was a rat of many winters, renowned for extracting cheese from every known make of rat-trap without setting off the spring. 'Why don't you vote? What's your

objection, old Chair Squeaker?’ inquired Ratson Nailer, pertly. ‘No objection,’ replied old Chair Squeaker, ‘none whatever! But tell me – who is going to bell the cat?’ No one answered.



Cheesebox reached up, standing on her hind legs in the hay-rack; she applied her green eyes to a crack between the boards of the loft floor. Instantly there was a rush, a scurry, and the assembly of rats dispersed.

Cheesebox jumped down into the stall; her tail was thick, her fur stood on end. Mary Ellen very unwisely was still shaking with laughter. Cheesebox walked up to Mary Ellen. She boxed Mary Ellen's ears with her claws out. Mary Ellen, with a howl, jumped into the hay-rack; Cheesebox followed her. They sat in the hay, making horrible cat noises and cuffing each other, to the intense annoyance of the mare in the stall below.

As for Paddy Pig – who had really been enjoying a good sleep at last – Paddy Pig screamed with rage and yelled for Sandy.

While the uproar was at its height, the stable door opened, and Sandy came in carrying a lantern, and followed by the veterinary retriever and Pony Billy. The retriever was a large, important dog with a hurrying, professional manner, copied from his master. He came rapidly into the stall, wearing a long blue overcoat, and examined the patient through a pair of large horn spectacles. The cats glared down at him from the hay-rack.

‘Put your tongue out and say R.’ ‘What, what, what? It’s bad manners?’ objected Paddy Pig. ‘Put your tongue out, or I’ll bite you!’ ‘What, what, what?’

‘The patient does not appear to be amenable to treatment; but I can perceive no rash; nothing which would justify me in diagnosing measles’ (dognosing, he pronounced it). ‘I am inclined to dog-nose iracundia, arising from tormenta ventris, complicated by feline incompatibility. But, in order to make certain, I will proceed to feel the patient’s pulse. Where is the likeliest spot to find the pulse of a pig, I wonder?’ ‘Try feeling his tail,’ suggested Pony William. ‘I have no watch,’ said the retriever, ‘but the thermometer will do just as well. Hold it to the lantern, Sandy, while I count.’ ‘It does not seem to go up,’ said Sandy, much mystified. ‘That settles it,’ said the retriever, ‘I felt sure I was not justified in dog-nosing measles. We will now proceed to administer an emetic – I mean to say an aperient. Has anybody got a medicine glass?’ ‘There is a drenching horn in that little wall cupboard behind the door,’ said Maggret, who was watching the proceedings with much interest over the side of her stall. ‘Capital!’ said the retriever, ‘hold the bottle please, Sandy, while I dust the horn. It’s chock-full of cobwebs.’ Sandy shook the bottle; ‘I partly seem to know the smell,’ said he. He held it beside the lantern and spelled out the label – ‘Appodyldock. What may that be?’

The retriever displayed some anxiety to get the bottle away from him. ‘Be careful; the remedy is extremely powerful.’

‘Excuse me,’ purred a cat’s voice from the hay-rack overhead, ‘excuse me – appodyldock is not for insides. My poor dear Granny-ma, Puss Cat Mew, had appodyldock rubbed on her back where she got burnt by a hot cinder while she was sitting in the fender. Appodyldock is poison.’ ‘In spite of our differing I agree with you,’ said another cat’s voice in the hay-rack, ‘appodyldock is for outward application only.’ ‘Stuff and nonsense!’ said the veterinary retriever, drawing the cork out of the bottle with his teeth. ‘Stuff and nonsense! Here goes –’ ‘What! what! what! if you poison me

again, I'll scream!' remonstrated the patient. 'I seem to remember the smell,' said Sandy. 'Quite likely,' said the retriever; 'since there is going to be all this fuss I may as well tell you it's castor oil that I have in the bottle.' 'What, what? Castor – ugh! ugh! ugh!' choked Paddy Pig, as they poked the drenching horn into the corner of his mouth and dosed him.

'A good, safe, old-fashioned remedy, Paddy Pig,' said Pony William. 'Now go to sleep, and you will wake up quite well in the morning. As a matter of fact, I don't think there is much wrong with you now.' 'I think one dose will cure me. But, Pony Billy, come here, I want to whisper. For goodness sake – send away those cats!' Pony Billy took the hint, and acted with tact; 'Mary Ellen, we are extremely obliged to you for your invaluable attention to the invalid. I shall be pleased to trot you home to Stott Farm, provided you can go at once, before the moon sets. Cheesebox, we are equally indebted to you for your self-sacrificing devotion. I may tell you there are four rats quarrelling in the granary, and one of them sounds like Ratson Nailer.' Cheesebox jumped out of the stable window without another word.

Mary Ellen – after making sure that the veterinary retriever had left – Mary Ellen climbed down into the stall and tucked up the patient for the last time. 'Was it a poor leetle sick piggy then –' 'What, what, what! Here, I say! Sandy, Sandy!' 'Lie still then. I'm only seeking my fur-lined boots, they are somewhere in poor piggy's beddee beddee.' 'Come, Mary Ellen; the moon is setting. Good-night, Paddy Pig, and pleasant dreams.'

'Now we shall have some peace! Those two are worse than the rats,' said Maggret, lying down heavily in her stall. Paddy Pig was already snoring.

The sun rose next day upon a glorious May morning. Paddy Pig, a little thinner than usual, sat by the camp fire, displaying a hearty appetite for breakfast.

'No more toadstool tartlets for me! Give me another plateful of porridge, Jenny Ferret!'



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Chapter 22. Cuckoo Brow Lane

It is never quite dark during spring nights in the north. All through the twilight night Charles kept crowing. He was calling the circus company to breakfast, strike camp, and away, before the sun came up. Jenny Ferret's fire still smouldered; she heaped on sticks to boil the kettle. There was hustling, and packing up, and clucking of hens, and barking of dogs. 'Is all taken back that we borrowed?' asked Sandy, 'I am answerable to honest old Bobs. What about that meal-bagful of mice, Xarifa?' 'Please, Sandy, the Codlin Croft mice are tied up ready.' 'Why only the mice of Codlin Croft? where are the other nine?' 'Please, please, Sandy, might they ride to the top of Cuckoo Brow? Then they could run home all the way inside the fence. They were afraid of owls. And besides, I did so want them to meet Belinda Woodmouse, we are sure to see her.' 'In short, they have remained; and they must be pulled,' said Pony Billy, good-humouredly. 'Here's a worse difficulty! Who is going to pull the tilt-cart? Paddy Pig is not fit for it,' said Jenny Ferret, hurrying up with an armful of circus trappings. 'That's all arranged,' said Pony Billy, 'come along, Cuddy Simpson!'

The gypsies' donkey walked into the orchard, on Mettle's four new shoes. 'Here come I, fit and ready to pull a dozen pigs! Good friends, I'll go with you to the hills for a summer's run on the grass. Fetch me a straw rope, Sandy; I'm too big for Paddy Pig's breast-straps.'

'Sandy! Sandy!' cried Jenny Ferret, 'the tent-pole has been forgotten, and our little bucket at the well. Bother that crowing cock! Where is Iky Shepster?' The starling laughed and whistled; but he refused to leave the chimney stack.

Paddy Pig was installed in the cart, to ride in state; he was wrapped in a shawl and treated like an invalid; but he was in the highest possible spirits. He played the fiddle, and squealed and joked. Sandy marched in front of the procession with his tail tightly curled. The cavalcade set off up the lane amidst the acclamations of the poultry and dogs.

Cuckoo Brow Lane is a bonny spot in spring, garlanded with hawthorn and wild cherry blossom. It skirts the lower slopes of the hill that rises behind Codlin Croft. The meadows on their left were bathed in pearly dew; the lane still lay in the shadow of dawn; the sun had not yet topped the Brow. As it rose, its beams touched the golden tops of the oak trees in

Pringle Wood; and a faint smell of bluebells floated over the wall. Paddy Pig fiddled furiously, 'I'll play them "Scotch Cap"! I'll pop the weasel at them! Never again will I cross plank bridges into that abominable wood. Gee up, gee up! get along, Cuddy Simpson!' The gypsies' donkey trundled the cart through the dead leaves in the lane; steadily pulling in the wake of the caravan.



Tuppenny, Xarifa, and the visitor mice were all peeping through the muslin curtains. 'Is the wood full of fairies, Xarifa?' 'Hush, till we get across the water; then I will tell you!' 'Here, you mice, let me brush up the crumbs. I want to open all the windows.' (Jenny Ferret was so accustomed to travel that no amount of jolts upset her housekeeping.) 'I might as well take down the curtains, as we are going up to Goosey Foot.' 'Where is that, Jenny Ferret?' 'Spring cleaning,' replied Jenny Ferret briefly.

Xarifa commenced to explain about the washerwomen up at the tarn; but Jenny Ferret bundled everybody out on to the caravan steps.

Tuppenny rolled off, under the surprised nose of Cuddy Simpson, who was brought to a sudden standstill, whilst Tuppenny was picked up amidst squeaks of laughter. He was put to ride in a basket, one of several that were slung at the back of the caravan. Xarifa sat in the doorway; and the visitor mice hung on anywhere, like Cinderella's footmen behind the pumpkin coach. They set up an opposition fiddling, and joked with Paddy Pig and the donkey. Indeed, Pippin fiddled so sweetly that presently they all joined in concert together, and the little birds in the trees sang to them also as they passed along. First a robin sang –

‘Little lad, little lad, where was't thou born?
Far off in Lancashire under a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk, in a ram's horn!’

Pippin did not know that tune, so he began another –
‘I ploughed it with a ram's horn,
Sing ivy, sing ivy!
I sowed it all over with one peppercorn,

Sing holly go whistle and ivy!
I got the mice to carry it to the mill

Sing ivy, sing ivy!’
Then he changed his tune, and the chaffinches sang with him –
‘I saw a little bird, coming hop, hop, hop!’
Then he played another; and Xarifa pelted him with hempseeds –

‘Madam will you walk, madam will you talk –
Madam will you walk and talk with me?’

And then he heard a cuckoo and he played,
‘Summer is icumen in!’
The music did sound pretty all the way up Cuckoo Brow Lane.

Where they crossed the beck there was a row of stepping stones, with the water tinkling merrily between them. On a stone, bobbing and curtsying, stood a fat, brown-black little bird with a broad white breast. 'Bessie Dooker! Bessie Dooker! Tell all the other little birds and beasties that there will be a circus show this evening. Bid them come to the big hawthorn tree, near the whin bushes by High Green Gate.' Bessie Dooker bobbed her head; she sped swiftly up the beck, whistling as she flew.

The lane was steep after crossing the stream; as they climbed they met the early sunbeams. The bank on their right was full of wild flowers; wood sorrel, spotted orchis, dog violets, germander speedwell, and little blue milkwort. 'See!' cried Xarifa, 'the milkwort! the milk is coming with the grass in spring; the grass is coming with the soft south wind. Listen to the lambs! they are before us in the other lane.'

Sandy had been in advance of the procession; he turned back. 'Wait a little while, Pony Billy; wait with a stone behind the wheel. The sheep are going up to the intake pastures in charge of Bobs and Matt. Let them gain a start before us at the meeting of the lanes; it is slow work driving lambs. How they bleat and run back and forward! Their own mothers call, but they run to each other's mothers, and bawl and push!'

'Here under this sunny hedge I could pleasantly eat a bite and rest,' said Cuddy Simpson; 'put stones behind the wheels, and unharness the cart.'

'May we get down and play? we have been shut up so long, me and Tuppenny?' 'Yes, yes! go and play; but do not get left behind.'

Xarifa clapped her little hands, 'Oh, look at the flowers.' 'What is that peeping at us, Xarifa? with bright black eyes?' said Tuppenny, pointing to something that rustled amongst the hedge. 'It is my dearest Belinda Woodmouse! Oh, what a happy meeting!'

Belinda was a sleek brown mouse; she was larger than the house mice; and more active than Xarifa. Tuppenny turned shy, and stared at her very solemnly; but her sprightliness soon reassured him. Xarifa introduced her to Tuppenny, Pippin, Cobweb, Dusty, and Smut – 'Rufty Tufty I am unable to introduce, because she has stayed at home to rock the cradle. But here are enough of us to dance a set tonight on the short-cropped turf by the hawthorn bush.' 'More mice to pull!' laughed Pony Billy. 'Oh, oh! Mr. Pony William, you have swallowed three violets!' 'Well?' said Pony Billy, 'what then? I must eat!' 'I do not think they liked it,' said Xarifa, doubtfully, 'could you not eat young nettles, like Cuddy Simpson?'

Pony Billy rubbed his nose against his foreleg, and gave it up! He moved a little further up the lane, and went on nibbling.

‘Can the flowers feel, Xarifa?’ whispered Tuppenny. ‘I do not know how much or how little; but surely they enjoy the sunshine. See how they are smiling, and holding up their little heads. They cannot dart about, like yonder buzzing fly, nor move along the bank, like that big yellow striped queen wasp. But I think they take pleasure in the gentle rain and sun and wind; children of spring, returning from year to year; and longer-lived than us – especially the trees. Tuppenny, you asked me about fairies. Here on this pleasant sunny bank, I can tell you better than in the shadowed woods.’ ‘Are they good fairies, Xarifa?’ ‘Yes; but all fairies are peppery. The fairy of the oak tree was spiteful for a while. Sit you round on the moss, Belinda, and Tuppenny, and visitor mice; and I will try to tell you prettily a tale that should be pretty – the tale of the Fairy in the Oak.



Chapter 23. The Fairy in the Oak

There is something glorious and majestic about a fine English oak. The ancient Britons held them sacred; and the Saxons who came after revered the Druids' trees. William the Norman Conqueror ordered a record of all the land. Because there were no maps they wrote down landmarks; I remember an oak in Hertfordshire, that had been a landmark for Domesday Book.

This north country oak of my story was less old than the Domesday Oak. It had been a fine upstanding tree in Queen Elizabeth's reign. For centuries it grew tall and stately, deep-rooted amongst the rocks, by a corner above an old highway that led to a market town.

How many travellers had passed the tree, since that road was a forest track! Hunters, robbers, bowmen; knights on horseback riding along; pikemen, jackmen marching; country folk and drovers; merchants, peddlars with laden pack-horses.

At each change the road was mended and widened. There began to be two-wheeled carts. Then farmers' wives left off riding on pillions; the gentry drove gigs and coaches; and alas! there came the wood wagons.

Other oak trees were carried to the sea-port to make ships' timbers – old England's wooden walls – but the fairy's oak towered out of reach. No wood-feller clambered up to it.

Now our ships are built of steel, and iron horses rush along our roads; and the District Council decided to remove the rocks and corner, to widen the road for motor cars.

Surely it is cruel to cut down a very fine tree! Each dull, dead thud of the axe hurts the little green fairy that lives in its heart. The fairy in the oak had been a harmless timid spirit for many hundred years. Long ago, when the oak was a sapling, there had been wolves; and the dalesmen hunted them with hounds. The hunt swept through the forest; the frightened fairy leaped into the oak branches. She found the tree a place of refuge; therefore she loved it and made it her home. Because it had a guardian fairy, that oak grew tall and strong. And each of the finest trees in the forest had a fairy of its own as well.

There were birch fairies, beech fairies, alder fairies, and fairies of the fir trees and pines; all were dressed in the leaves of their own special trees; and

in spring when the trees had new leaves, each fairy got herself a new green gown.

They never went far from the trees that they loved; only on moonlight nights they came down, and they danced together on the ground. In autumn when the leaves fell off and the trees were left bare and cold, each fairy withdrew into the heart of its tree, and slept there, curled up, till spring.

Only the pine and fir fairies kept awake, and danced upon the snow, because the firs and pines do not lose their needle-like evergreen leaves; and that is why the fir trees sing in the wind on frosty winter's nights.

The oak fairy had danced with the pine fairies beneath the hunter's moon, because oak trees keep their leaves much later than birch or beech; but the last of the russet oak leaves were blown off by a November gale. She settled herself to sleep. The oak was enormous; tall and bold. It held up its head against wind and snow; and scorned the wintry weather.

But the Surveyor of the District Council has no sentiment; and no respect, either for fairies or for oaks!

The pine fairies were awake and saw what happened from their tree-tops further back in the wood. The pine trees swayed, and moaned, and shivered. But the oak fairy slept through it all. There arrived the surveyor, his assistant with the chain links, two men who carried the theodolite with three legs; a woodmonger; and four members of the Council. They did much measuring with the chains; they made notes in their pocketbooks; they squinted through the theodolite at white and black sticks. Then they clambered up the rocks, and stared at the fairy's oak. The woodmonger measured it with a tape measure; he measured near the foot of the butt; he measured again six foot up; he reckoned the quarter girth; they did calculations according to Hoppus. The councillors said that the tree had an enormous butt; thirty foot run of clean timber to the first branch, with never a knot. They looked at the rocks; and did sums. Then they went away.

Nothing happened for six weeks; except a gale that blew down an ash tree. It crashed amongst the rocks. Its fairy fell out, shrieking. She ran up and down in tattered yellow leaves, till she found an empty bird-nest, and hid in it.

In January a number of men arrived; they had tools, and wheelbarrows, and carts, and a wooden hut. They were quarrymen, navvies, wood-fellers; and carters and wagoners with horses. They cleared away the underwood;

they drilled and blasted the rocks. The noise of blasting was like thunder; it awoke every fairy in the wood.



And they felled the fairy's oak.

For three days they hacked and sawed and drove wedges; the wood was as hard as iron. Their axes broke; their saws were nipped; they lost their wedges overhead in the cuts. But day after day they laboured, and swung their heavy axes; and drove iron wedges with sledge hammer blows into the great tree's heart. Then one climbed the tree and tied a wire rope to its head; and they pulled with a wagon horse. The tree swayed and groaned, and the hawser broke. Again they wielded their axes; and the little fairy sobbed and cried with pain.

Suddenly, with a rending shriek and a roar, the oak thundered down amongst the rocks!

It lamed a horse, and it did the men a mischief.

All next day they hacked and sawed; they cut off its head and arms. They left the trunk lying overnight beside the road. The fairy stayed beside it, and caused another accident, upsetting a farmer's cart. His horse in the dusk saw a thing like a little green squirrel that scolded and wrung its hands.

Next day came the wagoners to hoist the great tree; and then again there was disaster. The three legs slipped; the chains broke twice – was it the fury of the little angry spirit that beat against the chains and snapped them?

At length the tree was loaded. They drew away the wagon with two extra pairs of horses; and the fairy, sullen and exhausted, sat huddled upon the log. They swept the top stones off the walls; they had every sort of trouble; but at last they reached the summit of the moor. Ten chain horses were unhooked; leaving one trembling thill-horse in the shafts. The brake was screwed on hard, to face the steep descent.

Down below the hill there sounded a humming, whirring sound – the noise of the sawmill. The fairy sprang from her tree, and fled away into the woods.

All winter she wandered homeless. One day she climbed into one tree; another day she climbed into another tree. She always chose an oak tree; but she could not settle to sleep. Whenever a load of sawn timber came back up the road from the sawmill, the fairy came down to the road.

She looked at it wistfully; but it was always larch, or ash, or plane; not oak.

She wandered further afield in spring time, into the meadows outside the woods. There was grass for the lambs in the meadows; on the trees young green leaves were budding – but no new green leaves for the oak fairy. Her leaf-gown was tattered and torn.

One day she sat on a tree-top, and the west wind blew over the land. It brought sounds of lambs bleating; and the cuckoo calling. And a strange new sound from the river – clear ringing blows upon oak.

‘Men do not fell trees in May, when the sap rises. Why does this sound stir my heart, and make my feet dance, in spite of me? Can I hear cruel hammers and saws upon oak-wood, and feel glad?’ said the fairy of the oak.

She came out of the wood, and her feet danced across the meadow, through the cuckoo flowers and marsh mary-golds, to the banks of the flooded stream, where men were building a bridge. A new bridge to the farm, where none had been before; a wooden bridge with a broad span

across the rushing river; and the straight brave timbers that spanned it were made of the fairy's oak!

'Is that all, Xarifa?' She had come to a stop.

'All except that she was happy again, and she made her home in the bridge. She lives there, contented and useful; and may live there for hundreds of years; because hard-grown oak lasts forever; well seasoned by trial and tears. The river sings over the pebbles; or roars in autumn flood. The bridge stands sure and trusty, where never before bridge stood. Little toddling children take that short cut to the school; and Something guards their footsteps by the bank of the flowery pool. The good farm-horses bless the bridge that spares them a weary road; and Something leads them over, and helps to lighten their load. It wears a russet-brown petticoat, and a little hodden gray cloak – and that is the end of my story of the Fairy in the Oak.'

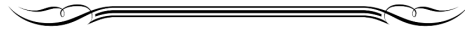
'Very sweet, Xarifa, albeit longwinded. Now mount the steps and away! White clouds sail across the blue heaven. The sheep and their lambs are on the fell; the plovers and curlews are calling. Tune up little fiddlers; begone!'

They harnessed up, they trailed away – over the hills and far away – on a sunny windy morning. But still in the broad green lonnin going up to the intake, I can trace my pony's fairy footsteps, and hear his eager neighing. I can hear the rattle of the tilt-cart's wheels, and the music of the Fairy Caravan.



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SISTER ANNE



Introduction by Hannah Jacobs

In 1932, at the insistence of her American publisher, Alexander McKay, Potter adapted a discarded section from an early draft of *The Fairy Caravan*, her Gothic retelling of the Bluebeard folktale, into a novella she titled *Sister Anne*. Potter's version of the story, recounted by a mouse, highlights the experience of the mysterious sister of the bride—a character that appears in only certain Bluebeard adaptations—as she endeavours to rescue her naïve sister, Fatima, from her greedy, murderous husband, Baron Bluebeard. Through Potter's juxtaposed characterisations of Anne and Fatima, this variant of “Bluebeard” provides a subversive commentary on specific Victorian and Edwardian gender stereotypes.

Lacking Potter's signature illustrations and featuring human rather than animal characters, *Sister Anne* received a lukewarm response from literary critics and the American public, including some of Potter's own biographers: Margaret Lane, for example, calls *Sister Anne* “a good artist's failure[]” (Lane 129). Potter herself recognised the stark difference between *Sister Anne* and her “little books” and noted that *Sister Anne* is “certainly not food for babes,” but, instead, “absurd and grisly,” and, at the time of publication, she admitted that she was “uncertain whether it is a romance or a joke” (*Letters* 346). Perhaps because of its poor initial reception and subsequent maligning, *Sister Anne* has not been reprinted and has since been passed over by many literary scholars studying Potter, Bluebeard and twentieth-century women's writing.

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The original frontispiece

PREFACE

Three little mice sat in a window to spin. They were cousins. Said the First Cousin Mouse to the Second Cousin Mouse, "Tell us a story, to pass the time while we spin."

"What about?" said the Second Cousin Mouse.

"About cats," said the First Cousin Mouse.

"About a cupboard," said the Third Cousin Mouse.

"Very well," said the Second Cousin Mouse, and thus commenced —

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CHAPTER I

IN days of old a castle stood upon a hill beyond the Sands. East and north upon the landward slope there was huddled a gray squalid town. Towards the sea and the south the castle rock rose sheer, with wind-blown sand at foot — sand that edged the coast for leagues in benty hillocks. Salt water lapped against the sand ridges at high tide; but at most hours of the day and night the bay was covered with mud. It stretched for miles and miles, glittering like gold at sunset, shining like silver at moonrise, treacherous with shifting quicksands when the tide came up. Rows of stakes half buried in slime marked fords across fresh-water channels, to guide those venturesome travellers who chose to cross the Sands instead of following the coast road round the bay.

From the green hills of the northern shore the castle was plain to see. Its battlements gleamed white against black thunder-clouds; or lowered, darkly menacing, over the Sands before rain. No flag flew on the keep, no bugle sounded. No laughing cavalcade issued forth, with gaily caparisoned horses to bear knight and lady a-hawking, with falcon on fist and page and greyhound running a-foot. Only the lord of the castle clattered out on a bald-faced bay, followed by a dozen rascally jackmen. He rode out to gather his rents and fines and extortions from trembling hamlets and farms.

The master of this grim stronghold was a short, broad-shouldered man, with roving black eyes, a hawk-like nose, and up-turned mustaches. Not an ill made man, but thick set; he might even have been reckoned coarsely handsome but for one strange peculiarity — his beard was blue.

In spite of his complexion, Baron Bluebeard had been much married. Now for the seventh time he found himself a widower, wishful to marry again. Several of his wives had brought him fortunes; but not one of them had left a living child behind her. And an heir was desired by the Baron, to inherit his acres of dreary moorland, his pinched gray hamlets and bare-cropped farms; and above all — his castle and lordship of the Sands.

It is true the Sands grew nought except cockles and flukes; but rich tolls could be lifted for the asking from those that crossed by the stakes. The packmen who led their laden horses across the bay at low water looked askance at the frowning keep. On one hand a greedy gled in his eirie,

waiting to pounce; on the other hand — the tide. Truly, they crossed the Sands between the devil and the sea.

Bluebeard had married his seventh wife from the' northern bank. Somehow, after the early death of his sixth, fair Laura of Belcaster, no other of the marriageable damsels of the southern county seemed disposed to be captivated by his unusual charms, or cajoled by his wily tongue. So for an eighth bride Baron Bluebeard looked again toward the north.

There beyond the Sands, where the Craik winds slowly between sandbanks to the bay, upon a green haugh in a bend of the river, stood a prosperous farm-steading. It had a peel tower, and many barns and garths. Its meadows were stocked with cattle, its sheep went upon the limestone uplands, a drove of horses fed in the marsh, and a herd of swine followed the beech woods. It belonged to the widow of a wealthy yeoman, herself an heiress, sprung from the long line of estatesmen of Hundy. She had two strapping sons, John and Henry, and two buxom daughters, Anne and Fatima.

Bluebeard wanted to marry the widow and the stock and plenishing. But — after a week's deliberation over his proposal — the dame declined. She said she was too old to change her state again. Perhaps she better liked to bide beside the Craik and guide the gear herself, a wealthy widow. Her refusal cannot have been prompted by prejudice against the Baron, because instead of herself she offered him her favorite daughter, Fatima, dowered with a palfrey, a sumpter mare, and twenty head of cattle.

Fatima was a high-spirited girl, fat and merry, and fond of a frolic. Her rake set the pace in the hay-field, her laugh was loudest at the mell supper, and her foot was lightest in the dance. Had she not danced down thirty couples in the tithe bam at Borrans with Lancelot Lackland, younger son of old Sir Anthony?

She had seen the Baron but once, that Martinmas when Bluebeard rode into Kentdale with his rabbletail of jackmen, one time that he had a law plea with Simon Jopson, the miller of Brough. She thought his beard was lovely; and she thought it must be fine to live in a castle — the castle with the donjon keep and high walls that she had gazed at across the Sands as long as she could remember, which was seventeen years.

So, like an obedient daughter she consented to an early wedding, at the fishermen's chapel by the Sands; and a stirrup cup and away, before the tide came up.

The cattle that were her dower were crossing already, with Fatima's led palfrey, and the baggage mare saddled with a pack. It bore her clothes and linen in bundles and a basket slung beside with a pair of pet doves.

She herself rode behind the Baron; on the crupper. With one hand she held on to his belt, and kissed her other hand to her people. The big bay charger stepped down splash into the fresh water at foot of Cart Lane; then out onto firm sand, and along the stake track towards the south. Eight or ten troopers splashed after them, riding raw-boned, shaggy horses. They wore jack plates of armour over dirty leather jerkins, and they were armed, no two alike, with spears, battle axes, and swords. Three of them carried cross-bows.

"What are those ill-looking fellows grinning at, John, think'st thou?"

"Some coarse joke, likely, Henry. Methinks our new brother-in-law hath a villainous following."

"Didst notice the fellow with one eye and a scar, him that the Baron called Wolfram? He that went before with the lad that drove the beasts?"

"'Tis wonder he was content with twenty of our cattle."

"And the best nag, and the sumpter mare, and the little whippet hound."

"Don't forget to reckon the two doves, Henry," said Sister Anne, laughing.

"What? Hath she taken her pair of pet doves in that basket?"

"I hope they are a pair," said Sister Anne. "I misdoubt she has left the hen dove and taken two cocks."

"If that be so — the cock pigeons will straightway fly back across the Sands."

"Truly, an easy way to send a message," said the widow," and I trust there will be none but happy news." She shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked against the sun at the shining sands and the cavalcade, a moving black speck in the wide yellow expanse.

"They have crossed the Kent channel."

"The cattle crossed half an hour ago. The tide is due to turn."

"Come help me side away the trenchers, Anne. Sons! get you to your farm-work. The Longlands is to plough and the Grassings is to harrow. Get you to work!" said the widow sharply. Perhaps she felt less confident now the deed was done. Last market-day at Kentdale a wool-monger had. looked oddly, and had winked at old Buckrose, the cattle dealer from Belcaster.

And a neighbour had asked questions and made spiteful comments on the grand castle match.

Five days after the wedding one of the cock pigeons flew back to the dove cote.

“News!” cried Sister Anne, “he hath a letter round his foot.”

In those days even baronesses spelt badly— “My dere An, I hop this fins yew al wel as it leves me, onely the 2 dovs is coks Sister Ann this is to saa will yew com a visitin as I am lonly bring the hen dov.”

“That will I *not!*” said Sister Anne. “Not go a visiting?”

“Ye-es. But I will not take a hen pigeon. And Brothers, if the other cock comes home while I am there, look for a letter round his foot. And if a third pigeon comes home — then boot and saddle quickly!”

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CHAPTER II

SISTER ANNE did not go by the Sands. She preferred the long ride round by Kentdale, where her brother John had business with a horse-coper. He remained behind in the market town, while Anne pushed on southward with their servant, John Danson. They travelled a hilly winding road between limestone banks. They paused to breathe their horses on windy braes where there were glimpses of the sea. The packmen's bells came jangling from below; strings of laden pack-horses heading north to Kentdale. They crossed by muddy rivers where they waded through knee-deep. At Wampool ford a stage waggon was stuck. Three passenger wives sat on a bank and watched the teamsters, who strove to draw it out with a yoke of borrowed oxen.

"Rightly are they served that use wheels upon land instead of in the mill-race," quoth John Danson.

"They tell me that the lowland yeomen set a pair of wheels on the back end of their hay sleds," said Anne.

"Of a surety they deserve to keck over," said old John sourly.

They pushed on further, and came in sight of the town and castle at three of the clock, through a drizzle of darkening rain. Before them a high-arched stone bridge spanned a tidal river; beyond the river stretched a bare sweep of unfenced land. The castle mound rose therefrom in rain and gathering gloom.

From the hilly road and the bridge head, Anne gazed across the waste. "You will be fain of a meal and a bed, John Danson," said she to the old servant, "the horses are fagged out."

"They will need to carry on, back to Nicholas Huck's at High Biggin."

"What? Tonight?" said Sister Anne.

"Aye, Mistress Anne, tonight. Yon fellow gets no more of our nags. Light you down here behind the brig end, and carry on a-foot with bundle and bird basket. Thou hast long enough legs.

And hearken, Mistress Anne; keep eyes and ears open. I heard queer tales in Kentdale; and yon is no pleasant finger-post." He pointed to a gibbet at the southern end of the bridge.

"Likely that will be the town gallows where they hang highway robbers," said Anne, looking at the chains and bones. Gibbets were a

common sight in those days, and folks were not squeamish.

She slid from her saddle and gave the bridle into his hand. "John Danson," said she, "take the horses. They are useless to me. I could not get them forth the castle gate, if my sister and I sought to flee. But I pray you, speak again to my brothers; bid them watch for the pigeons. And as thou ridest back tomorrow go by Lackland Hall; ask for young Lancelot. Tell him if things go not well we may have need for the long bows and the green coats of Kentdale."

"That will I do, though my bones be stiff in the stirrups."

"Get on my palfrey; he ambles more easy than the plough mare; he will carry thy widened weight. Commend me to my mother. I doubt she hath been over hasty. Yet say not so to vex her, good Danson, for it is a week too late. And Danson, when thou seest Lancelot commend me to his kindred."

"Aye; to his eldest brother. Good luck to ye, Mistress Anne. Bide hidden behind the buttress till I am clear away with the nags."

Sister Anne was a brave woman. She drew her cloak about her; and sheltering behind the bridge end, she repeated a pater-noster whilst she watched John Danson riding out of sight. He rode slowly northward up the hilly track. The horses, disappointed of a feed and rest, hung their heads to their knees dejectedly. At the crest of the hill they sniffed the chilly wind, gathered themselves together, and jogged homewards at the trot. Anne sighed; took up her bundle and her basket, and turned her back resolutely upon the northern bank.

The bridge was steep and narrow, with high parapets. Muddy yellow water swirled under the arches with the ebbing tide. Anne came down the southern slant, passed the foot of the creaking gallows, and stepped out across the waste. Drizzling rain blotted the outline of the castle hill. A meagre town cowered on the lower slopes; unwalled, defenceless.

Above its roofs and crow-stepped gables rose the frowning battlements and mighty keep. Anne knit her brows and walked on steadily. Geese, an old horse or two, and a few hungry-looking cattle grazed upon the common land. Halfway across she overtook a woman driving in her cow, a red bony cow; she urged it townwards with abuse and thumpings. As Anne came near her, the woman gave a cackling laugh, "Hegh Sirs!" said she, "more wives!"

Still Anne stepped forward. No smoke rose from the dreary town; all seemed to be deserted; outbuildings, shippens and tall houses. The better

sort were piled high on either side of a steep main street. Flanking archways under houses led into weends, where figures slunk away furtively. Here a couple of men took bales into a warehouse, in uneasy haste. Here a lass with a bucket of water from the town well huddled quickly out of sight and slammed a door. So Anne met no one as she climbed the causeway; but some there were that watched her from behind halt-shuttered windows.

The street wound crookedly upbank, until a sharp turn round a building brought its final steep ascent under the castle's jealous eyes. Arrow slits, like squinting eyes, raked the head of the causeway, which ended on a bare and level space on top of the castle hill. Between the level place and the castle walls there was a deep dry ditch. The bottom was choked with docks and nettles; and grass grew amongst the cobblestones of the place.

All was desolate in the drizzling rain. Only one or two stray dogs wandered there; and an old crazy woman who made as though she were gathering sticks. She did not speak to Anne; but she passed near enough for Anne to hear her mutterings— "Where's Marion? Where's Marion?" she wailed, "Come back to me, Marion! Cursed be the ditch and the cross-bolt and the walls!" She shook her fist and threw a stone at the mighty walls in impotent pigmy fury; then trailed away sobbing and banning. None answered her challenge; no warder appeared upon the battlements that frowned above the ditch. Anne set her teeth and advanced.

Opposite the head of the causeway was the barbican or gate-house. The draw-bridge was lowered. All was silent except the drip of raindrops. Seams of trickling water stained the barbican's lofty walls that hung above her like some cliff, unscaleable, forbidding. Her footsteps pattered across the hollow bridge.

Under the darkling archway of the gate-house her way was barred by a portcullis. On the right hand there was a smaller door in the wall, where a heavy iron ring hung by way of knocker. Anne contrived to lift it; it fell from her hand with one loud resounding clap. Instantly within arose a great baying of dogs, and a rough voice as of one roused from sleep. Then came the grating sounds of a little sliding peep-hole; and an eye peered through to examine her.

"Ho, ho! 'tis t'other pretty lass!" said Wolfram, the one-eyed porter; "anybody with you, my dear?"

"Conduct me to the presence of my sister, the Lady Fatima, varlet," said Sister Anne, as bold as though she had a train of forty footmen.

“Come in! come in, pretty birdkin!” said Wolfram, the porter, withdrawing the bolts and turning the creaking lock.

Anne crossed the threshold; and not greatly liking the looks of the one-eyed one, she stepped forward from the archway’s shadow while he closed the door and shot the bolts. She found herself in a courtyard, dark, deep and dank as a well. So high were the surrounding buildings that squinted down upon her, wall-eyed and sinister, there seemed to be space for but a little patch of sky and driving clouds that were visible overhead. In front of her towered the beetling donjon keep.

While Anne craned her neck gazing upwards at narrow black windows and turrets, her sister came running to meet her, from a low-arched doorway at foot of the keep; running with her hands out and a flutter of white skirts.

“Oh, but this is good of you to come to me, Sister Anne! Come to my bower. Let me carry your bundle; you are cold and weary. Come with me, come!” said Fatima between laughing and crying. Through the low-vaulted doorway, up a steep flight of worn stone steps, across a dimly dark stone hall, where a wet wind blew through unglazed arrow slits and brought a moaning sound of the sea.; across the foisty rushes underfoot; up another staircase, winding in a turret; past arrow slits giddily overlooking wet mud; along a stone gallery; up and up climbed the sisters.

“Oh, but it is good of you to come to me, Sister Arme!”

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CHAPTER III

MY lady's bower in Baron Bluebeard's castle was high up in the donjon keep; high above arrow flight or siege; so high that it had been allowed a larger aperture that might by courtesy be called a window. But when had ever window such a sill, sloping outwards through ten foot of wall? A sill and lintel where the sunbeams played with quivering lights, reflected from the shallow sea below.

The window looked toward the watery sunset. Beyond the Sands, the sisters could see the distant northern shore and limestone uplands and a faint smear of blue smoke.

"They burn green faggots at Hundy."

"Sometimes I think I can see our peel tower in the morning light," said Fatima, gazing wistfully. Her eyes had dark marks under them. "Didst see me flash my mirror in the sun, the day I loosed the pigeon?"

"Why did you loose the pigeon, Fatima?"

"See, Anne, the smoke dies down; the faggots are burning red. Dost think old Kirsteen bakes haverbread on the hot hearth? How doth my lady mother? Hast thou brought another pigeon in the bird basket, Sister Anne? Hist! is that a footstep? Nay, it is but the wind in the turret. Hast brought another dove?"

"Is he kind to you, Fatima?"

"Oh, very, very," replied the Baroness hurriedly, "very kind and generous, Sister. See this bracelet and my rings. Very kind indeed. A little jealous at times."

"I see no one to be jealous of here," said Sister Anne laughing. "What a man-forsaken abode! Have they all rode forth?"

"Yesterday," said the Baroness. "Hark! Nay it is but the mad. Yesterday, my lord rode abroad to gather his rents."

"His rents? but this is neither Candlemas nor Lady-day nor Lammas?"

"I know not; he rides forth."

"Do you not ride with him? How is White-foot?"

"I do not know — at least I think a little lame. I shall ride with my lord when he hath gathered his rents."

"How is Frolic?"

“I think one of the big dogs— “Far turn’s eyes filled with tears— “but see, Sister, he hath given me another dog. See, Sister Anne, poor Rollo.” A great old hound rose stiffly from a deerskin mat. His broken foreleg was bound to a wooden splint; he limped across the floor to Fatima and laid his head upon her lap. “Poor Rollo, he will be my guard. The pikemen are rough.”

“The one-eyed porter is impudent, certainly,” remarked Anne.

“I stay in the keep and the inner ward when my lord rides abroad. I may not descend into the courtyard.

The varlets are uncivil.”

“Are there no bower women? Where are the pages?”

“I do not know. Wolfram brings our repast; ’tis served on silver.”

“Is there no serving hatch? No steward? Is there a withdrawing room?”

“I do not know. There are many, many rooms; and galleries;’ and anterooms and stairs, and turrets that look out toward the sea. North and west and south — not east,” she broke off with a shudder, “north and west and south.” She twisted the rings on her hands. “Where do you take the air, Sister?”

“I walk upon the curtain walls and bastions. North and west and south and east — I go right round upon the battlements — hark! Nay it is but a cat; I have to guard my doves.”

On the following morning Anne expressed a desire to explore the castle — or at least the inner ward, for her sister still persisted that they might not go below. And there was near a mile of walking overhead, by towers and battlements and curtain walls. Long flights of steps in the open air led up to platforms behind crenelated parapets. Wooden shutters like shields defended the openings, to guard archers shooting downward from assault by arrows flying up.

But no archers manned the walls. Only upon the barbican and northern bastion were standing quaintly carved stone figures of men-at-arms, weather stained with moss. No living warder kept watch. All was solitary and lifeless except jackdaws and cats. Cats lay in the sun, or sat and licked their paws on giddy edges. They were half wild, numberless; most of them black. As the sisters approached they fled into secret places. The jackdaws rose in short flights and settled again cawing. Below — dizzily below on

the mud — was à flock of seagulls, quarrelling over some carrion left by the tide. Except for birds and cats the ramparts were deserted.

Within there was a dreary solitude, a gloomy labyrinth of dusky chambers. Long galleries led to vaulted rooms where arrow slits let in a feeble light, and draught that stirred the tapestry on mouldering walls. The great west chamber towards the bay was littered deep with sand; sea ware brought in by the wind. The doubtful light half showed, half hid sparse furniture and dusty floors. Here amongst the lumber was a broken cradle that had rocked the first wife's child; here a spinning wheel. There, in the shadows, lay a heap of rags that once were silken gowns. The worms had eaten them, the rats had gnawed them. Doors stood ajar or hung aslant on broken hinges. Green eyes gleamed furtively from black doorways. Something whisked into the darkness of a turret. Bats flitted through the gloom; there was a sickly smell.

Anne stopped; "I have seen enough of this dismal wilderness.. Do you often stray here alone, Sister?"

"I would go round; right round," said Fatima discontentedly. She peered into a musty room whose windows looked into the castle yard that was dark and unwholesome as a pit.

"You were better employed to carry a spinning wheel to the stone hall. Let us go down this turret stair," said Anne, "I fain would see the kitchen."

"I tell you; we may not descend. And the steps are broken, the staircase ends in nothing. Why cannot I go right round?"

"It may be that we have done so; we cannot see out of the arrow slits, high upon the wall, but I no longer hear any sound of the waves."

"Nay, we are still in the southern ward, Sister; I have counted the windows— "her voice sunk to a whisper, "I have counted them across the courtyard from the keep. I have counted them from outside; I have counted them from within. There are too many windows— "

"Perhaps you are mistaken, Fatima, and why should you be fearful? I think we are near the gate-house." Even as she spoke, the hoarse voice of Wolfram, the porter, came from the gate-house below, muffled through flooring and dust, singing —

"What did he do with her breast bone?

Down, down, hey down,

He made him a violl to play thereon;

Down, down, hey down!"

Fatima affrighted clung to Sister Anne, "Let us go back to the west chamber, to the staircase that leads up to the battlements. I crave fresh air, or I shall faint."

"Chut!" said Sister Anne, "I am determined to see the kitchen, if I can find a treadable downward stair. I am not married to a gaoler! Wolfram is out of the way in the gate-house; yet I can smell roast meat. There must be one that turns the spit in this inhospitable castle. Go you up, and sit in the sun. Down will I go."

Sister Anne gathered up her trailing skirts of green worsted and heedfully stepped down the dark turret stair. Although something had bounded down before her, she distrusted the worn freestone steps that turned and twisted and narrowly tapered to the newell of the turret. Smells met her nose in the darkness; roast meat; mouldy seaweed; dead crabs, and live cats. She seemed to have disturbed a nest of them, spitting and scuffling, unseen in the darkness excepting their eyes which shone green. She groped her way to the foot of the stair, in the depths of the castle rock. It grew warmer; the smell of roasting increased, and she heard sound of a crackling fire. The stair foot opened behind piles of firewood, kegs, planks and barrels, grey driftwood from wrecks. The vault was large and low and hot; its walls were the walls of a sea cave; the waves sounded near. Air came through a barred cleft in the rock. Light came from a great fire of driftwood before which was half a sheep, roasting upon a spit. A woman turned the spit, a bowed brown-hooded figure.

"What will she say when she hears me and faces round?" wondered Anne.

The floor of the vault was littered with dirty trenchers, bones, black pots and firewood. Sand lay heaped in comers; flood tides had carried it in through the bars. Lying upon the sand, sitting upon logs, on stools, on barrels, purring, while they watched the roast meat — there were seventeen black cats.

Anne stood concealed by a pile of fire-wood until one of her feet went to sleep; she wore long pointed shoes that belonged to her sister, who had a smaller foot. Sister Anne herself was a big dark browed capable woman, with strong arms, and a quick wit, and white teeth when she laughed. She was not laughing now.

She stirred her foot and knocked over a log of driftwood. Instantly there was a rush and flight of cats.

The cookmaid turned; the wooden basting spoon trembled in her hand. Her eyes were bleared and blinking, her mouth awry and feeble, her face and hands were brown and wrinkled, a wretched, frightened figure staring wonderingly at Anne. She was as startled as her cats but too lame and feeble to run.

Said Anne very pleasantly, "Good day to you, good woman!"

"Good day, say you? Good day! Ill day that brought you here, young woman. Get you gone if you would live!"

She turned the spit with palsied hand and mumbled to herself. "Marion! where's Marion? Seven of them and Marion, and many another, many another. Get you gone, young woman!"

"How can we go? How can we escape? As you hope for grace, good woman, help me to save my sister!"

"Good woman, says she? Best of me is witch! Away! away from the vault; it will be death to both of us."

"If not good, or wanting grace, at least you are not Bluebeard's friend—" "His friend!" shrieked the ancient cookmaid in tones that caused the cats to spit—"his friend?"

"If not so — help me. Is there no secret way out of the castle?"

The blear-eyed ancient woman blinked and peered nervously around the vault. She brought her toothless mouth near Anne's pink ear, and spoke with unexpected intelligence. "There is a little, disused postern door opening amongst nettles and bourtree bushes in the ditch. But 'tis useless without outside help. No townsman durst shelter you. Marion got so far; and they shot her with crossbolts in the ditch." She basted the sheep on the spit and mumbled, "Blood and bones, sticks and stones! Marion, where's Marion? Get you gone if you would live!"

"Who was Marion?" asked Anne, remembering the crazy mother.

"My sister's daughter Marion, nurse to the first wife's child — away young woman! Wolfram is coming!"

"The door? The postern door? The way to it?" cried Anne.

"A sliding panel behind the tapestry in the great west chamber — where they bay the hart that bears St. Hubert's cross, the hunting tapestry—"

"Is the postern locked?"

“Yea, but I can steal the key; I kennel in the gate-house; and Wolfram beats me; I whose father was a free man! but I dare not leave it long unlocked.”

“I needs must trust you,” said Anne. “When the tide serves, and the moon, I will send a sign; a sign to my friends and a sign to you to open to them.”

“Get you gone, young woman, he is coining, he is coming!”

“A pebble in the basin that holds the broth,” said Anne.

“Nay, not a pebble, lest the dogs lick the bowl and leave it bare; rather a grit of sand — he is coming! He will kill us!”

And truly, Wolfram’s hoarse voice howled nearer, singing out of tune —

“What did he do with her tongue so rough?

Unto the violl it spake enough!

What did he do with her nose ridge?

Unto the violl he made it a bridge.

Down, down, hey down.

What did he do with her fingers small? He made him pegs to his violl withall.”

Anne fled up the turret stair.

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CHAPTER IV

ON the second day after Anne's coming the sisters loitered on the battlements. They watched the sea creep up the bay between them and their home. The rising tide swam up the channels and lapped against the stakes. Very noiselessly it brimmed over and flooded the mud flats.

The castle lay immense and grimly silent, brooding over the sea. Nothing stirred except the jackdaws that nested in the turrets. They paced along the parapets and slid off into space. They flew below and delved in the line of seaweed and jetsam at foot of the castle rock, until the tide crept up and covered it. Anne, laughing and looking down fearlessly, threw bits of mortar at the birds. But Fatima shuddering, plucked her gown, "Pray you stand farther back from the edge, Sister Anne!"

The day wore on to afternoon. The tide ebbed back to the sea. The carved stone figures of men-at-arms that stood on the merlons threw their shadows from west to east. The Lombard's Tower at the castle's southern angle glowed in the golden sunset; its broad, deep shadow flung a purple pall over the inner ward. Long flights of steps and curtain walls lay silent in empty shade. Once in a while muffled sounds came from the town and showed that it was not dead.

At length there arose a sound that grew to be a loud noise; trampling of horses up the paved causeway, followed by blasts of a horn. The castle dogs bayed; the portcullis creaked as Wolfram wound it up with a winch. So deep was the courtyard, so high was the keep, that Anne leaning forward in an embrasure could not see the barbican's inner arch. Only she looked giddily down upon other bastions where jackdaws perched and walked along the edge. Horses were clanking in under the gatehouse; there was clash of arms flung upon the pavement; rough command and loud rude shout.

"We must descend to the stone hall, Sister," said the Baroness; her colour went and came. She was breathless when she reached the foot of the turret. A piece of tapestry hung over the entrance; she paused, half hidden, clutching it.

Footsteps were striding upwards on the low arched steps at the further end of the hall. Two hounds bounded in before him, and Bluebeard entered, with jingling spurs, a whistle and a shout —

“Ho, Lady Baroness! Ho, Selina! What’s your name, Fatima? Where tarry you? Come down!”

She stepped from behind the tapestry, smiling vaguely, followed by Anne. The Baron stared.

“So, ho, young woman! How come you here?”

Anne curtseyed demurely. She had ridden to Kentdale with her brother, and she proposed a short visit to her sister before riding further south, “Ha,” said the Baron, “Where is your horse? Hath Rollo eaten him?” The old hound growled. “Tut, tut, tut! Spread the table; get out my silver tankard; here, unlock the cupboard.” He flung a heavy bunch of keys at Fatima, who dropped a wooden trencher. “Here you Sister Anne — Sister Visitor! Hurry up! I have an appetite; I could eat your horse, ho, ho, ho!”

He laughed boisterously at his own joke; but his little pig eyes never left Anne’s face, till Wolfram brought up the meat.

After supper he twisted round his chair; stretched his legs towards the blazing logs; and until he fell a-snoring he asked many questions of Anne. About their horses? About their cattle? He reckoned nothing of sheep. About their sales of wool and hides? He asked so many questions about the livestock of Hundy it might have seemed as though he were inquiring whether it could furnish forth another dowry. Anne answered him with discretion.

So passed time for the sisters. One day was much like another day. The Baron was seldom at home. It was a question of supplies; and the town at the gate was flayed bare. Bluebeard and his troopers were feared for twenty miles around. The raw-boned horses were ever on the trot; nay, sometimes they returned at the gallop. For the most part the surly yeoman paid tribute and grumbled; but occasionally there was resistance, when another hectoring nobleman and his vassals stood up and defied Baron Bluebeard. Two of Fatima’s cattle had gone to pacify Smith John Strongitharm. He would forge no more weapons or horseshoes — he was a free man — he was protected by the overlords of Belcaster and Brough.

Bluebeard’s iron-bound chests contained many gold pieces; but he preferred to run long accounts. So two bullocks went to the smith; and four beasts had been eaten at home already; and a red yearling stirk hung by the heels in the buttery. Four cows had been exchanged against a horse and brandy; three calves were dead of the hoost (a sore complaint and grievance).

The remainder, which were either calvers or poor in condition, were agisted with an unhappy tenant who owed arrears of rent.

When the Baron was surfeited with beef, he condescended to collect mutton. His jackmen never returned empty-handed; a bunch of hens at the saddle bow; a dead sheep on the crupper; trusses of hay or com sheaves slung across the horses, (and not always the same horses as those that had been ridden out). Or sometimes they brought bags of meal and kegs of spirit; or cheeses; or merchants' napery lifted in tolls from the packmen; or salmon from the fishermen's stake nets at mouth of the tidal river — everything alike was fish that had the misfortune to get caught in Baron Bluebeard's net.

Always he was restless and uncertain in his coming and going. Sometimes he did not return till daylight of another day; sometimes the troop returned in darkness. Then Anne sitting high up in the window of the keep saw by torchlight men dismounting and unloading plunder, while clash of iron and shouts and cries and noise of trampling horses echoed in the castle yard below. Or by daylight the sisters watched the troop ride in under the barbican. Their horses, weary and deep breathing, drank at the watering trough by the well, and unsaddled and roughly groomed were thrust into wretched stabling under the north bastion and Wery wall. Sometimes a man would come back with a broken head. Once the whole troop came in helter skelter, driving before them a score of bellowing, limping steers that they beat and pricked with their lances.

“Ho, cookmaid! Ho, oh, Elspeth! Come, witch, bring out thy broomstick. Drive in our beef for salting.”

Last up the causeway rode Bluebeard and often looked over his shoulder. “Up with the drawbridge, Wolfram! False knave that sleepest with open gate.” But none pursued except the terrors of his own evil conscience. No avenger galloped over the waste. Only behind shuttered windows the burghers shook their fists.

CHAPTER V

THERE came a day when Bluebeard returned in an even worse temper than usual. He kicked the dogs, struck his terrified wife, and swore at Anne. Fatima went whimpering to bed. The cause of his ill humour was some news which he had collected (as well as six sheep and eight bags of barley meal) during a foray through the Trough of Bowland. He had ridden up the valley for the purpose of borrowing a sum of money from the Abbot of Loamcoultram; and he had come at nightfall with his troop to a lonely inn. Contrary to custom, the Eagle's Head was full of guests. Loud laughter echoed from the house-place; lights streamed from the windows; and travellers' horses occupied the stable, to the inconvenience of Bluebeard's men. The troopers, however, made short work of the difficulty by turning out the innkeeper's cows into the cold.

The company within proved to be a party of gentlemen returning from a funeral. Several of them were known to the Baron, who agreed — nothing loath — to join their carouse.

But the news which these revellers imparted to him soured the ale, and turned his supper to wormwood. They had been helping to bury a wealthy proprietor across the Loamshire border. This worthy (also a friend of Bluebeard's) had contracted a violent fever after a cock-fight and much drinking; fighting, feasting, dead and buried, all within one week! The deceased land owner had been a batchelor; consequently the whole of his vast inheritance had come to his spinster sister. She was a tall, angular woman, with high cheek-bones and a squint. Her age was uncertain and her hair was carrotty. Nevertheless the gentlemen reported that already she had received five offers of marriage. Indeed, one of the mourners had himself whispered a proposal at the arval supper, and had been rewarded with a box on the ear. His ear was still red and tingling, and Bluebeard joined in the laugh against him. But secretly he gnashed his teeth to think that he himself had come too late to attend the funeral, and to pay his respects to the wealthy spinster. Now, all that could be paid was a surreptitious visit to the red-haired heiress's confidential steward; to slide a word into his ear, and slip a purse of the Abbot's gold into his hand.

After all there are compensations for the slow passage of news. The steward had not heard a word of gossip about Bluebeard's latest marriage.

He assumed that the Baron was still an eligible widower; he pocketed the gold, and he promised to lend his help.

Bluebeard rode home to his castle, thoughtful and sulky. When a man has been bereaved seven times, there is no saying how soon unkind fortune may afflict him again. But in the meantime Fatima was in the way; a cause of justifiable annoyance to any nobleman with caerulean whiskers. Wherefore he kicked the dogs, scowled upon the women, and knocked over the soup.

“Well that there lurks no pebble in the bowl,” thought Anne as she wiped up the mess.

She arose next morning in some apprehension. Had the crisis arrived? Should she loose the doves? To her surprise and relief the Baron appeared rather more amiable than usual. He praised the breakfast ale and mutton sausages and beamed upon Fatima.

“Hark, lady wife and sister! Attend and listen! Today I ride abroad, again. Expect me back at five o’clock, to sup off a rump of mutton. Get out my silver flagon and all the tankards — clean them, polish them! Here, wife, take my keys; you know which is the key of the cupboard. Unlock nothing else, dost hear? No prying, no peeping! Ho, Wolfram! A rump of mutton and carrots for supper! Red-haired carrots, ho, ho, ho!” Off he went.

Anne lifted the keys which the Baron had thrown on the table. She unlocked the cupboard and she slipped the keys into her own pocket. In accordance with the fashion of those days the sisters wore large embroidered pouches hanging from their girdles.

Punctually at five the Baron returned. He came up the stone steps more quietly than was his wont, and he paused on the threshold, looking keenly at the sisters. They awaited him by the open hearth under the great free-stone canopy that arched the cavernous chimney. Upon it was carved a coat-of-arms in stone. Armour and weapons hung upon the wall above. Fatima sat on a stool with the old hound beside her. Anne leaned against the tall jamb of the chimney breast; she turned hot cakes of barley meal that toasted amongst the ashes. The light of blazing logs flickered I on bare walls and high-groined roof, on the heavy refectory table, on highjacked, carved oak chairs, and on the black oak cupboard. The silver that the sisters had polished sparkled. Bluebeard’s keys lay upon his silver plate. He was rather silent at supper. He ate hugely of the rump of mutton.

At breakfast next morning again he was a model husband, considerate and courteous. "Lady wife, it grieves me to leave you daily thus; but I must meet one Roger Darkness, a steward, at Bowland Bridge on pressing business I cannot hope to return home early. Expect me at six, Wolfram; let us sup on mutton broth and suet dumplings. Here, wife, keep my keys; get out the silver tankard and set the table for supper. You know which is the key of the cupboard. Unlock nothing else." He held up his finger, his eyebrows came down over his hooked nose, his sly black eyes weighed up Fatima. "Expect me at six o'clock, no earlier."

He strode across the hall, through the arched doorway and down the staircase. His spurs rang on the sandstone steps; the point of his sword scabbard trailed tapping from step to step; down, down — hey down.

Below the keep, in the courtyard, there were the usual sounds. Horses pawed the pavement; men quarrelled and mounted; followed by the hollow sound of horse hoofs on the drawbridge as they rode away. Then the day's usual silence, only broken by the cawing of the jackdaws on the turrets, and an occasional sound from the gate-house, where Wolfram remained on guard.

All day Fatima fretted and fidgetted. She had reached out her hand for the keys; but again it was Anne who lifted them. A moaning wind blew in through the arrow slits, bringing small rain from the sea. Wood smoke puffed down the wide chimney, and hung in wreaths overhead. They set to work and heaped up the foisty broken rushes that were strewn over the floor, in order to sweep away the dust that lay beneath. Old Rollo rose up sneezing.

"There is more dust than rushes," said Anne, "I marvel were they changed last summer?"

The dust floated in clouds, settling on ledges and trophies of arms that hung aloft. Anne tied the mop to a spear; dislodging the dust of centuries. A hauberk and buckler fell on the stone floor with a loud resounding clang, narrowly missing her. Fatima rocked with unwonted and refreshing laughter.

"Oh, Anne! how will you reach to put them back up there?"

"it matters not," said Anne. "I will pile them in yon corner with that other old lumber."

"How the clatter of their falling echoed through the castle—"

“Ho there! what mischief are ye at?” shouted Wolfram’s voice below, followed by his heavy footstep on the stair.

“He is coming up! He is coming after us!” exclaimed Fatima in terror. She retreated to the bower stair; Anne stood her ground, still holding the spear.

“What is the meaning of this extraordinary din? Is the impregnable fortress being carried by storm?” inquired the one-eyed porter from the doorway (not of course in such genteel language). He advanced with a broad and disagreeable grin; “If you throw iron pots about there will be broken pipkins. Are you playing spillikins, with spears, my pretties?”

“Retire from the chamber,” said Sister Anne.

“Ho, ho! we will have a talk first! Put down that spillikin,” said Wolfram, still advancing.

Fatima screamed. Anne lowered the spear point to the level of the porter’s buckled belt. But before it came to jousting, the match was taken over by old Rollo, who sprang at the intruder’s throat and threw him over backwards. He fell on the floor heavily; and the floor was bare of rushes.

“Call off the hound, woman! Take him off before I knife him. Augh, augh! take him off before he chokes me. The Baron will skin me if I knife the dog — as I fain would if I dared!” said Wolfram, sitting up and rubbing the back of his head.

“Retire from the hall, varlet,” said Sister Anne.

Wolfram went away, swearing fiercely. They piled heavy furniture against the door.

“Almost I could have wished that Rollo had choked him; he is horrible; Sister Anne.”

“Let us strew the rushes again upon the floor; the dog will give us warning if he tries to return.”

The day wore on heavily. They brought two wheels from the deserted chamber and tried to occupy their time with spinning; but the flax was soiled and old. Again and again, Fatima broke her thread. She yawned and stretched her arms— “Sister Anne, let us go through the chambers and galleries. I would try to count the windows; and the stairs; the windows by the locked door.”

“No, Fatima, not so. It is unwholesome to wander in that sickly gloom. See — the mist has drawn away with the tide; there is a gleam of sun. Let us walk on the battlements.”

“That will we do!” said Fatima with alacrity. “Come Rollo!” The old hound bayed and gambolled clumsily.

“Look, Anne, he can point his forefoot to the ground.”

“I doubt he will never pull down deer again; he will always limp. (But thank heaven we have him.)”

For a time, Fatima was satisfied. She amused herself with the dog, playing hide and go seek in embrasures and turrets. Anne studied the landscape and the tide, and reckoned the age of the moon. Those who dwelt beside the treacherous Sands had need to learn its changes. The mist had lifted; she could see the further shore and a convoy of laden horses crossing from north to south. The packmen drove along their string of nags and merchandise hurriedly, anxiously; unknowing that the only garrison that watched them was two girls upon the battlements, and Wolfram at the gate.

The town on the east stirred with a cheerful humming sound. The Baron and his jackmen had been seen riding away across the waste. A watchman was posted on the tower of the church. Until he gave notice of the troop’s returning, the town could enjoy a respite of peace.

Fatima’s cheerfulness soon waned. She began to count the turrets. So many turrets — so many turret stairs — so many paces on the battlements — so many windows below. Nothing would serve her but she must try again to count the gloomy eastern windows that looked down into the dismal well below the keep.

“It is those that frighten me, Anne; I think they are watching us.”

“What? The windows?” said Anne, startled.

“Why are there seven without, and but five within?”

“You lose count,” said Sister Anne, leaning forward in an embrasure.

“I pray you do not crane your neck so far out!” said Fatima, clutching her gown.

“I could not fall through if I tried,” said Anne, laughing again. “I think we do go right round; you are wrong in your count.”

“It cannot be that we go round. There is a door at the far end that is locked. There are too many windows,” said she, with a shudder.

“Come back to the fire. It grows chilly,” said Sister Anne.

It was dark, quite dark, when the Baron returned. A dank mist hung about the well of the courtyard; torches glared; shouts and smells and reek of horses rose like smoke in the foggy gloom. He was less affable than he had been when he departed in the morning. His voice was loud, his nose

was red, his temper was vile, and his beard was blue. He stamped up the stone steps and paused upon the threshold looking suspiciously at the sisters.

“Ho, Lady Baroness and Sister Anne! has the day seemed long? How have ye whiled the time away?”

“Sir,” said Sister Anne, “we have been spinning, but out thread breaks. The flax is gnawed by rats.”

“Throw it in the fire,” said Bluebeard, SISTER ANNE kicking it -with Ms spurred boot. It flared up. “Wife, where are the keys?” She rose timidly and brought them to him on a silver plate. He weighed them in his hand, and looked under his bushy eyebrows at Fatima. “Pull off my jackboots, wenches. The water was out in the Trough of Bowland.” He flung himself on his chair before the hearth, cursing the floods and the winter cold.

At supper he joked cheerfully enough with Wolfram, over the broth and dumplings, and laughed loudly at the porter’s version of the dog fight. Anne bit her lip. Fatima flushed.

For the most part master and man conversed in a thieves Latin not clearly understandable. Only it appeared that the Baron intended to ride again to-

90 morrow, and to be absent for three days. He would return by noon of Thursday and expect company to dinner.

“A round of beef and carrots, Wolfram! And bid old Elspeth roast it” (he glanced at Sister Anne who kept her countenance unmoved); “roast beef and carrots for the steward, Wolfram! And a beef bone for old Rollo, and the cow’s hide for a winding sheet!” Wolfram guffawed with his master, and made derisive gestures behind the chairbacks of Fatima and Sister Anne.

Accordingly next morning the Baron prepared to ride away again.

“Farewell, farewell; my Lady Baroness! a long three days’ farewell! Help me to lace my breast-plate to my surcoat; the leather lacing is broken. Where is my other gauntlet?” (Now it happened that a kitten which had been tamed by Fatima was playing with the glove under the stretcher of the tressel table.) “Fetch it out; not you, Fatima; finish lacing my breast-plate. You, Sister Anne, get under the table and fetch out my glove. Throw that little brute out of the arrow slit into the sea!”

Sister Anne was encumbered by the voluminous long-skirted gown and high headdress of the period. It cost her an awkward crawl to recover the Baron’s greasy leather glove, plated with steel scales on the back of the

knuckles. When she emerged, somewhat ruffled, from under the table, Fatima with shy fingers was still lacing the Baron's surcoat, and trying not to tie in his blue beard. He was quite facetious. He pretended to bite her fingers. Nothing was said about the keys. He had slipped them into the pouch that hung at her girdle while Sister Anne was groping for the glove.

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CHAPTER VI

FATIMA was uneasy; all day she was more than usually languid and querulous. The pouch with the heavy bunch of keys dragged at her waist. Her kerchief and her wide white sleeves were soiled; her dark eyes were haggard. She wandered up the bower stairs to feed the pigeons with barley. Anne followed her up. Three cats sat outside the bower door. Anne drove them away with handclapping. They bounded out of sight into the shadows of the dusty gallery; their mewling and cat calls echoed through the empty chambers.

The sisters closed the bower door and descended the turret staircase. Fast an arrow slit, where the steps were damp and slippery under their pointed shoes. Past dark steps where they felt their way left-handed on the central pillar. Past a half landing where another stair branched downwards into pitchy darkness. Eighteen steps were in the turret; seven were in the thickness of the wall; five projected into the hall.

Under the stair was a recess which formed a store closet. Much meal and provender was kept therein; the keep was the last and strongest refuge if the castle were stormed. In this corner near the fireplace were a few household utensils.

Anne took a wooden bowl and knelt by the hearth, kneading barley meal for scones. In the Baron's absence they shut themselves in, fastening the door with a wedge, and they drew provisions from the store closet.

Fatima sat on a stool, crouched over the smouldering fire. Bed spots burned on her cheeks that were losing their apple round bloom. She stroked the old lame hound; he turned on his side full length with a sigh. Presently she rose, and wandered about the cheerless gaunt stone hall. It had seen banquets of old; but even from its foundation it had been planned for defence, not revelry. The walls were damp with salt, and; bare; alone over the opening to the bower stair there hung a piece of faded tapestry whereon was dimly woven a picture of a royal feast. It had come from the sack of Inglewood Priory. In the wall towards the bay were arrow slits, high overhead.

On the inner side was one tall pointed window that looked down into the yard. It was approachable by two raised steps and a stone platform; perhaps

of old a dais or minstrel's gallery. Little music was now in the dreary castle; only Wolfram's ribald songs, and the mewing of cats.

The arched portal at the farther end of the hall was low and mean. At night the doorway was lighted by three tallow dips stuck on an iron holder; short ends of candle that had guttered in the night wind. Fatima slipped one into her pouch; already she had flint and steel. She scraped the grease that had dripped onto a bench, and dusted the sparse furniture. There was but little. Two chests hewn out of tree-trunks, iron bound with hoops and padlocked. (The bunch of keys swung against her knee as she stooped to dust the lock.) Four benches; two coffin stools, five carved high-backed chairs. The only large pieces were the long refectory table that once had groaned beneath the prior's good cheer; and a black oak court cupboard that stood on the right-hand side of the cavernous fireplace. The bower stairs and the store closet were on the left.

Anne finished kneading the dough and rose from her knees. A fresh breeze was blowing in through the arrow slits; it brought a smell of seaweed and hoarse cries of gulls.

"It will be good drying on the battlements. We have a black pot, and wood ash. Let us wash our linen, instead of idling," said Sister Anne.

"I will run up and fetch our clothes," said Fatima. Anne followed her up the stair.

"Now let us go down to the well with our pitchers. Come, Rollo!"

"I may not descend to the courtyard," said Fatima hanging back.

"Nonsense! Come with me and I will borrow a wooden bucket from the stable. Wolfram will not molest us while we have the hound."

Twice Fatima went down to the well with Anne. The old hound followed at their heels. The one-eyed porter watched them from the gate-house stealthily. A third time Anne came down alone for clean water to rinse the linen. She had left her sister guarded by the hound.

But, when Anne came up, breathless, with the last bucket of water — Fatima was gone.

"Fatima! Fatima!" Anne called at the foot of the bower stair. She was answered by old Rollo's whines. Anne sped up the staircase. Only the dog was in the bower, and the doves.

"The door, the locked door! I can find her with aid of the hound. But what hath *she* not found already?" thought Anne foreboding evil. She twined her kerchief in the hound's collar and held him, lest he should

outpace her and give tongue. Together they went searching through the solitude.

Along the dusky gallery; down four broad steps; through a dark ante-room, cobwebbed and smelling of bats. It was empty: except a broken chair and a heap of rags and dust — everywhere dust. Up other steps into the great west chamber where the floor was carpetted with sea sand and littered with sticks that the dawes had dropped from nests in the fireless chimney. Shadows and lights of the sea played in the groined roof. The mouldering tapestry that hid the sliding panel stirred with the sea breeze. The woven huntsmen moved; the sacred hart that bore the cross between his antlers tossed his proud faded head. Anne eyed the movement fearfully, but the hound unheeding drew her on. At the far end of the lonely chamber was the deserted hearth. One andiron stood upright; the other lay amongst the ashes. On the right hand yawned the black abyss of a broken turret stair. On the left hand, behind the tapestry in a comer, was the opening of another passage. The hound led her towards it, nosing the footsteps in the dust; footprints of a pointed shoe, coming and going. Anne could not distinguish which were new or old.

The gallery led to a more treadable downward stair — the stair that Anne had descended to the kitchen — the stair that old Elspeth must use, if she came with the key of the postern door on her way to go downwards again through the panel behind the tapestry. The hound passed the head of the stair; and led Anne further into the gloom.

Further and further, through a labyrinth of passages and dark musty rooms, unwholesomely smelling and silent; except for the distant sound of a swinging door. Anne pressed onward; she dared not call. It was but a door that swung in the wind.

Once they passed a stair that led to open air and the battlements. But still the hound followed the footprints within the gloom. They reached an octagon tower at the castle's southern angle, a massive tower and high; but little less strong than the donjon keep itself. Low lapping sound of waves beat against its foot of rock below. A slanting beam of light through an arrow slit showed the dark panelling of its upper chamber. It showed a broken bedstead; the carved stood upright; the other lay amongst the ashes. On the right hand yawned the black abyss of a broken turret stair. On the left hand, behind the tapestry in a comer, was the opening of another passage. The hound led her towards it, nosing the footsteps in the dust;

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Anne passed on. The floors grew worse; mined by the death watch beetle and dry rot. It was the furthest point to which she had penetrated with her sister. The track of pointed footsteps dwindled. At length there was but one, which Rollo followed still, unfalteringly.

They traversed another gallery and a room whose windows looked into the courtyard under the keep. Involuntarily Anne counted them. One window; two windows, admitting meagre light.

A third window; her own pale face peered through, and glanced up fearfully at the keep.

A fourth window; a bat flew out; a fifth window. And still the footprint of the pointed shoe, and Rollo strained the leash.

A door unlocked.

A sixth window in a narrow room, darker, duskier, more foul smelling.

A seventh window; darkness beyond. Cobwebs hung from the walls and ceiling in gray sheets and nooses; veiled darkness; ghostly, mysterious. Anne judged that she was above the gate-house.

Even upon her thought came the porter's harsh voice bawling his song below, muffled through floors and dust —

*“What did he do with her two shins?
Unto the violl they danced Mall Simms!
Down, downy hey down.”*

The moats quivered in a gray beam. Anne passed noiselessly through the shadows, following the footsteps in the dust.

The hoarse voice sang again —

*“Then bespoke the treble string —
‘Oh, yonder is my father, the king!’
Down, down, hey down!
Then bespoke the second string,
Oh, yonder is my mother, the queen.’
Down, down, hey down.”*

Anne stepped across the chamber of black darkness to a closet. Her foot trod on a bunch of keys.

*“Then bespoke the strings all three,
Oh, yonder is my sister that drowned me.”*

Anne's eyes became accustomed to the darkling gloom. She saw a white bundle at her feet — her sister lying like one dead. The guttered candle had gone out and fallen from her hand. Her eyes, were glazed upon the nameless horror that its light had made visible.

Sang the voice below, harsh and cruel,
*“Now pay the miller for his pain,
Down, down, hey down.
And let him begone, in the devils name,
Down, down, hey down.”*

Anne took up the bunch of keys and dragged her sister over the door-sill. She locked the door with trembling hand; the keys jangled. There was a pause, an ominous pause, below.

Fatima lay like one dead. A shaft of light through an arrow slit touched her white lips and blue-veined eyelids. Anne listened, holding the hound's mouth lest he should whine; she soothed him with her hand.

It seemed that Wolfram had attributed some suspicion of noise to another cause, for presently his song continued —

*“The cat’s behind the buttery shelf,
Down, down, hey down.
If you want any more you must sing it yourself!
Down, hey down, hey down, oh!”*

(Then the First and Third Cousin Mice, with nerves and fur on end, fell upon the Second Cousin Mouse and bit him.);

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CHAPTER VII

IT happened fortunately for the sisters that at this moment Wolfram's attention was diverted by a knocking upon the iron wicket under the barbican. A huckster man had ventured up to the castle with an offering, or bribe, of tallow candles, and a petition to be allowed to retail a hundredweight of salt in the town. While the porter dealt with the huckster, Anne seized the opportunity to withdraw her sister to the bower. She had recovered consciousness, but not self-control. No reasoning or entreaty of Anne's served to calm her nerves or hearten her to face the Baron's return with composure. By day she lay moaning on her bed; by night she awakened screaming.

Anne feared the worst. Although the tides were not yet favourable, she wrote a letter entreating rescue, and dispatched a dove. Joyfully it clapped its wings and sped away over the Bands. But it never reached Hundy.

Anne made preparations for a siege. She blessed the heavy iron door on the turret stair below the bower. They alone were in a position to use the continuation of the stair above, which gave access to the battlement and beacon on top of the keep. She carried up much firewood and store of meal. Thirst was their danger. She took up bowls and earthenware jars to hold water, but she feared to draw suspicion prematurely by going down to the well.

Once she ventured down to the kitchen vault; but old Elspeth's terror brought little comfort. When Anne wished to try Bluebeard's keys, to find a key which might unlock the postern door, she repeated that it would be useless without assurance of outer help.

"How can I give you a sign that help is coming, if we are shut up in the keep?"

"Take this bag of feathers and burn them on the battlements. Burn them in the iron basket that is set to hold the beacon. Burn them! burn them! Wolfram hates the smell of burning since he lost his eye by fire. If I see not the smoke I shall hear of it. Away, away, young woman! he is coming!"

"Can you get the key surely from the gate-house?"

"Aye. A bit stronger ale in his nightcap," said old Elspeth spitefully. "Take this shinbone of beef for the hound. Away young woman; and remember me in your prayers."

“You shall be restored to your home and rewarded.”

“I have no home.”

The fatal day arrived. The dreaded sounds approached; clatter of horsemen over the drawbridge, clamour and tumult of dismounting.

Anne, white faced and stiff, stood erect behind a chair. Her hand clutched its carved back, her bent nails dug into the oak. Fatima cowered in an embrasure beneath an arrow slit. A cold wind blew down on her white neck; her face was sunk in her bosom; the quaint long-homed head-dress that she wore pointed forward like a unicorn’s horn. Her bell-shaped sleeves covered her clenched hands; her long-toed shoes were drawn up under the skirt of her yellow gown; a collapsed, pathetic figure. The hound sat beside her. His muzzle touched her knee; he eyed her mournfully.

A spurred clanking tread came up the steps to the stone hall; the Baron strode over the threshold. He paused with a snort— “pouff!” and stood in the gloom of the doorway, looking slyly at the women. His eyebrows frowned down over his sharp pig-like eyes; the mustachios of his azure beard curled up under his hawk-like nose— “Pouff! how now, madam wife? What’s to do?” Fatima shivered and sunk lower. “What ails you both? Speak, cannot you, fool?” said the Baron to Anne.

“Sir, my sister is not well,” said Anne, with dry lips.

“Ha? not well? hath she—” asked the Baron quickly.

“Sir, she hath an ague,” said Anne.:

“Pouff! an ague, foresooth!” He strode across the floor and took his wife by the shoulder, jerking her roughly to her feet.

Her white lips moved; her big dark terrified eyes lifted to his face, and dropped with a shudder.

“Oh, ho! say you so?” said the Baron, though no word had she spoken.

“Are you, too, struck dumb, Sister Anne? Hath she seen a ghost?”

Involuntarily Fatima gave a low cry.

“Hm’m! this needs looking into. Your pulse beats wildly, madam wife. A bolus, a mouse powder, a blue pill, or even something stronger were beneficial. Here you, sister-in-law Anne — sister fool — sister idiot! Fetch me the keys of my cupboard!”

. Again he shook Fatima roughly; the long-homed coif fell back; revealing her dark plaited hair. She was white to the lips..

Slowly, very slowly, as though her feet were lead, Anne crossed the foisty rushes and opened the cupboard. She took out the bunch of heavy keys, strung on an iron ring. She gave them into his right hand; his left still gripped Fatima's shoulder as she crouched at his feet. He looked at the keys and smelled them.

"Faugh! Grease! tallow grease! and a stain; a stain that smells like blood." He swung up the keys as though he would bring them down on Fatima's head; and the key of the donjon was heavy. She wrenched from his grasp and fell moaning at his feet; he kicked her.

"Faugh!" said the Baron, "Tallow and blood! Down dog!" (The hound flew at him, bristling.) "Come, madam! peeping and prying! Since you have seen them once, you shall see them again! Come!"

He took her by the homed head-dress; it came away in his hand. He caught her by the dark braids of hair, and dragged her to her feet; and himself fell heavily with a stool and his own two-handed sword between his legs, and the hound trying to throttle him.

The stool had been thrown in his path by Anne; Anne fiercely scheming, while Fatima shrieked. Her cries echoed in the vaulted roof, while the hound worried and growled, and the Baron cursed the table edge that had cut his head. Even in the crisis of the uproar Anne threw a silver flagon through the window that faced over the courtyard.

The Baron shook off the hound and began to pull himself up. He drew his poniard; when under the low-arched doorway appeared the one-eyed porter, bearing the battered flagon.

"Sir," he began, "this came flying from the window—" "he broke into fits of laughter at sight of the Baron's discomfiture.

"Where got you that, Wolfram. 'Tis my flagon from St. Andrew's kirk. Is it broken?" asked Bluebeard, getting up from his knee with his dagger in his hand.

"I saw it fly from the window, master. Surely it would have smashed upon the stones had it not bumped onto one that waits below. He waits below on business — one Roger Darkness from Bowland," said Wolfram with a wink; "He can hear them squealing; he inquired if we were killing pigs! pigs!" said Wolfram going into fits of laughter and winking diabolically with his single eye.

"From Bowland?" said the Baron, sheathing his dagger. "Shut up you whining fools! and go to your bower. Be silent or I will skin you. Go,

Wolfram, fetch dark Roger up.”

“Please, master, he says he cannot mount the steps, by reason he has a lame leg.”

“Needs must! I’ll come down to him; though I have a lame leg too,” said Bluebeard rubbing his shin, in rather better humour. “Silence, you whimpering fools; go to your bower and say your prayers; I will deal with you anon.” Wolfram followed his master below; only pausing on the threshold to look over his shoulder with a hideous grimace at Anne.

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CHAPTER VIII

“UP, Sister! up and be doing!” cried Anne, while Fatima lay moaning; “Up! must I prick you with the knife? Come, climb the turret stair — slowly if your feet totter — but climb! For I have much to carry.” She crammed bannocks and pasty and salt box in a cloth, seized the ham and sirloin, and carried them up to the bower. She drove her sister up before her and bid her bolt the door. “Unbar for none but me or for our brothers. I must go down to the well for water, and for sand to send a sign.” She emptied a portion of broth into her pitcher, and dropped a little grit into the bowl. (Old Elspeth crept down at midnight to unlock the postern door. But nobody was coming. A falcon had killed the dove.)

Sister Anne leaned out of the tall pointed window. Deep below in the courtyard she saw men that groomed their horses, while others carried fodder to the stable. The fellow with the bandaged head sat on the horse block and argued with Wolfram. Another flayed the red stirk that hung by the heels. The castle dogs fought for the offal.

Below the window of the keep the Baron and his guest Roger Darkness marched back and forth, deep in talk. Anne was too high to hear their words. In very fact they were discussing the red-haired marriage treaty.

Steward Roger walked with a limp; in the intervals of diplomacy he looked at the portcullis, shut like a trap. He wondered if he had adventured too far in. He resisted all invitation to dine. He had left his lad and his horses at the inn. He would go home and come again another day after further consultation with his mistress, the red-haired spinster.

He eyed the strong well-gowned lass, with her skirt tucked into her girdle, who came and went through the doorway of the keep carrying water. Bluebeard eyed her too, and scowled. She emptied her bucket into bowls and jars within, and came back to the well for more.

“Your maids are cleanly,” remarked Roger, partly to gain time for consideration of a knotty point.

“Pouff!” said the Baron, “we have killed a pig.”

Dark Roger’s eyes roamed to the beef cutting up in the buttery. It seemed strange to kill pigs in the stone hall. The shrieks still rung in his ears.

“Now as to that matter of tithe at Loamcoultram— “the Baron discussed the tithe earnestly and made a sign to Wolfram. When Anne came down a

fifth time — water was trickling down the steps from an overturned broken mug.

And Wolfram stood by the well, and played with the chain.

“It matters not, I have four gallons if he leaves me in peace, to carry it up to the bower from the hall.”

The sisters were left undisturbed. Once after the departure of Roger Darkness. the hound listened and growled. His ears detected footsteps below the iron door on the turret stair; but no attempt was made to force it. They had provisions for a siege, and they alone had access to the battlement above the keep.

Anne watched eagerly for an answering signal of smoke. She hoped that it might come at sunset. But low-driving clouds that were not smoke came down over the Sands and blotted out the northern shore.

Anne, wrapped in a cloak, sat by the deep window at an angle that would mark the peel tower of Hundy. Night birds cried in the marshes; owls hooted in the dreary chambers. But no flare showed through the darkness.

Gray dawn crept over the Sands. Anne left her seat by the window. Again she climbed the turret steps to the battlements over the keep. At the northern end was a raised platform that was called the Lady's Chair, whereon was fixed an iron brandreth to hold faggots for the beacon. She clambered up to the dizzy height and held on to the cold iron bars.

Her tired eyes scanned the solitary Sands; the steep track north of the river; the sand dunes to the South; the rolling woodland ridges inland, and the encircling eastern fells. The sun was rising behind their summit.

Rosy light touched the parapets of the keep and crept downwards over rugged walls. It touched the Lombard's tower at the castle's southern angle, turning the lichen on its stones to burnished yellow gold. It touched the Wery wall, and the buttresses where jackdaws awoke and preened their feathers. The light drew downwards to the mournful town, gilding its chimneys and crow-stepped gables. Beyond the common land, through white wisps of vapour, the winding river showed again, and again was hidden.

High above the Sands in clear upper air two peregrines were soaring fearless and free — up, up, into sunshine and life. Suddenly the tiercel stooped and chased a rapid low flying flock of rock doves. Alas for Anne's carrier pigeon! It had delivered no message to Hundy.

Fatima cried quietly in the resignation of despair. She was thirsty but she scarcely tasted food. Her only consolation was the pitiful affection of the hound.

For Anne was now the restlessness of doubt and hope deferred as she waited and watched for a signal. A signal not perhaps of instant rescue, but of stealthy help that would creep in at midnight and bide its opportunity.

From her station on the tower she saw the troop prepare to ride; and they saw her figure against the sky, standing beside the beacon. Derisive shouts rose up on little eddying winds. The men with cross-bows jeered and pretended to sight their weapons. But she stood high above arrow flight on the keep. They passed out over the drawbridge shouting and whistling. She heard, an uproar in the town; curses and a woman's screams. Then the troop rode away towards the south.

Anne determined to send another pigeon. She tied another letter to its little red foot; kissed the bird, and threw it up. It rose in circles with clapping wings, and took a course to cross the Sands. But a falcon shot out and struck it.

Anne came down from the battlements, and seated herself on a stool by the window, she leaned on the sill with her head bowed on her hands. Fatima was tossing on her bed in fast rising fever; and still as she turned she asked unceasingly— "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, is there anybody coming?"

And Anne replied, "I see nothing but the Sands."

A second day passed, and a third. Anne burnt wet wood on the beacon, but never was there answering sign. She held back desperately from sending her last dove, it seemed her last hope of rescue. Fatima was wandering in her mind. She spoke little sense; only over and over— "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, is there anybody coming?"

And Anne replied, "I see no one on the Sands."

From her lofty perch by the beacon, Anne saw all that passed below. She saw the troop ride forth again and counted them; all had ridden except Wolfram at the gate. She ventured down to the stone hall and carried up more wood. She also took a loaf that was left from a half-eaten meal. The taking of that bread was near to be her undoing. It was missed. She went down again and the hound sprang forward baying fiercely. An arrow whistled from the shadow of the low-arched doorway and the one-eyed porter rushed out. He had shot — not Anne — but the hound.

. Anne flew up the turret staircase and drew the bolts.

For some time Fatima did not miss the dog. Always she lay moaning, half in stupor, “Sister Anne, Sister Anne, is there anybody coming?”

In the evening at dusk, Anne released her last pigeon. She turned hastily and descended— “I will not stay to see it killed.”

When she reached the bower, Fatima had risen from the bed and was crouching by the window, “Sister Anne, Sister Anne, where is Rollo? Sister Anne, is there anybody coming?”

At midnight a fire of crackling pine logs blazed upon the peel tower of Hundy. But Anne did not see it. She slept, worn out, beside her sister with a kerchief tied between their wrists, lest Fatima should wander in her sleep.

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CHAPTER IX

THE Sands lay wet and shining in the starlight. Wandering channels of fresh water gleamed between the quicksands and the stakes. Two horsemen braved the dangerous pass without aid of sun or moon; Anne's brothers, Henry and John. They landed safely at Swinburnness, they buried their harness in a hillock of sand, and turned their horses loose. Then walking swiftly in the twinkling starlight they came to the castle's north ditch.

Beyond the ditch the walls towered black before them, piled up in monstrous bulk against the firmament of stars. The castle lay in darkness; mysterious; menacing; couchant upon its hill like some gigantic crouching beast. A star slid down the sky behind the blackness of the keep. The brothers stood listening. Evil smells rose from the ditch. An owl hooted in a distant turret.

They had brought a rope with them; Henry lowered John into the ditch. He stumbled amongst weeds and stones; rolled stones of the shingle; and hard round things that were skulls. Many heads had been broken against those walls; and none had taken pains to bury "them. Eats stirred amongst the docks and nettles.

John came to bourtree bushes that grew at the foot of the wall. He could not find a door nor any trace of steps as he groped and stumbled in the imperfect light. Above him, his brother was darkly visible against the stars. The Plough shone over his head. The church clock in the town tolled midnight. A hound in the gate-house howled. Another and another took up the mournful chorus; long-drawn whines, dying again into the silence of night — silence that was broken by the sound of a grating lock and opening door, deep in the ditch amongst weeds and brush wood.

John moved towards the sound, and spoke low to old Elspeth. She was distraught with fear; but she retained the use of such wits as privation and cruelty had left her.

"There was none in the castle but Wolfram — he is coming! he is coining! Blood and bones, sticks and stones!

There are weapons in stone hall and a loaf and chine of beef behind the tapestry — he is coming! he will kill us!" Her trembling haste scarce gave John time to hatch a plot with Henry, ere she drew him in and locked the door.

They two groped, up the narrow corkscrew stair, disused, and long forgotten. Its broken steps within the thickness of the castle wall were almost blocked with fallen stones and mortar. Stealthily, like rats, they came out through the sliding panel behind the hunting tapestry, into the great west chamber. It lay in ghostly length and desolation. Only the stars looked down through narrow arrow slits, laying dim seams of chilly star-light on the floor.

Truly the poor old woman's fears had cause. Far away through the deserted chambers — far below but coining nearer — a hoarse voice bawled and swore — Blood and bones! sticks and stones! Hastily she pushed John outwards to the vast of curtain walls and battlements and glittering starlight. While she herself must patter along gloomy passages and galleries, downwards by dark turret stairs, to be beaten and kicked and rated for night wandering, and accused of carrying food to the sisters.

And when rescue came at length; it was too late for Elspeth.

John was active, shrewd, and fearless. In the early morning he made himself acquainted with the castle and collected an arsenal of weapons; he and Henry had ridden light. He shunned the neighborhood of the gate-house and the keep. He had ample space for reconnoitring on the wails and battlements; he dodged behind the bartizans and watched the courtyard and the barbican's inner arch, an arrow in his hand. He climbed the Lombardis tower, whence he could see the track north of the bridge. If his brother had caught the horses there should be help before night. The jackdaws cawed and wheeled around. John stood motionless on the tower; as motionless as the sentinel stone men.

Two gazers noticed the birds. Anne was sitting listlessly on the Lady's Chair.

And below in the courtyard, the one-eyed porter, with arms akimbo, stared up, puzzled; at the jackdaws. He wondered if they were buffing at a hoolet or a cat. He was not quick at ciphering. He did not notice one too many of the sentinel stone men. Anne noticed it, and started. The blood rushed to her pale cheeks.

Slowly Wolfram turned and walked towards the entrance to the kitchen vault. Then the man-at-arms that was not stone, drew his bow and shot an arrow, and the porter fell. John came down from the tower whistling, and nearly paid with his life. He had to use his remaining arrows and Ms sword to kill the castle dogs. He took the keys from the dead body of the porter,

and crossed the courtyard to the keep, and mounted the staircase to the stone hall.

Anne sprang into his arms. They carried Fatima down to the hearth, and gave her warm mulled ale — and hope, and life.

At four of the afternoon a brushwood smoke rose from the hilly road north of the bridge. John lighted an answering smoulder of firewood on the beacon; and damped it down twice in token that he held the castle. Then over the high arched stone bridge cantered forty stout lads on horseback, green-coated archers with long bows, led by Lancelot Lackland. His brother and Anne's brother Henry were following impatiently with another company on foot. They came in two hours later and held the northern riverbank and the bridge. The first come troop advanced to the town, where none were armed nor likely to withstand them. Some garrisoned the tall houses and weends; others rode up to the castle. Except perplexity in working the levers of the drawbridge, there was nothing to delay their entrance. They stabled their horses and posted sentinels, and there were provisions in plenty. The following morning they busied themselves behind cover of the walls to heap up combustibles to burn the wicked stronghold and its secret of guilt.

In the afternoon, as expected, Bluebeard and his robber jackmen arrived across the sand dunes, returning from the south. They saw nothing to arouse their suspicion; the town appeared deserted as usual. For the last time the Baron rode up the causeway and blew his cracked horn before the barbican. He fell, shot through the heart by an arrow at his own gate.

The townsmen rose behind the troop; the bowmen came in from the bridge. Not one of the infamous band escaped.

Then mount and ride for the green northern banks! And never look back at the column of smoke that hides so much horror and dule.

The town prospered; the castle crumbled. Still, after centuries, the hill is marked by fallen masonry. Jackdaws caw and nest there, and at night a white owl haunts the ruins. Some say it is the ghost of one of Bluebeard's wives; there are even some who call it Fatima. But for my part, I see no reason.

Surely if her harmless spirit revisited the glimpses of the moon — surely it would choose to flit round Lackland Hall where she lived a happy wife and mother — surely it would follow the bonny banks of the Craik, rather

than that tottering mouldering turret that the village children call
“Bluebeard’s Cupboard.”

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WAG-BY-WALL



This short story was written in 1909 and originally called *The Little Black Kettle*. The middle part of this story is unfinished, and the songs sung by the little black kettle and others are only roughly sketched in, though they demonstrate Potter's method of planning her verses. "I remember", wrote Beatrix Potter many years later, "Sally's story stuck because the kettle was obstinately dumb." The old woman in the tale was inspired by Sally Scales, who lived at Stott Farm in the woods, about a mile from Graythwaite, from where many of the Hill Top pigs were bought. She was very knowledgeable about cows and pigs and was of great assistance to the author in her farming.

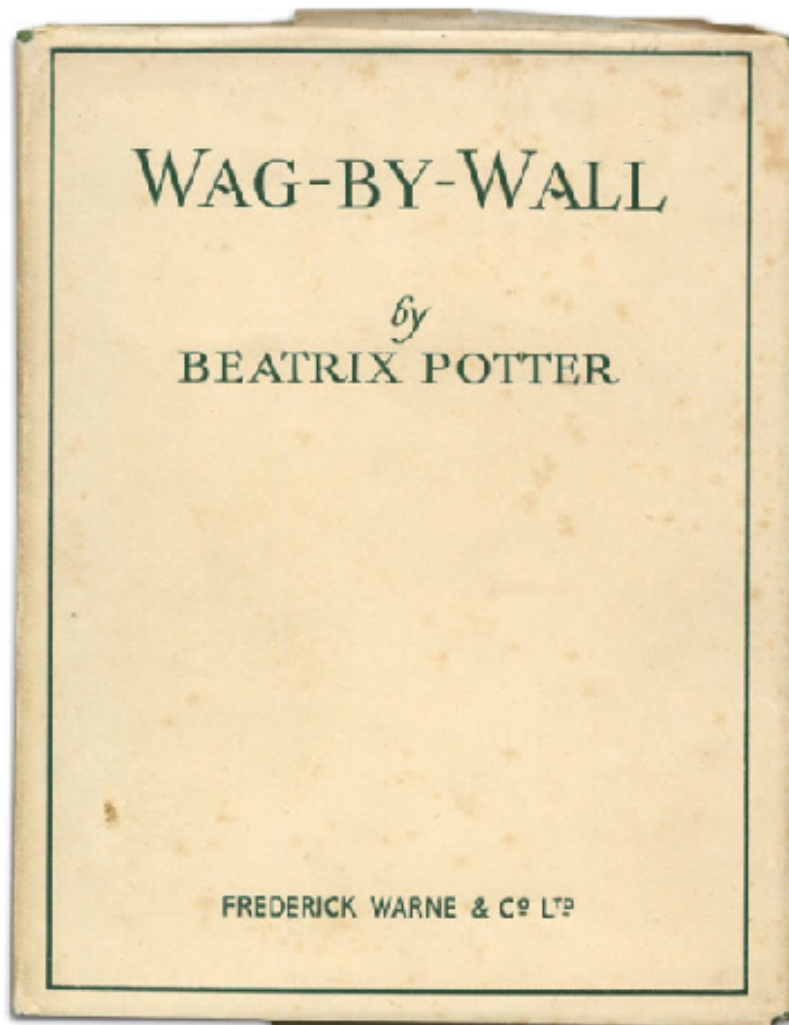
Wag-by-Wall was left unfinished in 1909, being put to one side and not touched again until 1929, when it was rewritten as a part of *The Fairy Caravan*, though this plan was also changed and the text was never published in that form. Another ten or more years passed, and towards the end of 1940 Bertha Miller asked if she might print the story in *The Horn Book Magazine*, suggesting it could be made into a Christmas story with a Christmas Eve setting. Therefore Potter again rewrote the tale, this time leaving out all references to *The Fairy Caravan* characters.

In November 1941 in a letter to Mrs. Miller, the author referred to the story saying: "I cannot judge my own work. Is not *Wag-by-the-Wall* rather a pretty story if divested of the 'Jenny Ferret' rubbish? I thought of it years ago as a pendant to *The Tailor of Gloucester* — the lonely old man and the lonely old woman; but I never could finish it all."

Mrs. Miller decided that she would like to hold back the story for the twentieth anniversary number of *The Horn Book Magazine*, and in November 1943, Potter wrote again saying, "I cordially agree with the delay until May for printing the story in the Horn Book. It leaves time to see proofs, and I would like to make it as nearly word-perfect as I know how, for the credit of your 20th anniversary. The winter's snow will be over by then. Would you desire to drop 'Christmas Eve?' I am inclined to leave it *in*, with perhaps an added sentiment about the return of spring — (How the sad world longs for it!) I liked your suggestion of Christmas Eve because I like to think some of your story tellers may read the story, turn about with the old *Tailor of Gloucester* at Christmas gatherings in the children's

libraries.” Sadly, Potter never saw the final proofs, as seven weeks later she passed away.

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The first edition

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Wag-by-Wall

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman called Sally Benson who lived alone in a little thatched cottage. She had a garden and two fields, and there was grazing for a cow on the bog in summer, while the fields were shut off to grow hay-grass.

When her husband was alive, and able to work, they had lived comfortably. He worked for a farmer, while Sally milked the cow and fed their pig at home. After Sally became a widow she had a hard struggle. Tom Benson's long illness had left debts.

The cottage had belonged to Sally's mother, and to her grandparents before her. Her grandfather had been a cattle dealer. He bought and sold cattle at fairs, and made a bit of money. Nobody knew what he had done with it. He did not seem to spend much; and he never gave away one farthing.

The old furniture was poor and plain; the only handsome piece that had belonged to the old man was "Wag-by-Wall", the clock.

"Tic: toc: gold: toes: tic: toc: gold: toes:" it repeated over and over, till anybody might have felt provoked to throw a shoe at it. "Tic: toc: gold: toes

Sally took no notice. The clock had been saying those words ever since she was born. Nobody knew what it meant. Sally thought the world of the clock; and she loved her old singing kettle. She boiled water to make balm tea. She made it in a jug, and she grew the lemon-scented balm in her own garden.

The kettle had been cracked and mended more than once. The last time Sally took it to the smithy, Isaac Blacksmith looked at it over his spectacles and said, "More patch than bottom. It will cost you more than a new kettle."

"Nay, Nay! thou mun patch it, Isaac Blacksmith! I tell thee, thou mun patch it; and thou mun patch it again!" Sally stood on tiptoes to whisper, "I tell thee, it can sing."

"Aye, aye? like a toom barrel?" said Isaac Blacksmith, blowing the bellows.

So Sally went on using her old kettle, and it sang to her. The kettle sang on the hearth; and the bees sang in the garden, where she grew old-fashioned flowers as well as potatoes and cabbages. There were wallflowers

and pansies and roses in their seasons; balm for her own herb tea; and thyme, hyssop, and borage that the honeybees love.

When Sally sat knitting by the cottage door, she listened to the bees. “Arise, work: pray: Night follows day. Sweet summer’s day.” The bees hummed drowsily amongst the flowers. “To bed with sun. Day’s work well done.” The bees went home into their hives at dusk.

Presently indoors the kettle began to sing. At first it sang gently and slowly, then faster and faster and louder and louder, as it came to boiling and bubbling over. It sang words something like this — to the tune of Ash Grove —

With pomp, power, and glory the world beckons vainly, In chase of such vanities why should I roam? While peace and content bless my little thatched cottage And warm my own hearth with the treasures of Home.

Sally Benson sitting by her fire on a winter’s evening listened to the kettle’s song, and she was contented. The cottage was warm and dry; it was whitewashed without and within, and spotlessly clean. There was no upstairs; only the kitchen, with cupboards and a box bed in the wall; and behind the kitchen was another tiny room and a pantry. Sally thought the cottage was a palace. She had no wish to live in a big house.

Above the kitchen hearth, at the south end of the cottage, there was a tall stone chimney stack standing up above the roof. Dry thatch is dangerous for catching fire from sparks; but there was plenty of green moss and houseleeks growing beside Sally Benson’s chimney. Under the same long low roof, at the north end, was a woodshed.

A PAIR of white owls lived in the shed. Every summer, year after year, they nested there — though it could scarcely be called a “nest”! The hen owl just laid four white eggs on a bare board under the rafters. The little owlets were like balls of fluff, with big dark eyes. The youngest owlet, that hatched out of the last-laid egg, was always smaller than the others. Sally called him “Benjamin”.

When the owlets were old enough, they came out onto the thatch; they climbed up and sat in a row on the ridge of the roof. They hissed, and craned their necks and twisted their heads to watch their parents mousing over the bog. The old owls flitted noiselessly over the long coarse grass and rushes; they looked like great white moths in the twilight.

As the young owlets grew older they grew more and more hungry; the mother owl used to come out hunting food by day-light in the afternoons. The peewits over the bog swooped down at her, crying and wailing, although she was only searching for mice.

Little breezes stirred the cotton grass and wildflowers; and Nancy Cow, knee-deep in sedge and meadowsweet, blew warm breath lazily. Her big feet squelched amongst moss and eyebright and sundew; she turned back to firm turf and lay down to wait until Sally's voice called her home for milking.

When the old owls brought mice, they fed each wide gaping mouth in turn. Amongst the jostling and hissing and snatching, Benjamin was often knocked over. Sometimes he rolled down the thatch and fell off the roof. Sally picked him up and lifted him back again. If the night had been wet, she dried him by the fire.

One morning she found all four baby owlets huddled on the doorstep hissing at the cat.

Sally was very fond of the owls. Indeed she was fond of all things; a smiling, friendly old woman with cheeks like withered apples.

But "good times and hard times — all times go over". While the hard times lasted they hit poor Sally very hard. There came a year of famine. Rain spoilt the hay and harvest; blight ruined the potato crop. Sally's pig died, and she was forced to sell her cow to pay the debts. There seemed to be nothing left but to sell the cottage also, and end her days in the poorhouse. She had nobody that she could turn to; no one to ask for help.

She and Tom had lost their only child, a daughter. Such a dear pretty girl she had been, with yellow curls, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes always laughing, until she ran away to marry a wastrel. Sally had sent money when a baby girl was born; another little "Goldie-locks". Time and again they wrote for money. When Sally had no more to send they faded out of sight.

ON Christmas Eve, Sally Benson sat by the fire reading a letter which the postman had brought her. It was a sad letter, written by a stranger. It said that her daughter and her son-in-law were dead, and that a neighbour — the writer of the letter — had taken their child into her home out of pity.

"A bonny child she is; a right little 'Goldie-locks'; eight years old, and tidy and helpful. She will be a comfort to her Grannie. Please send money

for her journey and I will set her on her way. I cannot keep her long; I have five mouths to feed. Please send the money soon, Mrs. Benson.”

Poor Sally! with no money, and no prospect but the poorhouse. That Christmas Eve in the moonlight, a white owl sat on the chimney stack. When a cloud came over the moon, the owl dozed. Perhaps a wisp of blue smoke floating upwards made him sleepy. He swayed forward and fell into the chimney.

Down below Sally Benson sat by the hearth, watching the dying fire. One hand crumpled the letter in the pocket of her old black skirt; the other thin trembling hand was twisted in her apron. Tears ran down her poor old nose; she mopped them with her apron. She was not crying for her daughter whose troubles were over. She was crying for little Goldie-locks.

She sat on and on into the night. At length there was a noise high up inside the chimney. There came a rush of soot and stones; small stones and bits of mortar came first. Several large heavy stones tumbled after; and the white owl followed on top of them.

“Save us! what a dirty mess!” said Sally, scrambling to her feet and forgetting her troubles.

She picked up the owl gently, and blew the soot off him. The soft feather tip of one wing was scorched; otherwise he was unhurt. But soot had got into his eyes and gullet; he blinked and gasped and choked. Sally fetched milk and fed him with a spoon.

Then she turned to sweep up the mess on the hearth. There was a smell of charred wood and burning wool. Amongst the stones was a black thing that smoked. It was an old stocking tied round the ankle with a bit of string. The foot was full of something heavy. Gold pieces shone through a hole in the toes.

“Tic: toc: gold: toes!” said Wag-by-Wall, the clock. Something seemed to have happened to Wag-by-Wall; it went whirr whirra whrrr! trying to strike. When it struck at last, it struck fourteen instead of twelve, and changed its tick. Instead of saying “tic: toc: gold: toes” it said, “Tick er tocks: Goldie-locks” and those were its words ever after.

* * *

Sally Benson fetched her little granddaughter to live with her. She bought another cow, and a pig; and she grew potatoes and balm and sweet flowers

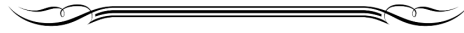
in her garden for the bees. And every summer white owls nested in the woodshed.

Sally enjoyed a cheerful contented old age, and little Goldie-locks grew up and married a young farmer. They lived happily ever after, and they always kept the singing kettle and Wag-by-Wall, the clock.

THE END

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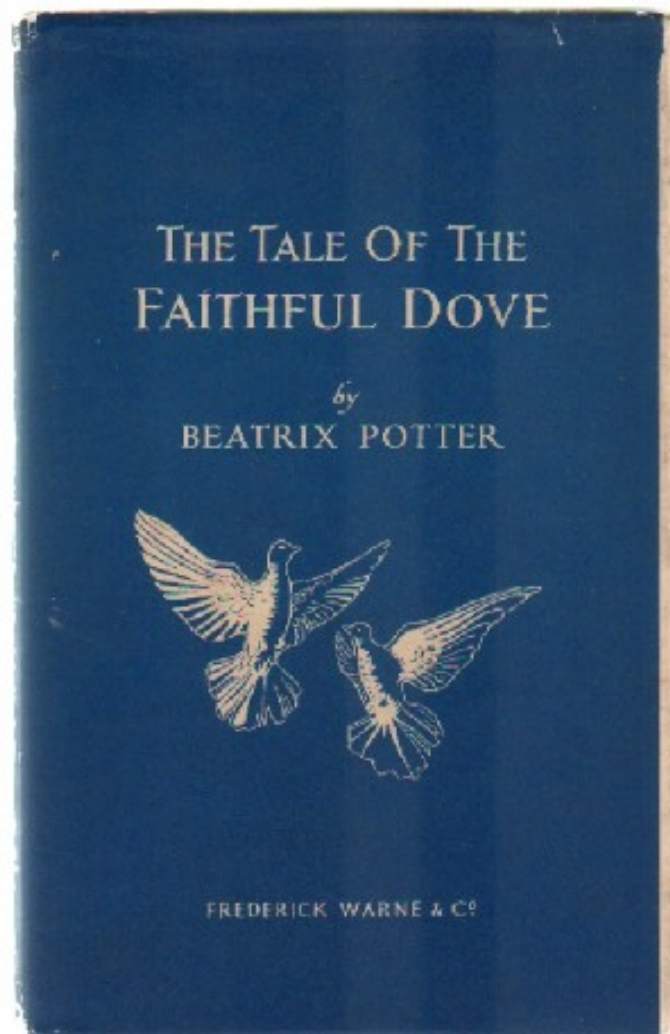
THE TALE OF THE FAITHFUL DOVE



This short story was written by Potter while she was staying in Hastings, in East Sussex, in 1907. She later wrote of the tale: “It is true but it happened in another seaside town; I think Folkestone. I used Winchelsea and Rye as background.”

The narrative concerns a pigeon that tries to escape a falcon and so falls into a chimney, where she would have been doomed to suffer an unhappy end, if it was not for the devotion of her mate. The tale was never illustrated by Potter and it was only discovered amongst her manuscripts after her death, being published for the first time in 1955.

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The first edition

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The Tale of the Faithful Dove

THERE is a town — a little old red-roofed town, a city of gates and walls. It has steep cobbled streets that go up, like the ribs of a crown; and a grey flint church on the summit.

The gold weather-cock glitters in the sunshine, and the pigeons wheel round it in quick short flights. As they turn and tumble, their wings gleam white against the thunder clouds over the sea.

On harvest days they fly out to the cornfields; but always with an eye on safety and their nests high up in the Ypres Tower — and the other eye for the falcons across the marsh at Camber.

But more often they are pecking about in the grass-grown streets, amongst the cobble stones of the market place or in the dusty yard of the windmill by the river.

“Why should a pigeon risk his tail in Winchelsea Marsh, while there is corn in Rye?” said Mr. Tidler, bobbing and bowing and strutting around.

“My ancestors were Antwerps. *We* carried messages for the smugglers. My great great grandfather used to cross the Channel twice a fortnight in a fishing boat, Mr. Tidler!” replied Amabella, preening her wings.

“My love, your great great grandmother was a tumbler!” said Mr. Tidler.

But although Mr. Tidler had differences with his wife Amabella, they were a most devoted pair, after the habit of pigeons who marry for life. They made their nest of rubbishy twigs and straws in a hole on the Ypres tower, where the wallflowers grow.

Amabella had laid an egg in the nest. She had left it and was sunning herself on a broad flat stone at the edge of the battlements.

Mr. Tidler was hurrying up and down and round and round, cooing excitedly, turning in his bright pink toes, and bobbing and bowing, regardless of the complete inattention of his wife.

A score of other doves slanted across the face of the cliff below — Amabella slid off the stone and followed them, with a sudden clapping of wings in the hot silent air.

It was Sunday; but indeed even on week days the little old town seems always asleep. The sea has slipped away across the marsh and left it stranded, and it dozes through the lazy summer days like the Castle of Sleeping Beauty.

But the doves are not “asleep upon the house top”. They are down in the Miller’s yard, outside West Gate on the Winchelsea Road.

There are a dozen red and particoloured tumblers, black and white nuns, ruffled jacobins, and dusky blue-rocks, trampling about and bobbing their heads as they gobble up the grain.

Mrs. Tidler is in the thick of it, very hungry and pick peck pecketting.

Mr. Tidler is on the outskirts, anxious and indignant, but still bobbing and bowing.

“When a person has laid an egg, a person should *not* leave the fortifications,” said Mr. Thomas Tidler.

He himself spent much of his time doing fancy steps on the long black muzzle of a rusty French gun.

“My great grand-uncle carried little screws of paper twisted round his leg between Rye and Sandwich,” said Amabella.

“Why should we stay within walls in times of peace?” asked a little white dove.

Mr. Tidler had just tripped over a straw, and before he had time to gather himself together, to reply in argument — something came round the sails of the windmill like a thunder bolt.

Down went the little white dove; and then up and away in the claws of a peregrine falcon.

The falcon’s mate was following close behind; he only missed his mark because he hesitated whether to strike Mr or Mrs. Tidler.

He swept between them undecided and wheeled up in circles over the mill, ready for a fresh stoop at the pigeons as they raced back into the town.

The short winged doves threaded their way amongst the sheds with sudden twists and turns, flying low and dodging into the streets, where they hoped that the peregrine would not follow them.

One of them in its terror dashed in at an open window.

The cock pigeon with pathetic senseless courage flew behind his wife, to keep between her and the danger.

But alas, the tiercel (Falconers call the female peregrine “the falcon”; she is much larger than the male bird, who is known as the “tiercel”. There used to be peregrine falcons at Camber Castle; I don’t think they breed there now; but there are still a few about the chalk cliffs on the south coast.) was a judge of pigeon-pie, and he had taken a fancy for the plumpness of

Amabella! He singled out his intended victim, and ignored the other pigeons.

Twice he missed his stroke, as she dodged frantically amongst the chimney stacks; most unaccountably missed the second time, when Amabella's fate seemed sealed!

But Mrs. Tidler reverted to the habit of her ancestral relations — she gave an unmistakable “tumble” and mysteriously disappeared.

The peregrine, overshooting his mark, found himself above the church, where he was disconcerted by the sweet strains of the organ.

He soared upwards high over the town and away across the marsh.

Mr. Tidler, panting and scared almost to death — tumbled into a holly bush in the church yard.

The congregation was just coming out, “There do have been a hawk after them pigeons,” remarked the sexton.

* * *

Mr. Tidler wished that the hawk had taken *him* instead of the little white dove, when he could not find Amabella. Pigeons are not very intelligent but they are unusually faithful.

He flew back to the Ypres Tower, in faint hope that she might have slipped home by Watch Bell Lane. But the nest was deserted and the egg was cold.

Mr. Tidler could not bear to look at it, he did not go near it again.

He wandered about the red tiled roofs moping and disconsolate. At night he roosted on the ridge of the church, all out in the rain.

A white owl came and looked at him and seemed about to make a remark; but it changed its mind and went away.

Next day Mr. Tidler ate nothing and moped; his draggled appearance attracted the attention of a black tom cat. It climbed on the roof of a shed in the street called “The

Mint”, with the intention of catching him.

Mr. Tidler flopped languidly across the road on to another roof, and mourned for Amabella.

* * *

Amabella's history was simple.

In twisting and ducking amongst the chimney stacks to escape from the peregrine, she had — half by accident — half on purpose — dived down the mouth of a tall red chimney pot.

The chimney belonged to the garret of an empty house, and the fireplace was stuffed up with a sack.

Mrs. Tidler, breathless and terrified, fell down upon the sack, and lay there comfortably enough.

There was sufficient room for her to stand up and flap her wings when she recovered.

But it was impossible for her to fly upwards and out at the chimney-pot three yards above her head — a little circle of blue sky and scudding clouds over a shaft of darkness.

It is one thing to dive down a narrow hole with the wings closed; and quite another matter to mount — as a pigeon does — with beating wings and in circles.

Amabella was trapped!

She had a good deal of corn in her crop, which sustained her during the first night.

And next morning she laid another egg.

She made a satisfactory warm nest for it in the sack, and commenced to sit.

“I shall have to sit here for seventeen days,” said Amabella with contented resignation.

But towards night she began to get hungry. And by the time that the stars came out and peeped down the chimney — Amabella was decidedly faint.

Once she woke up suddenly and saw a queer round face looking down upon her as she sat on her nest. Amabella thought that it was the moon; but it was a white owl.

And there were strange noises in the garret of the empty house, noises of a very very little squeaky fiddle, and noises of pattering and dancing, and the buzzing of blue bottle flies in the middle of the night.

Amabella between dreaming and fainting cooed drowsily to the music.

Early in the morning while she dozed upon her nest, there came a scrambling amongst the bricks of the chimney place —

“Who was that cooing to my dancers? Who has been making music in my chimney?” asked a little old mouse.

“For the love of wheat and barley, send a message to Mr. Tidler! I cannot leave my egg, I cannot get out to feed! I am starving, Madam Mouse!” said Amabella.

The mouse, who was very small and old and dressed in antique fashion, in a silk gown with lace ruffles, examined Mrs. Tidler through a pair of tortoiseshell glasses.

“Indeed, Madam, I commiserate with you. I have no experience in laying eggs; but I comprehend the pangs of hunger. The Ypres Tower? I will despatch a messenger at Cockcrow. I fear that I have no refreshment to offer to you, Madam,” added the friendly mouse. “This is an empty house, and we are church mice. We removed to our present abode on account of the owls. I am a mouse of genteel descent,” said she, smoothing her faded silk petticoat.

Amabella thanked her warmly. She was revived by friendship and described the exploits of her own ancestors the Antwerp carriers —

“You do not say so, Madam? The lace of these ruffles was smuggled; my great great grandmother found it in the secret recess of an old bureau— “

“You interest me extremely, Madam; my great great great great grandfather was a cellar-mouse in the house of a Huguenot grocer.”

“You may command my services; I will despatch a dozen starlings. They shall scour the roofs of Rye for Mr. Tidler.”

* * *

So it happened that in the grey dawn of the second morning Mr. Tidler, moping and dozing upon the roof of Rye Town Hall, was aroused by a cock starling.

It pecked him, and directed him, half awake to the top of a tall red chimney pot in Mermaid Street.

“Bless my tail and toes! Amabella, my love? Amabella?” exclaimed Mr. Tidler, strutting round the top of the chimney-pot, and craning over the abyss, at imminent risk of falling in head foremost.

“Leave off that ridiculous noise, and fetch me corn at once! I have laid an egg,” said Mrs. Tidler in smothered tones below.

So for more than two weeks, day by day industriously, Mr. Tidler picked up corn for two — for two? enough for half a dozen; it would have filled a

sack!

He collected such quantities in his ardour, and with such boldness, that folks talked about him in the market. They threw him handfuls of grain, and wondered to see him fly away with it and return presently with an empty crop for more and more.

In and out between the horses' feet, under carts and barrows, or perching fearlessly on an open sack to sample the oats — bobbing and bowing his thanks — there seemed to be no limit to the appetite and industry of Mr. Tidler.

He flew backwards and forwards to the chimney pot and dropped in the grain.

All day long he either carried corn, or strutted round and round the top of the pot, cooing to the imprisoned Amabella.

At night he roosted on the pot with his tail inside, and cooed in his sleep.

The church mice grew quite fat in that empty house. And so did Mrs. Tidler, and so did her son who had hatched out of the egg.

"I have called him Tobias, Mr. Tidler," cooed Mrs. Tidler down below.

"You have called him nothing of the sort, Amabella. He shall be named Toby. Your great *great* grandmother was a tumbler!" replied Mr. Tidler strutting round and round up above, and shutting out half the sky.

"How shall we ever get out? He will be ready to fly tomorrow," said Mrs. Tidler.

* * *

"Do you see ere a blue-rock dove up thur? He do pick up corn by the bushel, and carries it up by yonder?" the sexton down in the road called up to a plumber and his boy, at work on a leaking roof.

"A cock blue-rock? He's been strutting and bobbing these two hours on a chimneypot in Mermaid Street. Curtchying into the chimney, like as if he were looking for a sweep!" added the plumber with aroused curiosity. "Hop across, Tom, and take a look." The apprentice scrambled over two intervening roofs, clattering over the tiles.

The starlings who nest in the gables flew out, scolding and screaming; and Mr. Tidler paused in his dance.

The sexton went round into Mermaid Street and watched from the opposite pavement, while the boy climbed upon the chimney stack of the

empty house.

Mr. Tidler stuck to his post in speechless indignation; he threw himself into an attitude of defiance, with one wing raised in the air.

When the intruder stooped over the pot to look down — Mr. Tidler rose upon his toes with a hinnying noise, and slapped his wings across the boy's face, knocking off his cap which fell into the chimney.

"He's been and gone and done it!" chuckled the sexton. "Climb in at the garret window, lad; the catch is broken."

Tom scrambled cautiously down the roof. Mr. Tidler remained on the chimney pot, uttering angry crows, and puffing out his neck.

Amabella and her son down below were hissing and slapping at the cap, which had fallen on the top of them.

The catch of the old-fashioned leaded window gave way with a push, and the boy stepped down into the garret through the cobwebs.

"Here be corn for sure; but it be shelled," said Tom, looking round in perplexity at the piles of husks, relics of the supper-parties of the friends of Madam Mouse.

He pulled the sack out of the fireplace. It was followed by a stream of grain and mortar and dirt.

On the top of it came his cap, and Mrs. Tidler and her son, hissing and flapping and dazzled with the sudden return to daylight.

Tom drove the young pigeon into a corner and caught it.

Amabella bounced out at the window. The boy got out and climbed up the roof again, pursued by the two old pigeons, who flew wildly round his head.

"He be a right fat 'un!" said Tom, holding up his prize.

"I loikes pigeon poy!" said the objectionable plumber, leaning over the chimneys of the next door roof.

"He be a beauty to keep in a dove box," said Tom, stroking the even markings of the feathers — "I caught him," he added sullenly.

Mr. Tidler in desperation dashed at him from behind, and knocked the cap over his eyes.

The boy clutched at the cap, and Toby slipped through his fingers, fluttering down the tiles till he lay in the spouting overhanging the street.

Mr. Tidler alighted on the water spout near him; he cooed and bobbed in wild defiance.

Amabella looked on from the house on the opposite side of the street; she was feeling stiff.

“I be afeared to follow him there, this roof be main rotten,” said the boy.

“Butterfingers!” said the plumber.

* * *

Mr. Tidler taught his son to fly in the course of the afternoon. And Amabella exceedingly enjoyed a bath under the town pump.

By the time she had preened and dried her feathers, Toby was down in the road, taking short flights and running after his

father, who was beside himself with ridiculous joy. He turned round and round in circles, cooing with his head wrong side up, and his bill on the ground.

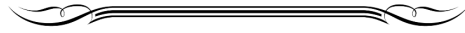
They roosted at home in the Ypres Tower that night.

And ever after Mr. Tidler bobbed and bowed devotedly upon the battlements, in proud admiration of his wife Amabella —

THE END

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THE TALE OF TUPPENNY



The Tale of Tuppenny was one of three stories Potter composed in an exercise book in Hastings in late 1903. The tale was about a guinea-pig that has most of his hair pulled out and then is treated by a barber, who has a restorative procedure that ends up working much too well. The book was eventually published in 1973 by Frederick Warne & Co, although the drawings were not Potter's work, but illustrated by Marie Angel and so are unable to appear in this collection due to copyright restrictions.

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BEATRIX POTTER
**THE TALE OF
TUPPENNY**



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIE ANGEL

The first edition

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The Tale of Tuppenny

IN the land of Green Ginger there is a town called Marmalade, which is exclusively inhabited by guinea-pigs.

They are of all colours, and of two sorts — the common ordinary smooth-haired guinea-pigs who run errands and keep greengrocers shops — and the kind that call themselves Abyssinian Cavies — who wear ringlets and walk upon their toes.

And the short-haired guinea-pigs admire and envy the curls of the long-haired guinea-pigs.

Both kinds of guinea-pigs go to the Barber especially on Saturdays.

The Barber brushes and combs and curls the top-knots of the Abyssinian Cavies, and trims their whiskers, but he cannot do very much for the smooth-haired guinea-pigs — except apply pomatum — which has no effect, only making their smooth hair even flatter than it was before.

Now this Barber was an ingenious person, he invented a new hair-wash in the back shops. I do not know what it was made of (which is perhaps well).

He called it Quintessence of Abyssinian Artichokes, and drew up an untruthful advertisement, to the effect that it would cause asparagus to grow upon a doorknob — and bushy hair upon the tails of rats (which is said to be really the case amongst the Pyrenees!).

Then he put the advertisement, and 6 large bottles of the new essence, in the shop window.

There was immediately a crowd of short-haired guinea-pigs.

The barber's little guinea-pig son came out and distributed hand-bills which stated that the Quintessence of Abyssinia was an infallible cure for chicken-pox.

The Abyssinian Cavies were disgusted.

The smooth-haired guinea-pigs came daily and flattened their noses against the barber's window; but they hesitated to buy; because one bottle cost 8 pepper-corns — (or post-free for half a potato) — and also because the longhaired guinea-pigs had spread an insidious and libellous report that the hair-wash was made of slugs.

The short-haired guinea-pigs discussed the matter at street corners — but no one would try the first bottleful!

Now it happened that in that town there was a guinea-pig called Tuppenny, who was a miserable object, because most of his hair had been pulled out —

(I do not know what for, but I have no doubt that he deserved it.)

The friends of Tuppenny were sorry for him and condoled with him; and told him that he was not fit to be seen, and they offered to subscribe for a bottle of the new Quintessence.

Tuppenny himself had become indifferent to appearances; but he was over-persuaded by the sympathetic affection of his friends, and permitted himself to be led away.

At the Barber's, the friends produced 8 peppercorns, and the Barber applied the hair-wash with a garden syringe, in order — (as he explained) — not to wet his own hands with it. He said that the prescription was very powerful.

It had a peculiar smell which immediately excited the attention of Mrs. Tuppenny, when her husband returned home. His friends accompanied him as far as his door.

Tuppenny passed a disturbed night, but looked much as usual in the morning. His hair had *not* grown.

His friends again conducted him to the Barber's and expostulated. The Barber was perplexed. After some argument he agreed to supply a second bottle at half-price. Tuppenny's head felt very hot during the night. But his hair was not any longer the next morning!

All the short-haired guinea-pigs in Marmalade were indignant. They demanded a third bottle of hair-wash free-gratis-for nothing at all.

The Barber was seriously alarmed, and remonstrated; he said that the stuff was so powerful that an over-dose might turn Tuppenny blue or even make him grow a tail.

But the friends carried their point.

There was quite a crowd of smooth-haired guinea-pigs in Tuppenny's front garden next morning-until Mrs. Tuppenny came out with a mop.

Tuppenny himself stayed late in bed. And when he did appear he looked very odd: his hair was certainly growing, especially on his nose.

His friends conducted him in triumph to the Barber's; his hair grew another inch while on the way; and when he reached the shop it was all over his ears, and he was surrounded by a twittering crowd of short-haired guinea-pigs.

The Barber received them with jubilation and raised the price per bottle to 20 peppercorns.

There was no immediate sale however. The other guinea-pigs decided to wait a few days, to see whether Tuppenny's hair might change colour — or fall off!

Tuppenny would have been thankful had it done so! The way that guinea-pig's hair grew was perfectly frightful!

The family couldn't bear him! and when he went out the rude little guinea-pig boys ran after him shouting 'old whiskers!!'

He went to the Barber's every morning to have it cut; but it grew again before he got home.

When he had spent all his money upon shaving, his family cut it themselves with scissors, all crooked and jagged behind, and stuffed pincushions with the snippings.

As for the Barber — his shop was deserted, and after a time he put up his shutters and ran away.

Then the rats took possession.

They ate up all the pomade and drank up all the remaining bottles of the celebrated hair-wash; but it had no effect upon them (they being bailiffs).

— And what has become of Tuppenny?

He has sold himself to a travelling showman; who goes about the country with a tent; and a brass band; and a menagerie of five Polecats and Weasels; and a troupe of performing fleas; and the Fat Dormouse of Salisbury; and TUPPENNY the HAIRY GUINEA-pig who lives in a caravan!

THE END

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The Journal



Hill Top, near Sawrey, in Cumbria, is the farm purchased by Potter in 1906 as her home away from London and artistic retreat. After her death, the property was left to the National Trust and it remains open to the public as a museum, faithfully restored as the author would have remembered it.

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Another view of the house



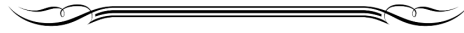
View of the farmland

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Potter at Hill Top, c. 1907

SELECTED JOURNAL ENTRIES



Beatrix Potter kept a journal between the ages of fourteen and thirty, which she wrote in a code language that not even her closest friends knew. Twenty years after her death, the code was cracked by Leslie Linder, who published the full journal in 1966 for the first time. The Journal does not provide an intimate record of Potter's personal life, but it is an invaluable source for understanding a vibrant part of British society in the late nineteenth century. It describes Potter's maturing artistic and intellectual interests, her often amusing insights on the places she visited, and her unusual ability to observe nature and to describe it. Begun in 1881, her journal ends in 1897 when her artistic and intellectual energies were absorbed in scientific study and in efforts to publish her drawings. In this section of the eBook readers can browse a wide selection of Potter's journals, ranging from her earliest entries to her last recordings.

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Leslie Linder (1904–73), was an engineer and an avid collector of Beatrix Potter drawings. It was Linder who, fifteen years after Potter's death, succeeded in breaking and then converting the secret code the author used to note thoughts and observations in her journals.

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Beatrix Potter with her father Rupert Potter, a barrister, and her brother, Bertram Potter, an artist. c. 1894

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Potter with her husband, William Heelis

1881

LONDON

Grandmamma Leech was telling us today about when she came to London. She did not say the date. They came up by the stage coach because great grandfather was going to buy a new one and did not wish to come in his own.

They were too many to go all at once, so great grandmamma and most of them went on in front, and grandmamma and great grandpapa followed, I suppose next day. He had been ill and grandma was to take great care of him and not to let him hang his head when he went to sleep, consequently she got no rest herself and when they stopped at an inn to eat, she begged for a bedroom where she might wash herself.

They went to Radcliffe Hotel in Blackfriar's! The fashionable place where all the Manchester people went. Great granddad was afraid to take them to the city on a weekday because of the great crowd, so he took them through Lombard Street etc on Sunday.

He bought an immense family coach (bought of Silk's who supplied four succeeding generations), a great length with a dickey behind, two imperials on the top, large seat in front. The postilions rode the horses, of which four were necessary, a thing which greatly disturbed great grandpa, who thought it dreadful to keep so many.

They got on without mishap as far as Stockport. Great grandpa (nervous about four horses) wished to reach home after dark. The man did not know the way very well, and drove up a street which came to an end. There was the immense coach almost jammed between the houses.

A man in a nightcap put his head out of a window and exclaimed, 'What in the world have we here?'

'We may well ask what 'av we theer, but coom down an"elp us,' replied great grandpa. They had to pull the coach backwards, having taken out the horses, to the great amusement of the people of Stockport.

The final end of the family coach was to be sold to a man in Hyde who kept hearses. Great grandma was very sorry it should go but it took so much room.

The stage coaches changed horses every ten miles and reached London in twenty-four hours. It was an excellent road. Reynolds in later day rode Major up and back three times taking two days, and once when detained by a snowstorm, three. There was one hill where outside passengers were obliged to walk up. There was a lady on the top on grandma's first journey who grumbled much at having to do it in the middle of the night.

When the railway was opened it took eight hours to come from Manchester to London. There was a certain pompous old gentleman when grandma was young who used continually to say 'I tell you some of you will see the time when one can eat one's breakfast in Manchester and one's dinner in London.' He both saw and did it himself.

When grandma was at Miss Lawrence's school, she and some other girls used occasionally to go backward and forward between Manchester and Liverpool. There was generally some gentleman going who looked after them. One day there was an old lady who was discoursing on the danger of the times, she said she was even told they were to use steam engines, she said people would be forced to travel whether they liked or not. Mr Stuart, the gentleman, teased her finely about it.

The road from Hyde to Manchester was so bad that great grandmamma used to ride to the Assemblies on a pillion behind great-grandpa, and put on her grand dress when she got there. Some horses objected to 'double', and they always rode 'Old Jarvie'. At the bottom of the hill near the flowery field mills was a brook crossed by stepping stones which horses had to ford. One day 'Old Jarvie' was crossing carrying 'double', when the pillion came loose and great grandma slipped over his tail into the water.

At one time there was great discontent among the mill people who were disturbed by the doctrines of a sect called Luddites, who thought everyone should be equal. They had made arrangements for a riot, decided who should be killed and how the spoil should be divided. Great grandmamma was aware that when the clothes were hung up on the lines, the mill folk decided who should have this and that. She was very anxious about great grandpapa and wished him to go away for a bit but he wouldn't.

At last a letter was put through the hall door, informing great grandfather he was one of those to be killed, and that it was written by someone who knew what was going on. He resolved to go to Liverpool. Grandmamma who was two years old can just remember being left at her aunt's and seeing her father and mother ride off with the baby.

He was no sooner gone than there was a great clamour after him. He must come back, no one should hurt him. So in a few days he returned and things quieted down.

Grandmamma has still got her own and grandfather's wedding clothes. His were very tight-fitting. Uncle Willie tried to get them on but couldn't, which surprised grandmamma, though I should think it only natural.

Her wedding dress had very large loose sleeves with tight swansdown ones under them. People who could not afford swansdown had feathers. The sleeves were always made to take off, young ladies generally changing them in the evening, in the same way as was afterwards done with the long drawers.

Mamma was once walking in the garden when a little girl, when one of the gardeners called after her that she had lost something, and presented her with an elegant embroidered drawer-leg.

Grandmamma has also a bonnet and pelisse. The bonnets had great pokes which were filled up by the frills of a cap worn under them. These caps were made with great care, the great point being that they should not look prim or quakerish. The pelisse which belonged to great grandmamma is of green silk shot with blue, very pretty. It came down to the feet and had sleeves tight at the wrist and loose at the shoulder.

Grandmamma seems still to prefer post travelling for some things. She says grandfather and she drove all over England for their wedding tour in a chariot, and it was the nicest journey she ever went. Crinolines seem to have been a great trouble, particularly on tours abroad, Hannah particularly disliked them. It was almost impossible to ride a mule with one on, till at last grandma found a way of tying one side of the crinoline top to her waist, when she managed very nicely.

They were also worn in the mills, in spite of all that the masters could do to keep them out, for they were both in the way and dangerous.

1882

LONDON

Sunday, January 15th. Poor little Jack of the South Eastern Railway has had an accident. He is a fox terrier who has been spoken of a good deal in the papers. About a year ago he was first seen, a stray but by no means lost dog. He travelled about in the guards' vans, at first to stations near Lewes (where he was first seen) and then between Lewes, Brighton and London, invariably taking a train which would enable him to reach Lewes by bedtime. Then the Company gave him a collar with their name on it. One day he went to a wedding and turned up at Lewes next day covered with ribbons.

One day he was rather late for his return train. He was hurrying over the line when his feet slipped and the express crushed one of his front legs. He was taken to a veterinary surgeon near Lewes, who took off his leg. The dog tore off the bandages once, but was found out in time and is expected to appear shortly on three legs.

The barometer is said to be higher than it's been for forty years, delightful weather, thick white fog.

Rufus=Prince, the chestnut horse is disposed of at last. Papa sent Reynolds to the Zoological Gardens to enquire the price of cat's meat: £2 for a very fat horse, 30/- for a middling one, thin ones not taken as the lions are particular. However, he is sold to a cab owner along the road for £15. He was bought a year ago for ninety. Papa says he never made a good bargain.

They are much bothered by the scholars of a Sunday afternoon down at Miss Hammond's. The bells are continually ringing. Last Sunday there was a tremendous pull. Miss Hammond and Lizzie rushed to the door to see what could be the matter. There was an old workhouse woman who enquired was Dr Goodrich (the parish doctor)'s name Alfred or Arthur. Another time, Miss Hammond's brother saw from his studio window five very small boys seated in the laburnum tree smoking. He sent down the boy he was drawing who caught the biggest by the legs and gave him a sound whipping.

Convenient way of disposing of horses once practised by someone papa knew in the North of England. They turned one loose on the road, and sold the other for 7/6. I have heard Uncle Crompton bought a donkey for seven pence.

Mr Stocker says when he was young they could tell an Oxford clergyman from a Cambridge because the Cambridge said 'amen' with a short 'a'. Miss Hammond saw a print checked brown and white dress all over flounces labelled 'aesthetic' 15/6.

Sunday, January 29th. Papa saw Mr Bright yesterday. He told him he'd been to dinner at a Club he had never been to before, Brooks' I think. They showed him a very old Betting Book of 1781 in which were a great many large bets of C. J. Fox. Also an old Gambling Table with seats for nine and the man who kept the money, and holes in the table before each person to keep the money in.

An old woman was buried at Paris last Saturday aged 107, who was present at the execution of Louis XVI in 1793. The same week died a certain Captain Green, the last surviving naval officer present at the funeral of Nelson. The paper mentioned as an odd thing, that he died in the same room and bed he was born in.

I remember a few years ago the death of an old French soldier who had been in the Battle of Waterloo. He was found dead of starvation in his attic in Paris. It is strange what a wrong impression of the length of time one gets from history, so many things happen in a century. Within the last twenty years (?), there was a blacksmith living at Killiecrankie whose father was in the battle.

Exeter is returned to Reading, Rufus is radiant in a hansom cab, papa is disgusted. As he was going down Piccadilly he saw a curious conveyance, a gentleman driving his wife in a smart little dog-cart, getting along at a fine rate with a spotted donkey! Why shouldn't we start one?

Sunday, February 5th. Walked to Notting Hill Chapel, having no means of getting to Portland Street. Such music!

Mr Millais is going to paint the portrait of one of the Duchess of Edinburgh's children. The duchess is staying with Princess Mary, Kensington Palace. Mr Millais went to see her yesterday, doubtless very shy. She offended him greatly. She enquired where his 'rooms' were,

evidently doubtful whether a Princess might condescend to come to them. 'My *rooms* ma'am are in Palace Gate,' and he told papa afterwards, with great indignation, he daresay they were much better than hers. He is right proud of his house.

He says she speaks English without the slightest accent, the Russians are wonderful at languages. They say the late Czar prided himself on his good English, till he found when he came to England that, having learnt from a Scotchman, he spoke Scotch. Lady Mallet says the Princess of Wales has a very foreign accent.

Saw the Duchess's little girl come out of Mr Millais' about quarter past twelve - brown bonnet, sealskin jacket, long yellow hair to the waist. Mr Millais got a matting and an extra butler for the occasion, he's telling them, see what his rooms are like!

A pedestrian who had dropped half-a-crown before a blind person said, 'Why, you're not blind'! 'I, oh no sir, if the board says so, they've given me the wrong one, I'm deaf and dumb'! Queer thing how fast some blind folks can walk when no one is about!

Mr Stocker says that the people who tame and exhibit lions and tigers have a red-hot rod inside their whip, and that is why they have so much power over them.

In the *Christian Life* last week was the following from tombstones:

In memory of... who died in Philadelphia. Had he lived he would have been buried here and

Here lies... who was accidentally shot by his brother as a mark of respect.

Saturday, June 3rd. A Sunday School little girl being asked the order of the books of the Old Testament, replied with great rapidity, 'Devonshire, Exeter, Deuteronomy, Jumbo, Ruth.' Two ladies at the Academy are said to have done this, 1st. (reading catalogue), 'Ruth and Boaz, who were they?' 2nd., giving plot of one of Mrs Gaskell's novels added, 'It ended with a confession, but I don't remember who Boaz was.'

Once when Bertram was sailing his boat at the Horticultural Gardens, an elegant young gentleman playing lawn tennis remarked to an elegant young lady, when the boat stuck in the reeds, that it reminded him of 'Moses in the Ark!'

Oil lamps were first used in London in 1694, when they were placed along Kensington High Street in order to enable William of Orange and his train to find their way back to the Palace. They did not, however, make the road safe for pedestrians after dark.

A writer of the time speaks of it as a place 'where I should advise no honest man to go after dark'. Knightsbridge had also a very bad character. It was unsafe to go along one part of the road alone. A bell used to be rung whenever a party was going to start.

The last place in London where gas was adopted was Grosvenor Square (?) in 1842, when Link-boys finally disappeared. In a Mews, somewhere in that neighbourhood, there is still an old sign and under it 'I am the only running-footman', the picture being a man with a torch.

Mr Bright a little while ago on opening a library in Birmingham, said something to the effect that he would rather enter a library than a room highly decorated by art. It gave him a solemn feeling. Now papa says he never goes into the library at the Reform Club, but into the billiard room, and his own drawing room is in such dreadful taste that it is quite unpleasant.

Mr Moody (the missionary) went to the House of Commons with Mr Graham who had not been there since he was a member seven years since. He said it was much changed for the worse, it is a mere bear-garden. Mr Moody said he had often been in the House of Representatives which had a bad name, but it was nothing to the House of Commons.

Sunday, July 2nd. Mr Millais has been suspected for a dog-stealer - there is an ancient solemn Scotch stag hound who walks about this parish in a silver collar. Mr Millais, going down to town to give Mr Boehm a sitting for a bust he's making, saw this dog walking along in Onslow Gardens, and decided it was just what he wanted for his picture.

He followed and watched it for half an hour without being able to see where it would go; then he asked the gardener in the Square, who said it belonged to one of the houses, he didn't know which. Finally the dog lay down on a door step. At last the door was opened and the dog went in. Mr Millais left his card and wrote to ask if he might paint it, which he has done.

The authorities collect from the streets of Manchester and the dustbins in one year (it is said), seven tons of dead dogs and thirteen of cats. These are

boiled down. The oil is worth a good deal, being in great request for making *Olio Margarine* and other artificial butters!

Mr Edwin Lawrence had the Hungarian Band last week. Father said the music was very sweet - they are mostly string instruments. The Hungarians are wild looking men with thick hair standing straight up. A gentleman who had them last year told papa they were rather bad to manage. The first thing they did was to ask leave to smoke in the house. Being sent to the dining room, they ate nearly all the peaches and nectarines.

WRAY CASTLE

Monday, July 10th. Papa took Wray Castle.

Friday, July 21st. Wray Castle. We came here on 21st July. This house was built by Mr Dawson, doctor, in 1845, with his wife's money. Her name was Margaret Preston. She was a Liverpool lady. Her father Robert Preston made gin; that was where the money came from.

They say it took £60,000 to build it (probably including furniture). It took seven years to finish. The stone was brought across the lake. One old horse dragged it all up to the house on a kind of tram way. The architect, one Mr Lightfoot, killed himself with drinking before the house was finished.

Mr Dawson was married 1810 (?), died in 1875, aged 96. Mrs Dawson died in 1862, aged 72. He used to live in the cottage, but one day a storm blew off a slate and he vowed he would build a house that could stand the weather.

He lived there alone till his death, living in the little room papa photographs in. He kept three servants. The rest of the house was shut up. His sister lived in a house in the middle of Randy Pike Wood.

Saturday, August 19th. Went to Hawkshead on 19th. Had a series of adventures. Inquired the way three times, lost continually, alarmed by colliers at every farm, stuck in stiles, chased once by cows.

Hawkshead Hall. One of the granges of Furness Abbey, nothing old remains but the gateway. Under a counting-room, now a barn, the old windows, an empty niche, old beams. Popular tradition states that an old

passage exists between this grange and the Abbey — it is frequented by a white lady!

The people about here are mostly Dissenters, chiefly Methodists. The Warden of Wray Castle is a Methodist. Old Mrs Dawson was a Unitarian. When she died Mr Dawson wished to bury her in the churchyard, but the Bishop strongly objected because it was not yet consecrated. Then Mr Dawson said he would give it to the Dissenters if there was any more bother. He could get a minister to bury her fast enough. Whereupon the Bishop became very civil.

People about say Mr Dawson might have built a village with the money he spent on his house. He objected evidently to any increase of the population. He would not allow a shop or lodgers.

They are working the horses at the Ambleside Inns very hard at present. The omnibuses go eight or nine times a day to the station, some eighty or ninety miles. It is only for the season of two months, but I don't think horses could stand it, it must be exaggerated.

Grandmamma once went from the Lake of Geneva to Rome with the same horses, but slowly. They were four little black horses with long manes. The driver had a little dog which sat behind on the luggage, but it was run over by another carriage and killed, to his great sorrow. After that Hannah had to look after the luggage. People were always jumping up behind to try to cut the straps. Hannah caught and beat one.

Grandpapa is rather fond of fine phrases. Once when he went to London for the day, he told all his friends he was a 'bird of prey', meaning to say 'passage'.

The proper way to clean unpolished slate chimney-pieces is to wash them with milk.

Old Dr Hopgood of Stalybridge tells the following story. In the reign of George III there was a very wise old Lancashire doctor living at Oldham. One of the Princesses had some kind of impediment in her head which no one could cure. At last this old doctor was sent for, and gave her such a tremendous dose of snuff that she sneezed for two or three days and was cured. Then the old doctor was a privileged person and walked about the palace as he liked. One day he entered a room where the Queen and Princesses were sitting with poker backs, according to the fashion of the day. Going up to the Queen he gave her a clap on the back saying in broad

Lancashire, ‘Well lass I’ve never seen such a straight-backed wench in my life.’

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1883

LONDON

Saturday, January 13th. Been to the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at the Academy. I had been looking forward to it very much, but I never thought it would be like this. I never thought there *could* be such pictures. It is almost too much to see them all at once - just fancy seeing five magnificent Van Dyck's side by side, before *me* who never thought to see one. It is rather a painful pleasure, but I have seldom felt such a great one.

I was most impressed by the Reynolds', twenty-two in number. I liked best the five figures at the end of the room, particularly *Justice* and *Faith*. *Justice* is the more beautiful figure and face, but the colouring of *Faith*'s face in strong light was extraordinary. These five figures seem to me far the highest art in the Exhibition, more beautiful than Sir Joshua's portraits. Those are beautiful from nature, but there is more than nature in *Justice* and *Faith*. His portraits are difficult to remember separately. Some are much better than others. There was one of *Mrs Abington*, I think, which was much less faded than the others, almost as bright as Gainsborough's. For his pictures of children I liked the Little Archer and Una (Miss Beauclerk) best.

Gainsborough and Van Dyck I liked next. Of the English painters I don't know which next. The former is the more beautiful, the latter the more real and powerful. Gainsborough's colour is very fine, but almost unnatural. He sees it so well that it makes him sacrifice the softness and shadows which are the chief charm in Reynolds' pictures, and his drawing is decidedly inferior. His most striking work there was the *Lady Margaret Lindsay*, standing with her arms crossed before her. The arms are not very well drawn, but Gainsborough's chief defect in my opinion. The narrowness of the chest, which takes away from the dignity of his heads and positions, is not so noticeable. The painting of the face is very fine - the landscape is a good example of Gainsborough's trees. He has used a great deal of crude green and yellow which throws out the pinks but is otherwise unpleasant. He has only one landscape there which I unfortunately missed.

There are in all nine pictures of Van Dyck. The first I came to, *Portrait of King Charles II, when a boy*, disappointed me, and I was not much pleased with the next *Ecce Homo*. I had never seen a Van Dyck and thought

they were much richer in colour - but those at the other end of the room were very different - they seem to stand out of the canvas, and *The Marchese Spinola* stared in a manner quite unpleasant. They are very different from Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, etc. They are bold, hard (in comparison), and their beauty is the beauty of nature as we commonly see her, in plain daylight. The horse's head in Spinola's portrait was very powerful. The *Earl of Pembroke* was noticeable for the wonderful painting of the yellow satin.

Angelica Kauffmann is represented by only one picture, *Design*, a round picture rather cruelly hung near Reynolds' five figures. Rather hot and ruby, but the expression and drawing is very good. The drawing is bold and firm, the arms and hands being particularly striking. I seemed to see the hands move.

There were three Turners, nothing particular.

The finest portrait of the Exhibition, if not the most beautiful picture, was *Caterina Comaro, Queen of Cyprus*, by Titian. Here the crude, unpleasant colour disappears, while simplicity remains. The prevailing colour is dull green, relieved by the crimson pomegranate. I shall never forget that picture, I never saw anything so lifelike. *A female portrait* by Paris Bordone would probably be striking if not hung on the same wall with the last mentioned. There are also some examples of the Venetian School which are very uninteresting.

These are the pictures I liked best at the first exhibition of the Old Masters that I ever went to -

I was most impressed by the *Queen of Cyprus*, Reynolds' five figures and Van Dyck.

It has raised my idea of art, and I have learnt some things by it. I was rather disheartened at first, but I have got over it. That picture by Angelica Kauffmann is something, it shows what a woman has done. If you ever feel uncertain remember the face of *Faith*.

The preceding remarks are so amusing to me as representing childlike and simple, not to say, silly sentiments that have since passed away, that I preserve the greater part of them, though it is rather appalling to find one was such a goose only three years since.

Thursday, February 22nd. One of the first symptoms of George III's insanity occurred when he was opening Parliament. He insisted that he

ought to read the beginning of his address to *My Lords and Peacocks*. The lords and gentlemen of the court were much puzzled what to do, and decided on dropping books and making different noises when His Majesty began.

After a recent collision in the Bay of Biscay a part of the crew and passengers of one of the ships, including six ladies in their nightgowns, drifted in an open boat for two days. The only discreditable circumstance in the disaster was the behaviour of three Chinamen, who when applied to for some of their super-abundant clothing to keep the ladies warm or to stop a leak, only gave the expressive reply, 'No, me catchee cold.'

Have had a cold most of the time since Christmas, have had almost enough of it. Think it's going to stop till Easter.

Wednesday, February 28th. What funny things grandpapa does say to be sure. Papa remarked on rooks to him, and he remarked, yes, they fly by night and on Sundays. Another time papa said how muddy the ponds were, and poor old grandpapa said they were as thick as his two fingers.

Mr Whistler is holding an Exhibition somewhere, termed an *Arrangement in white and yellow*. The furniture is painted yellow and the footman is dressed in white and yellow, someone said he looked like a poached egg. Mr Whistler sent the Princess of Wales and the fine ladies yellow butterflies which they wore at the private view. What a set of yellow butterflies! It's quite disgusting how people go on about these Pre-Raphaelite aesthetic painters.

Monday, March 5th. Papa asked Mr Millais yesterday what he thought of the Rossetti pictures. He said they were all rubbish, that the people had goitres — that Rossetti never learnt drawing and could not draw. A funny accusation for one P.R.B. to make at another.

Tuesday, March 6th (and following week). Bought a wild duck Sat 10th. Mr Phillips said it would keep for three weeks. Could not help wondering if he knew from experience.

Papa asked Mr Millais about mixing the paints, and he very kindly said what I must get. He said linseed oil took two years to dry. I think that was a stretch, but it certainly takes a dreadful time and I think would crack.

Mr Millais is very careful what he uses and says he believes his pictures will last to the end of time, and not crack like Reynolds', for Reynolds used bitumen to make his pictures mellow, which time alone will safely do. Mr Millais has his linseed oil specially prepared from the best seeds. His friend, a Mr Bell of the firm of Bell in Regent Street, I believe, gets his things specially made.

He has difficulties occasionally, great painter as he is. He is painting a child now, and says he never had such a job in his life, and were it not for the trouble he has had he would give it up. She won't stand still a moment, and he has got to use strong language about her. She is the daughter of a barrister, he met her in the street.

He is painting a subject-picture of a girl walking in her sleep on a turret stair, which he says he thinks will be the finest painting he ever did. He is doing it carefully anyway. He says now, the ball of the thumb is a little too thick.

Papa went into the studio the other day and was rather put-out when he found him painting it, he thought the girl who was standing between two screens was a model and didn't look at her, but he was amused afterwards to find it was Carrie Millais. Mr Millais is using Papa's velveteen for a background and has torn it. It has done its work that same velveteen, it used to be mamma's dress more than sixteen years since.

Here's a nice state of things in the first city of the world. Builders are in the habit of digging out the gravel on which they ought to found their houses, and selling it. The holes must be filled. The refuse of London is bad to get rid of though the greater part is put to various uses. The builders buy, not the cinders and ashes, but decaying animal and vegetable matters etc to fill the gravel parts. It is not safe to build on at first, so is spread on the ground to rot - covered with a layer of earth.

A builder in Chelsea neglected to cover it up, and the householders round proved the smell to be a legal nuisance, and he was fined, but as the judge said, it is impossible at present to prevent its use. After a while the bad smells soak through the earth and floors and cause fevers. This delightful substance is called 'dry core'.

Friday, March 16th. What will be blown up next? Last night an attempt was made to blow up the Government Offices in Parliament Street. Not so

much damage was done to the building, owing to its great strength, but the streets for some distance round were strewn with glass.

One thing struck me as showing the extraordinary power of dynamite, a brick was hurled 100 feet and then through a brick wall into some stables. Some one said the noise was like the 80 ton gun. I believe it was heard here.

An attempt was also made, but failed, on *The Times* office, which seems to prove it was the work of Irishmen, that paper having had a leading article in its last number in which it was stated the Irish had got enough and more than enough, and need ask for no more.

Papa says it is Mr Gladstone's fault. He takes the side of these rogues and then, if they think he is slackening, they frighten him on a bit - really we shall be as bad as France soon.

There was a big riot in Paris last Friday the 9th., and a meeting on Sunday, or rather crowds, which had to be dispersed by soldiers. On Friday they say the mob only stopped from penetrating into the Elysée by the block of the omnibuses in a narrow street. People are anxious about next Sunday 18th. Foreigners are leaving Paris. As *The Times* correspondent remarks, the best thing that could happen would be a drenching wet day.

Sunday, March 18th. Sunday 18th passed quietly. The government kept such an overwhelming force drawn up in the barracks that no out-door meetings were attempted. Here in England we have had another excitement - two a week is really getting too much.

This time it was an attack on Lady Florence Dixie. She was attacked almost within sight of her house, in the shrubbery, by two men disguised as women. They struck at her with daggers, cutting her clothes. They either simply wanted to frighten her, or thought they *had* killed her, or were startled by a cart passing, and the brave conduct of a big St Bernard whom the papers call 'Beau' or 'Buiert', who dragged off one of the men.

Some of the papers, this being a sceptical age, and the lady a Tory, have tried to make out that the affair never happened, but I think there are the strongest reasons and evidence that it did. Lady Florence pays little attention to them.

She must be a lively and extraordinary person, much more like a man, strongheaded but brave and sound hearted. They must be a strange family, her mother strongly on the Irish side was a Jesuit. One of her brothers is a Jesuit priest, another was killed on the Matterhorn.

Wednesday, March 21st. Manner of catching ducks in Egypt. Man swims in the water with his head inside a hollow pumpkin and surrounded by decoy ducks, and pulls wild ones under.

My Due d' Orleans began to smell suspicious yesterday and has been eaten. Couldn't make out what had come to him a day or two ago, but found, he having been sent to the larder on account of mamma's nose, Sara had taken the opportunity of arranging him as if for dinner.

Tuesday, April 17th. The Queen has ordered that no lambs be eaten in the Royal Establishment this season.

I wonder what the truth is about this queer affair of Lady Florence Dixie. One gentleman says he saw Lady Florence Dixie all the time she was out, and nothing occurred. Some people give her a character I should never have suspected from her writings. It is said she is subject to strange fits owing to hard drinking.

When the Prince Imperial died she published a poem relating the manner and place of his death, which she said she heard in a dream seven years before. She used to go out shooting with the gentlemen and wear a kilt, the *spectable man*.

Miss Ellen Terry's complexion is made of such an expensive enamel that she can only afford to wash her face once a fortnight, and removes smuts in the meantime with a wet sponge. The Crompton Potters know someone who knows her well.

I really wish I had more time, and I would keep an historical account, but I keep thinking every time something happens it is the last startling event. Latest news, attempt to blow up Salisbury cathedral.

Wednesday, April 18th. Mamma decided on Miss A. Carter — today 18th. Bertram going to school tomorrow!

Today is the first day it has been warm enough to sit painting in the dressing room. It is nice and airy and the light is tolerable. I am well pleased. Never mind what they say after what he said. *Faith*.

Monday, April 23rd. 18th to 19th heavy rain, the first for perhaps three weeks. What funny weather we have had this year! Everything goes queerly, terrible storms in January, floods all winter and early spring,

snowstorms March - drought - those grumblers the farmers get in their corn and groan about the turnips.

Now, when the rain has made everything begin to get green, we have storms of hail and snow, frost, and an east wind 23rd.

19th the second anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death and unveiling of his monument — primroses were worn by an extraordinary number of people when you consider that some fifty per cent are indifferent. I should say the Conservatives aren't in a large minority.

Don't quite know what to think of Lady Dixie's affair. Believe it was quite true. Lord Queensberry has proved that the papers are acting unfairly, having kept back part of that gentleman's statement. He only said he saw her at 3 and 4, whereas she said she was attacked at 3.45. If, as he was reported to have said, he kept her in sight the whole time, he must have followed her in the plantation, in itself a rather singular circumstance.

It was highly probable that she should be attacked as matters are now in this country. She had incurred the deadly hatred of the Fenians, and perhaps, or rather almost certainly, the Land League, by her letters. The one in *The Times* a few days before the attack, in which she hinted where the Land League money had gone, has never been answered.

Papa came back from Brighton in the Pullman cars the other day, 23rd. He met a friend, an MP, who remarked that Parnell was in the train. 'He's being followed,' said the MP. Presently papa remarked, 'Why, there's Sir E. Henderson!'

'Why, that's the very fellow who is following Parnell!'

He came with him from Brighton, and got out with him at Waterloo. Parnell did not seem at all ill at ease. Went to a bookstall and bought a paper, probably to see how his fellow-rascals are getting on in Dublin. He is quite a young looking man.

The police are very careful. French lady saw them stop two men with a hamper and look in it. She teaches in the family of Mr — of the Custom House. He was anxious about a rumour that dynamite was being imported in the form of apples.

The affair at Salisbury was a hoax. There has been another since. It is very wicked, but it helps the newspapers almost as much as if it were true. The men were Labifying at 10.30 last night, 'great explosion at a powder magazine', and others about a narrow escape of the Princess Louise, but it seems all an invention.

The Duke of Wellington looks very big and ugly, usually with a sparrow seated impertinently on some part of him. There is an immense space where the arch was, it looks right queerly.

Bother spring cleaning! I could have put my finger in the dark on most books in the cupboard in the drawing room. I have stared at them for hours, though hardly opened any, and when I went there the other day I couldn't believe my eyes, I took out several books and they all came wrong.

Wednesday, April 25th. I am up one day and down another. Have been a long way down today, and now my head feels empty and I am nothing particular. Will things never settle? Is this being grownup? If I could have seen my mind as it is now, when I left Dalguise I should not have known it.

I thought surely we had got into all the difficulties now, but here is another. A nice way, a lively, to begin with a new governess. If they said I must, I'd do it willingly enough only my temper'd be very nasty - but father wouldn't force me.

I thought to have set in view German, English Reading, and General Knowledge, cutting off more and more time for painting.

I thought to have settled down quietly - but it seems it *can not* be.

Only a year, but if it is like the last it will be a lifetime — I can't settle to anything but my painting, I lost my patience over everything else. There is nothing to be done, I must watch things pass — Oh *Faith - Faith*.

Sunday, April 29th. I believe Mr Millais has nothing on hand just now but a bad cold - what a funny person he is to be sure. Papa went to see him yesterday evening (Sat). He was in bed with his head tied up in a handkersees, playing a game all by himself on a little board. He invited papa to sit on the bed, but after treading on his slippers he preferred a chair.

It is strange how unfortunate the Government has been at each of the two trials of Tim Kelly at Dublin — no sensible person doubts his guilt, but each time he has had a personal friend among the jurors who nodded and smiled to him during the trial, and afterwards refused to agree in the verdict. The interest in the trials still continues, and a new set of trials have begun in Dublin about the attempts to murder Fenian approvers. The evidence discloses the extraordinary secret organizations of the Fenians, and the terrible moral state of a part of the population of Dublin. Lawlessness and

violence seem almost incredible. In future ages people will refer to these times as we do to the crimes and violence of the Middle Ages.

The dynamite conspiracy is every bit as dreadful as the gunpowder-plot. Fancy these words spoken by one Fenian to another on crossing Westminster Bridge, 'that (the Houses of Parliament) will make a fine noise when it comes down, in the month of Guy Fawkes!' We have ceased to have explosions now, and hoaxes are in fashion.

Monday, April 30th. Went to the Museum 28th and again 30th. 30th., also I went to the dentist (Mr Cartwright, 12, Old Burlington Street), for the first time in my life. He stopped a little hole in one of my top left double teeth.

It was a simpler business than I expected. He had a little instrument with a head about as big as a pin's head, which he whirled round and round to get out the bad, wiped it with cottonwool and rammed in gold as if he meant to push the tooth out through the top of my head. He did not hurt me in the least, only he had only just come in when *we* did, and his fingers tasted muchly of kid glove.

Wednesday, May 2nd. The French lady gave me a most amusing account of how her brother went to a Meeting of the Salvation Army in Regent Street. He is a clerk in the City, and went in from curiosity during his dinner-hour. The hall was crammed, numerous policemen tried to keep order, and the redoubtable Mrs Booth who had just returned from a journey addressed the audience in a by no means religious discourse, but in good spirits.

All through her remarks people on the floor kept shouting 'Amen! amen!' in every key, with an occasional 'Hallelujah!', though the remarks were quite secular. Then people began ascending and descending the pillars of the gallery. Mrs Booth stopped and shouted to the police 'Turn them out, turn them out!' Mr Lambert soon had enough of it and got up to go out, but behold they wouldn't let him; he remonstrated in vain and was told he must stay till the meeting was over, which, as they sometimes last all night, was not an agreeable prospect. Presently he saw a fellow victim, a clerk from the same office.

The clerk, however, was in good spirits. 'We've only got to make a row and they'll turn us out.' Accordingly, they edged up to Mrs Booth in the

midst of her discourse, and the clerk said out loud, 'I think it is a shame of you to turn religion to ridicule like this!' Mrs Booth, like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, replied 'What do you say sir? we're not turning religion into ridicule.'

'Turn him out!'

'That is just what I want,' muttered the clerk as he was taken in charge.

Monday, May 28th. A golden eagle was shot a few weeks since, which measured, if I remember rightly, 4 feet 11 inches, from tip-to-tip of the wings.

The starlings are fledged. The swallows have disappeared, I am afraid they have not built near here. There is a fine thrush for singing, in Mr Beale's garden, he has some blackbird's notes in the middle of his song.

I had my first drawing lesson with Miss Cameron in November 78, and my last May 10, 83. I have great reason to be grateful to her, though we were not on particularly good terms for the last good while. I have learnt from her freehand, model, geometry, perspective and a little water-colour flower painting.

Painting is an awkward thing to teach except the details of the medium. If you and your master are determined to look at nature and art in two different directions you are sure to stick.

Friday, June 8th. They cut down the old walnut up the new road. Poor old tree, I remember it almost as long as I remember anything hereabouts. They are cutting a road across the field, preparatory to building. It is the last bit of the orchards left.

On 15th they cut down the big mulberry bush on the left at the bottom of Gloucester Road, and most of the other trees except the big plane. I wonder how the rooks know, they left these trees a very short time before they were felled, and they left the rookery in Kensington Gardens the autumn before the trees went.

WOODFIELD

Thursday, July 26th. We came to Woodfield on Thursday, 26 July. It is such a nice place and, though very different from anywhere we have stayed the

summer, one is not inclined to be particular after staying in London so long. Quiet and fresh air is everything.

There is a perfect plague of flies here. There are two old cats and an amusing kitten. The horses, an old mare and a foal, a young mare who is prettier than Phyllis excepting the head and neck, she has such nice little feet, Magistrate, an old carriage horse, gaunt, thin, and who seems not to know which foot is most uncomfortable to stand on - A cow, a heifer and two calves, and two delightful pigs who lie on their backs, smiling sweetly to be scratched.

Taylor & Co brought the luggage in a large three-horse van. It started at 7.30 and arrived about 4. They charged nearly £17.

Friday, July 27th. Went to Camfield in the morning, and along to Tyler's Causeway in the afternoon. Two ladies called to look at the house.

Saturday, July 28th. I, seventeen. I have heard it called 'sweet seventeen', no indeed, what a time we are, have been having, and shall have -

Went to fish in the ponds, caught a perch as long as my finger. The gardens are most beautiful - I never was here in the summer before - had no idea it was so pretty.

Birds: water-hen, water-ousel (no), sparrow-hawk, dove, thrush, blackbird, bullfinch, sparrow, linnet, yellow-hammer, chaffinch, hedge-sparrow, black-cap, robin, swift, house-martin, fly-catcher, heron, kingfisher, water wag-tail, ring-dove, wood-pigeon, rook, jackdaw, wren, long-tailed and big titmouse. There are some people in the neighbourhood called Titmouse, the misses Titmice, like the waiter at the party who announced 'Mrs Foot and the Misses Feet,'

'Mr Tootle and Mrs Tootle too,' he hadn't noticed Mrs Tootle at first.

Thursday, August 2nd. Went in the carriage to St Albans. Had great difficulty in finding the way. The country is very pretty and thickly wooded. Passed within sight of the old Elizabethan house near North Mymms, Inigo Jones, architect.

St Albans is a queer old town, The High Street, St Peters, is very wide with handsome old houses. The old north road runs through it. The Alms House is rather a fine building with the Marlborough crest over the door,

having been built by one of the duchesses. There is the old church, in which Lord Bacon is buried, with an immense churchyard. The old Clock Tower at one end of the high street; opposite is some Roman building dug out.

We had not time to go and see the Roman city of Verulamium, they say it is very large. The streets are at right-angles and easily traced by the difference of vegetation.

The Abbey is very fine, particularly the tower, but they are spoiling it as fast as they can. I was most struck with the little chapel containing the shrine, the watching gallery and Duke Humphrey's tomb. There is a gallery all round the Abbey at a great height up the walls.

We went fishing in the ponds. Caught nearly fifty fish between us. Also caught some newts in the afternoon. Didn't know they grew so big, or that they squeaked, it is as queer as to hear a fish make a noise.

They cannot breathe under water, having no gills except in the tadpole state, but they, like frogs, can remain under the surface for a long time. They sometimes let out the air at the bottom of the water, but generally rise to the top so as to get a fresh supply. The moment they have parted with the old they breathe rapidly through the nostrils like other reptiles, as may be seen by the rapid palpitation of the throat; but there is one thing about the breathing which I never noticed in any other, the newt having put out the used-up air, draws in fresh by quick respirations through its nostril. Then, if in the water, it sinks to the bottom till the new supply is exhausted; but the air when used, instead of returning through the nose, collects in the throat, extending it greatly. Then the newt rising to the surface, lets out the air by opening its mouth wide with a snap.

Now the thing which puzzles me is that land-newts, frogs and toads and salamanders, though they breathe the air in at their noses in the same way (taking in a good deal and then stopping to use it), do not get fresh air through the mouth, or collect it in the throat, but through the nose. Indeed, I think sometimes they breathe and discharge the air alternatively like an ordinary animal, otherwise they would burst from breathing in too much. Another thing is, how can frogs stop under water so long as they sometimes do, over half an hour? The big newts seem to have to rise oftener than the small ones.

Tuesday, August 7th. Papa and mamma went to London.

Fished in the horse pond, had great fun with the frogs. I caught one old frog four times during the afternoon. It was a very bad shot and kept going snap, snap with its great mouth, and always missing. You can't lift frogs out of the water on the string, they're too heavy. Newts you can swing about.

Wednesday, August 8th. They have been married twenty years today. Dreadfully wet and windy, first bad day we've had yet, not spoilt the corn much. A little of grandpapa's oats in. Wheat getting ripe. When we came I was very disappointed with the stiff green heads, like a forest of asparagus, but now when the golden corn is beginning to bend it is much prettier, though nothing like the bonny barley and oats up north. The oats they grow here have the grain stuck close to the stalk right queerly.

Friday, August 10th. Had a fright last night, or rather this morning. Slept soundly in spite of friends from the dog show.

Was woken up at 3.30 by a report which sounded like an explosion or a small gun under the door opposite the bed. Was sure I wasn't dreaming, but not half awake, not least use calling, two doors between everyone, a certain shivery sensation, a strong inclination to get out of bed.

Just light enough to see that the blind-cord against the eastern window is not swinging. Where are the bells? Are there any? They ring in the back passage, where their only effect would be to send the cats into hysterics. Is it the electric bells which have done it? What is to be done?

Another tremendous bang about half a minute after the first. The air full of white dust, and bits dancing in the grey dusk. I am nearly choked and the smell of plaster is dreadful. Make sure something has exploded in the drawing-room and blown up my floor. At that moment I noticed a great dark mark on the ceiling. I thought then that a water pipe had burst in the roof. I didn't care much when I knew it wasn't on the floor. I tumbled out of bed and found the floor covered, not with water, but with plaster. A big piece of the ceiling had fallen in.

Thursday, September 20th. Yesterday, 19th we bought a little ring-snake fourteen inches long, it was so pretty. It hissed like fun and tied itself into knots in the road when it found it could not escape, but did not attempt to bite as the blind worms do. It smelled strongly when in the open road, but not unpleasantly. Blind worms smell like very salt shrimps gone bad. We

have seen only one living here, but several grass-snakes, one as long as my arm. They live in holes, sun themselves same as lizards. No vipers, don't believe they are as common as people say. Grimes, who seems intelligent on the subject, can only say of two lately.

LONDON

Wednesday, November 21st. Am going to Mrs A's for the first time tomorrow, two hours, Monday and Thursday, for twelve lessons. Can have no more because Mrs A's charge is high. Lady Eastlake told papa about her.

Of course, I shall paint just as I like when not with her. It will be my *first* lessons in oil or figure drawing. Of the latter I am supposed to be perfectly ignorant, never having shown my attempts to any one.

I may probably owe a good deal to Mrs A as my first teacher. I did to Miss Cameron, but I am convinced it lies chiefly with oneself. Technical difficulties can be taught, and a model will be an immense advantage. We shall see.

Thursday, November 22nd. Refrain to give any opinion till I have been again.

Rosa Bonheur is said to be very ill. There is an extraordinary number of pictures forged in France every year, as many as 1,800 Rosa Bonheur's, and other modern French painters. Meissonier being probably the only one they cannot manage.

Mr Du Maurier was said to be rapidly going blind last spring, and his big dog was dying, but I have heard no more of it.

Soon after we came back to town papa bought a curious book at the secondhand booksellers, Ruskin's *Modern Painters*. It had Mr Ruskin's autograph on the title page stating he gave the book to D. G. Rossetti. Interesting copy, not that I think much of either chappy.

Lady Eastlake is very tall. Once she was in the front of a crowd in France watching some sight when a Frenchman in the background, who thought she was on a chair, shouted, 'Descendez, madame, descendez!' She used to be able to lift up her husband under her arm. I am reading her book *Five Great Painters*, most interesting book I have seen for this long time. One reason for her bitterness against the Germans was that her sister married a German baron who left her and married someone else.

Papa took me to Dover Street for my paints and box. Came home with Miss Carter. Went through St Giles, queer place, very interesting all these old little streets and houses. Passed the houses of Burke and Dryden.

Saturday, November 24th. Have been to Mrs A's. Am uncertain what to say about it. Believe, though I would not tell any one on any account, that I don't much like it, which is rather disappointing. Wish it did not cost so much, is the money being thrown away, will it even do me harm? Don't much like the colours, why should I not use English ones. Linseed oil horrid sticky stuff, she actually used bitumen in her big picture.

She seems to have had three stages in her painting. 1st. German, her best, strong though somewhat hard. 2nd. French, sentimental and rather contemptible (I don't like French art as a rule). 3rd. A development of the French by which it has become woolly! with pinkiness of the English school super-added. I don't mean to say but that she draws and paints pretty well, but I don't like it, it's as smooth as a plate, colour, light and shade, drawing, sentiment.

It is a risky thing to copy, shall I catch it? I think and hope my self-will which brings me into so many scrapes will guard me here — but it is tiresome, when you do get some lessons, to be taught in a way you dislike and to have to swallow your feelings out of considerations at home and there. Mrs A is very kind and attentive, hardly letting me do anything.

There has been a violent domestic explosion with Elizabeth in the lower regions, several small eruptions up here. I have a cold, my temper has been boiling like a kettle, so that things are as usual. I do wish these drawing lessons were over so that I could have some peace and sleep of nights.

Thursday, November 29th. Things are going on worse. Do not like my drawing lessons. She speaks of nothing but smoothness, softness, breaking the colours, and the lightness of the shadows, till there is nothing left.

Wednesday, December 5th. Have begun a head of myself which promises surprisingly well, I think. Am using my old paints and medium, and Rowney's rough canvas (I have the double primed). I shall not let it be in the least influenced by Mrs A, being a nice confession after all this money. I can't make out that underpainting, don't like it some way, though I know a great many painters do, and have used it. Mr Millais does not use it, I'm

sure, don't think Reynolds did in his more rapidly painted heads any way. It quite destroys all originality of execution because you never see things to be the same.

5th. More splendid sunset than ever, a blue moon! bright silvering blue. I believe it was noticed the night before, people in the streets by are looking at it. Perhaps it was something to do with the old man plucking geese, for we had our first snow next day. As sensible a theory as that the red sky is caused by volcanic dust from Java.

Had a model for the first time at Mrs A, nice little old lady, Mrs Kippel, who will come out a ghastly object with Mrs A's tones and lights.

Thursday, December 6th. Night fires at Harrods & Ransome's - Harrod wonderful man, sent round printed advertisement before the day was out to say he hoped to re-commence business by Tuesday.

A Scotch minister was exhorting an old woman to remember the blessing granted to her in her old age. 'Ya, but it's been taken out of me in corns.'

Saturday, December 8th. An awful tragedy was discovered Sat. 8th., the whole Bill family, old Bill and Mrs Little Bill, and ditto Grimes and Sextus Grimes his wife, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Mr and Mrs Camfield, Mars and Venus, and three or four others were every one dead and dried up. We have had old Bill more than a year. I am very much put out about the poor things, they have such a surprising difference of character, and besides it was partly our fault, but they were all asleep in bed and it seemed so cruel to water them.

Deceased, Richard Doyle the designer, died aged sixty. I have always from a little child had a great admiration for his drawings in the old *Punches*. He left the Paper in 1850 when the stir against Papal aggression began. He designed the *Punch* cover. I consider his designs as good and sometimes better than Leech's. He must have been little over twenty when he made those drawings. How time does go, and once past it can never be regained.

Tonight a most terrible storm of wind, never recollect it striking our side of the house so heavily, didn't half like it.

Saturday, December 15th. Went to four Exhibitions. Hablot Browne's drawings at Fine Arts; Doré Gallery, water colour; Pall Mall; and McLean's. I think the first was by far the most interesting.

I was much surprised at the extent of the Phiz collection, which included oils and water-colours as well as drawings in black and white. The most interesting pencil drawings were the originals of *Dombey & Son*, *Bleak House* and *David Copperfield*. These drawings and some others of the same kind were simply marvellous. They were drawn for the most part on scraps of paper, blue very often, scribbled in the pencil. I do not think the engravings, good as they are, do them justice. There is a wonderful difference of expression in the faces, however small.

Of the landscapes I was most struck by one of the City, called I believe, *Tom's all alone*. Some for *Bleak House* were very good, but that one was most striking, equal to Doré's finest illustrations. It was probably done in a few minutes, only soft pencil scribbings on a bit of paper, but what a sense of lone, dismal solitude the artist has given it, what a sermon that little drawing preaches.

The originals of the *Old Curiosity Shop* were not there. I was sorry, I should like to have seen the real little Nell. I wonder why Phiz made such a mess of some of his ladies, most in *Dombey & Son*. His young girls were natural and simple, but he could not draw a well-bred lady.

There were few drawings, if any, which could be called caricatures, and if there was a keen sense of the ridiculous, there was an equally strong one of beauty.

Next, across the road, we went to the Doré Gallery, which I had never seen before. What a contrast! I consider Doré one of the greatest of artists in black-and-white, but I never had any idea of his pictures before, except that they were big, which some of them certainly are.

Perhaps coming straight from the unpretending little Phiz exhibition made me notice it more, but all along I kept being irritated by something vulgar in his exhibition. No doubt the great crimson dome and hangings, the peculiar light, and the sudden introduction to numerous pictures round dark corners may add to the impressiveness thereof, but it suggests an appeal to vulgar fancy, which a noble work of art does not at all require to be appreciated.

Most extraordinary coincidence, some three years ago Mrs A had a happy idea for a picture, of a subject which no artist had before painted,

namely *Little Miss Muffet*. She could not find a model suitable till last spring, but the child was ill. This spring she sent for her, but finding she was sitting for Mr Millais she said she would wait, but imagine her surprise on finding he was painting the same child in the same subject.

Mr Brett does not paint his large pictures from nature, but from small sketches and memory. He seems to have an extraordinary memory and to paint very fast, finishing a large picture in a few days. He is an enthusiastic photographer and has a big yacht. Papa has bought a small sketch by him.

Jeff Millais is trying to learn to photograph. Rather a hopeless business seeing his want of brains and pocket money. He has to borrow his mother's umbrella when he goes out.

Instance of the bad bricks they use now. A fire has been lit in an end house near here, and the smoke comes out at several places up the wall.

The Dutch houses are mostly finished. Mr Gilbert's is said to contain twenty-six bedrooms with a bath-room to each (fancy twenty-six burst water-pipes). It is a very handsome house with its marble court, but I should doubt the comfort of the little latticed-windows.

Finished drawing-lessons last day of old year. Have had colds since seven days before Christmas.

Grandmama Leech ill at Christmas, better on 28th and 29th. Suddenly worse on the 30th., gout having attacked her lungs.

1884

LONDON

Thursday, January 3rd. Grandmamma Leech *Died on 2nd. January 1884, aged seventy-four - At Gorse Hall, Stalyhridge.* There will be no one soon.

Mamma went north on 1st., comes home today 3rd.

Sunday, January 6th. Grandfather died in 1861. There is an inscription on the wall at Dukinfield near grandpapa Potter's pew beginning 'Cur fles?' why dost thou weep? Papa used always to be thinking of 'Dog fleas' during service.

An old woman is lately dead in the East End and buried at Finchley who was known as the Queen of the Costermongers. She was in the habit of lending to the costermongers on Fridays at 5/- in the pound, and left £69,000. She left orders that she should be buried in white satin, and £10 should be given in drink and 10/- in tobacco, which caused an immense procession of pony-carts and donkey-barrows full of costermongers to follow her to her grave.

Mr Millais has begun a new picture of a little gypsy girl with mistletoe. He is going to take it to the country to paint a snow landscape, but in the mean time the weather is very mild. He has also been painting *News from the Sea*, a child with a letter, her head has been in and out four or five times, and her body more than once.

Mr Millais says he never painted more than 29 pictures in a year; Reynolds once painted 149. He has begun to paint a young lady — has about finished *Lord Lome* and *Miss Muffet*, whose name is Ethel May, younger sister of the child they *got for me* to paint.

Two, perhaps three of the girls, are to go to Miss Ward's. Oh dear, it is tiresome, I really shouldn't half like to go, after the other business having been paid for, and of course wouldn't ask to. I don't feel as if I've learnt much, I can't bear those horrid paints, and they've put me out for using my own.

There is no doing anything just now because mamma says the dressing-room is too cold. Its almost a year since I began. After all I don't think its so bad if I learnt as much every year.

Friday, January 18th. It is a year today since I wrote I had got the dumps. How are my prospects compared with last year. I am not, not in high spirits tonight, something unpleasant having happened, so my opinion should be bended as regards height. This time last year I hadn't tried oils, don't think I've done badly considering all things. Am going to do a group of fruit etc to compare with last year's. If I get on as much every year I may be well satisfied.

Sunday, January 27th. A little snow. A remarkable instance of a cat's affection for her young offered at the burning of a Music Hall lately. A tabby cat had four kittens in a basket behind the stage. When the fire began she was seen rushing wildly about, and at last forced her way down a smoky corridor and returned with a kitten in her mouth. This she did three times and then eluding those who attempted to stop her, she went for the fourth and was not seen again, but her burnt body was found beside her kitten.

There was another story in the paper a week or so since. A gentleman had a favourite cat whom he taught to sit at the dinner-table where it behaved very well. He was in the habit of putting any scraps he left on to the cat's plate. One day puss did not take his place punctually, but presently appeared with two mice, one of which it placed on its master's plate, the other on its own.

Mr Millais has begun a large picture of a drummer-boy playing on a flute, and three little girls listening. He began it and did such a quantity on Saturday 26th.

I think there is a chance of Mamma's taking me north when she goes. I should so like to see Gorse Hall for the last time.

Mr Millais had the drummer-boy there on Sunday morning in uniform. He is a real drummer and not particularly good looking. He is to be dressed in the Queen Anne's time uniform, which they will get from a print of Hogarth's. A tailor was there receiving very minute instructions. The boy sits on a bed. Papa photographed him but it did not come out well.

The forked tree in the Gardens came down in the gale.

Papa went hunting about after Mr Saunders the other day on this horrid building business. In one of his offices, all alone in a big room, he found a

minute red-headed clerk who turned out to be the smallest Master Reynolds!

Wednesday, January 30th. Papa was not very well, perhaps partly by photographing in the cupboard, and, having said so on Sunday to the all powerful Mr Castles, down came Mr Millais on Wednesday evening in a state of alarm and trepidation to see, as he expressed it, 'whether he'd killed that man'. He said the wretched business of the drummer-boy had been of the greatest service to him. He likes light prints as the pen-and-ink shows clearer on it. He said he had done a lot more at the portrait of Miss Lehmann (Lewiman, Jew dodge of name changing), and got her arms right. I wonder what a drawing master would have said of her arms in the first sketch, not that they were by the great Mr Millais!

He wanted a photograph of a running stream to assist him with the landscape in the Drummer, and of course, as it was wanted, papa had the greatest difficulty in finding any. I should have thought we had them in every variety, however we found a few. When he painted *Pomona* he wanted a photo of an apple tree, of which, strange to say papa had not one. Since, he has taken ever so many, but they haven't been wanted. Mr Millais says the professionals aren't fit to hold a candle to papa. He has an old fellow called *Old Praetorius* when he can't get him, who takes an outrageous time to expose his plates, won't come on Sunday, charges high (important item), and when his prints are at last obtained they fade within a week, not having been washed.

Mr Millais always asked very carefully whether he might take a print before doing so, which is more than can be said for some other members of his family. He is amusingly grateful for them, and, as papa says, it is a pleasure to see someone who is obliged to you for your trouble.

He almost upset the drawing room chair last time he was here. He stood through the leather of the dining chair while looking at Lord Brougham, but that was a good thing because we had them re-covered. Mamma says they must have bulky chairs in the servants' hall. Elizabeth has lately collapsed one, the legs coming off as she sat down (by no means the first catastrophe of the kind). The chairs have a history. They were the dining-room chairs bought for *Greenheys* when grandpapa Potter was married, and afterwards were used at Princes Gate.

Saturday, February 2nd. Went to Eastbourne 2nd. February, partly for papa's health, partly for sending Bertram to school. First time I'd seen the town, nice of its kind. Fine sea on Saturday.

Sunday, February 3rd. Went to Beachy Head on Sunday morning to see the wreckage from the *Simla*. Extraordinary mixture of articles, but fortunately no spirits, the heavy articles having landed nearer Brighton where they have had frightful drunkenness. Two pianos (which I did not see), sacks of yeast, timber, coconuts, paper (blue, scattered along the coast), cigar and pickle boxes and provisions, live monkey (I did not see) and many other things. Stopped at Burlington Hotel, not very comfortable.

Saturday, February 9th. Bought a tail-less cock-robin for the exorbitant price of eighteen-pence. Let go in the flower walk, where it hopped into aucuba laurel with great satisfaction.

Friday, February 22nd. The Prince of Wales lately visited the slums in Holborn in disguise. Who says the present century is not romantic? Compare the exploits of his Royal Highness with those of his ancestor James V. To be sure, instead of a gallant knight on horseback you have a middle-aged gentleman in a four-wheeler with his trousers rolled up, and probably holding his nose, but time mellows everything in a few hundred years.

The town of Banbury in Northampton used to have an unenviable notoriety for body-stealing, the London coach frequently taking away a corpse. Once when the Innkeeper's daughter died some suspicious looking men arrived, and from their questions, and what was heard of their remarks, a search was made, and the necessary instruments for their horrid trade discovered in their bags.

Near there, I believe at Daventry, a lady was buried alive. The sexton, knowing she had been buried with her rings on, went at night and Opened the grave. In taking off the rings he hurt her, and she started up. The old man dropped his lantern and rushed off. The lady went home and lived several years.

A man at the same place had a favourite apple tree in his orchard. He left £5 to have his grave dug under it. He wished to be buried in an upright

position so that on the day of judgement he might jump out and claim his tree!

A most amusing thing happened at Hammersmith many years ago. Some men, having stolen a body, were bringing it into town in a cart. They went into an Inn on the way, where a soldier and another young man, having found out what was in the cart, determined on a joke at their expense. They took out the body and the soldier got in, in its place. The men drove off smoking their pipes. Presently they began to talk about the cold. One of them turning to the supposed dead man said joking, 'It's a cold night friend.'

'It's warm enough where I am,' muttered the soldier in a stifled voice. The three men thinking it was a ghost rushed away, and the soldier took back the cart and horse, which were never claimed, to the Inn.

A schoolboy being asked the meaning of the term Habeas Corpus said, 'Habeas Corpus=you may have his body,' the watchword of a gang of body-snatchers of whom Burke and Hare were the chief.

Wednesday, March 5th. Went for the second time to the Academy and Grosvenor. Saw the pictures better this time. Also saw at the Academy the Duke of Westminster and Mr Ruskin, and at the Grosvenor the Princess of Wales.

Mr Ruskin was one of the most ridiculous figures I have seen. A very old hat, much necktie and aged coat buttoned up on his neck, humpbacked, not particularly clean looking. He had on high boots, and one of his trousers was tucked up on the top of one. He became aware of this half way round the room, and stood on one leg to put it right, but in so doing hitched up the other trouser worse than the first one had been.

He was making remarks on the pictures which were listened to with great attention by his party, an old lady and gentleman and a young girl, but other people evidently did not know him. He asked the old lady in the first rooms, and the girl in the others.

Didn't see the Princess well, though she must have almost touched us. Papa was so surprised at meeting her pushing about in a crowd, same as other people, that he could not believe his eyes in time to tell me till she was almost gone.

A new waitress with some Manchester people cut up a cake or some kind of sweetmeat before handing it round. She thought the old lady looked

rather aghast, and next morning received a reprimand. That cake had been offered at supper for three years and now she had cut it up!

I have heard that the chicken incubators don't always act as they should. The person who told the story certainly believed it. He said his master had applied too much heat, and a great part of his batch of eggs came out with extra allowance of wings, heads, tails (!) and legs.

Monday, March 17th. Miss Ellen Terry's first appearance on the stage was peculiar. She was quite a little child, and managed to hold or get caught in the curtain, so when it went up the first the audience saw of this actress was a pair of black legs dangling and kicking in the air.

Friday, March 28th. A shocking rumour is about that Prince Leopold has died today at Nice. He and the Duke of Connaught were the most popular of the Queen's sons. He was looked up to as a very respectable, good man, whatever may be said of two of his brothers. It seems doubtful how the Queen will stand the death of her favourite son. No one says much of it, but for some months it has been suspected that all is not right with her. Some say she is mad, not that that is anything uncommon, half the world is mad when you come to enquire.

Have been very unsettled this week, first mamma said I should go to Manchester, then that I could not, then I was to stop at home with the girls, then it was decided I should go to Camfield, but now I am to go to Manchester tomorrow. I am afraid grandmamma Potter will be disappointed, and I very much wished to go, but it is the last chance of seeing the old house. Not that I look forward to that as an unmixed pleasure.

I have a very pleasant recollection of it, which I fear may be changed. I have now seen longer passages and higher halls. The rooms will look cold and empty, the passage I used to patter along so kindly on the way to bed will no longer seem dark and mysterious, and, above all, the kind voice which cheered the house is silent for ever.

It is six or seven years since I have been there, but I remember it like yesterday. The pattern of the door-mat, the pictures on the old music-box, the sound of the rocking-horse as it swung, the engravings on the stair, the smell of the Indian corn, and the feeling on plunging ones hands into the bin, the hooting of the turkeys and the quick flutter of the fantails' wings. I would not have it changed.

Saturday, March 29th. Came to London Road [Manchester], 29 March, being Saturday afternoon a great many people were in the streets. A small Wake was going on in one place. The people look so homely to me. I was struck by the large proportion of good-looking girls among the Lancashire voices.

Saw a grand sight in the evening, one wing of the Infirmary was burnt down. It is about four miles from here. The others went, but would not let me! Saw it well from the house.

First there were the separate masses of flame, then, as the fire burnt out that part, it spread on both sides. It was caused by a woman putting too much coal on a fire where they were going to have a dance. There were buckets and hose on the place, but never a man to use them, and, even when the firemen came, they could do nothing until the steam engines arrived because there was hardly any pressure. Only the upper part of one block is burnt. I had no idea it would make such a blaze.

Sunday, March 30th. Had a hard afternoon in six trams, never was in them before, it is delightful travelling. Am very much struck with Manchester, though I want to see it when the streets are crowded, on a week-day.

The Infirmary and Exchange are particularly fine buildings, so are some of the Warehouses and the Town Hall. We saw the Cathedral tower and heard the bell. There was grandpapa's Warehouse on Mosley Street 14, Uncle Crompton's down another street, Uncle Willy's in Pall Mall. All along the streets were familiar names on the door-plates.

When we got to Greenheys, there was the house in Exmouth Terrace where papa was bom, a small brick house, once red, second in the row from town. The house where Uncle Crompton was born has been pulled down to make room for Owen's College, and Rusholme is marked out for streets. We saw where papa went to school, and the shop I have so often heard of where he bought goodies.

We called on Aunt Sidney whom I saw for the first time, a dear old lady sitting in a rocking chair before the parlour fire. She was dressed in a black-brocade silk dress, a little gauze-cap and a red knitted shawl. She wore a good many rings, and a large cameo brooch. She was rather like cousin Louisa to look at. I thought she was very nice.

We went on to Fallowfield to The Hollies and saw Aunt Harriet, perhaps for the last time. We hadn't time to go to Mr Gaskell's or Alice's. I hope to go again.

Monday, March 31st. I had a quiet day. Went to Eccles, fine old cross, market cross, celebrated cookie shop - Mamma and Aunt Harriet brought back the jewellery from Gorse Hall and divided the things of little value in the evening, when the scene was at once so ridiculous and melancholy that I shall never forget it.

The jewellery was some of it very old-fashioned, which here in some instances means quaint, but in most, ugly. The things which I most admired, irrespective of value, were two cameo brooches and a bracelet composed of three small cameos. Among the rings was a wedding-ring which Aunt Harriet kept, and which has rather an interesting story, previously unknown to me, attached to it. Once when grandmamma was looking for something in grandpapa's desk she came upon this ring, and asked him rather sharply what it was. He said it was one he had bought for her because hers was worn out, but she had refused to wear it. However, the new ring in question was found also, and my grandfather was totally unable to explain the presence of the other in his desk. Aunt Harriet said it was the only time she had seen poor grandfather really angry. I came off with a farthing which I kept as a remembrance.

Wednesday, April 2nd. Went to Gorse Hall, a painful and dreary visit. My first feeling on entering the door was regret that I had come. How small the hall had grown and - there was a new doormat, but in a minute or two it had come back. It was the same old place, the same quiet light and the same smell - I wonder why houses smell so different. On thinking of a place the first recollection is the smell and amount of light.

I went into the cellars with the others who were in search of boxes. Such an extraordinary collection of lumber I never saw. Among other things, the old grey rocking-horse on whom I sat down instead of climbing, and a kind of hooped stool for holding a baby. The last strange old piece of furniture belonged to greatgrandmother Ashton.

One thing was given me which I value exceedingly, an old green silk dress of my grandmother's which she wore as a girl. It was wrapped up in the same paper with her wedding dress, a white silk brocade, high-waisted,

short, scoloped at the bottom, lownecked, tight long sleeves with puffs to put on over them. I thought at first they would have given it me, but Aunt Harriet thought after she *ought* to keep it. I should not have ventured to ask for either, but that they spoke of giving it to the servants! It is extraordinary how little people value old things if they are of little intrinsic value. We could not get down grandpapa's wedding clothes and the poke-bonnet as they were top of the cupboard.

Thursday, April 3rd. Went to Alice's, lunched at Aunt Sidney's. Went to see Mr Gaskell. He will not last long I am afraid. I have got the cameo bracelet if Uncle Willy does not interfere. He has no right to, but wants it.

Friday, April 4th. Came home 4th.

Saturday, April 5th. Duke of Albany buried. London has been in deep mourning. Almost everyone in black, and, the few that were not, looking ashamed of themselves. Great many blinds down, all the Clubs, most of the shops shut, many cab drivers etc with crêpe on their whips. It is probably a long time since any death not of the reigning sovereign, caused so deep a gloom and impression. All over the country are flags half-mast high, and not an ill-word is heard of him. The only exception I have seen was the Eccles Liberal Club, which actually was insulting enough not to fly its flag.

Aunt Sidney speaking of the deaths of the sons of George III said there was no feeling of this kind shown at all, they were all rascals - the mourning for the Duke of Sussex, perhaps the most respectable, was ten days.

Thursday, May 8th. Mamma back 8th. Quite uncertain for this summer, I am afraid there is a chance of going back to Dalguise. I feel an extraordinary dislike to this idea, a childish dislike, but the memory of that home is the only bit of childhood I have left. It was not perfectly happy, childhood's sorrows are sharp while they last, but they are like April showers serving to freshen the fields and make the sunshine brighter than before.

We watch the gentle rain on the mown grass in April, and feel a quiet peace and beauty. We feel and hear the roaring storm of November, and find the peace gone, the beauty become wild and strange. Then as we struggle on, the thought of that peaceful past time of childhood comes to us like soft

music and a blissful vision through the snow. We do not wish we were back in it, unless we are daily broken down, for the very good reason that it is impossible for us to be so, but it keeps one up, and there is a vague feeling that one day there will again be rest.

The place is changed now, and many familiar faces are gone, but the greatest change is in myself. I was a child then, I had no idea what the world would be like. I wished to trust myself on the waters and sea. Everything was romantic in my imagination. The woods were peopled by the mysterious good folk. The Lords and Ladies of the last century walked with me along the overgrown paths, and picked the old fashioned flowers among the box and rose hedges of the garden.

Half believing the picturesque superstitions of the district, seeing my own fancies so clearly that they became true to me, I lived in a separate world. Then just as childhood was beginning to shake, we had to go, my first great sorrow. I do not wish to have to repeat it, it has been a terrible time since, and the future is dark and uncertain, let me keep the past. The old plum tree is fallen, the trees are felled, the black river is an open hollow, the elfin castle is no longer hidden in the dark glades of Craig Donald Wood.

I remember every stone, every tree, the scent of the heather, the music sweetest mortal ears can hear, the murmuring of the wind through the fir trees. Even when the thunder growled in the distance, and the wind swept up the valley in fitful gusts, oh, it was always beautiful, home sweet home, I knew nothing of trouble then.

I could not see it in the same way now, I would rather remember it with the sun sinking, showing, behind the mountains, the purple shadows creeping down the ravines into the valley to meet the white mist rising from the river. Then, an hour or two later, the great harvest-moon rose over the hills, the fairies came out to dance on the smooth turf, the night-jar's eerie cry was heard, the hooting of the owls, the bat flitted round the house, roe-deer's bark sounded from the dark woods, and faint in the distance, then nearer and nearer came the strange wild music of the summer breeze.

Tuesday, May 13th. The *Monarch of the Glen* has just been sold at Christie's among the collection of the late Dowager Lady Londesborough. It fetched £6,200 and was bought by Mr Eaton, MP, who seems to be making a collection just now. Some said before the sale that it would fetch

ten or fifteen thousand, but times are bad. There were some handsome gold ornaments from the Irish bogs, and a sort of engagement ring given by William of Orange to Queen Mary. It was of gold, ornamented by *small* diamonds. Strange how poor people used to be.

Saturday, May 17th. Have begun Cicero, easier than Virgil. Mr Ruskin has got a study of laurel leaves at one of the water-colour exhibitions. Papa says it is simply dreadful.

Monday, May 19th. Such news this morning! am going to Edinburgh tomorrow with papa and mamma - the places I have always wished to see most were Manchester, Edinburgh, Rome, Venice and Antwerp, or another of the old Hansa towns.

I have seen Manchester, and now I am going to Edinburgh, O fine, I can hardly believe. Was not the scene of the story I have been telling myself in bed for the last month, and of the most ambitious of my picture theses, laid in Edinburgh? and I have the *history* nearly by heart, so I have the streets too. I wonder if they will be what I expect? There is hardly a place in the world with more romantic associations than Dunedin.

I will endeavour to write voluminously, and poetical impressions on another sheet of paper. There is only one drawback, there is the chance of going on to Dunkeld, O Home, I cannot bear to see it again. How times and I have changed!

EDINBURGH

Thursday, May 22nd. Started from King's Cross by the Flying Scotsman at ten, to go to Edinburgh. We went at a great rate at times, but always delightfully smoothly.

I only knew the line as far as Hatfield. After passing the broad cornlands of Hitchin, and the beautiful valley of the Lea, I was much struck by the quantity of mustard grown. Field after field spread out like dazzling gold in the sun, at each side of the valley.

We passed Knebworth, Lord Lytton's place, at a little distance, and another fine old house where Oliver Cromwell had lived just south of Huntingdon. Having followed the course of the Ouse, and seen Lincoln

cathedral on its hill just above the horizon, we crossed the Trent at Newark not far from the Castle.

Peterborough we saw very well, but I was not so much struck by it as by Durham and York, not because the latter were finer, though Durham has a magnificent situation, as on account of the faded light. Lumley Castle is vast and deserted looking, but the situation is poor. Not so Warkworth, standing on the sand cliffs above the sea. I was surprised by the great size and good preservation of the buildings.

Holy Island was a little disappointing, it was so flat, but the sands were pretty with a red cart coming towards the Island. The coast was very fine after this, but still more so after crossing the border. The little village of Burnmouth was particularly picturesque.

I was much struck by Newcastle, the high bridge, the smoke and the *coaly Tyne*. I did not know that the Castle still existed. But Berwick was one of the most interesting places we passed. The old town with its walls perched above the harbour, and broad river where the salmon-netting was going on in a disgusting manner, and also bathing, but, above all, the fact that we were again crossing to Scotland (at twenty-five to six), was very impressive. I saw the Bass Rock well, steeper than I expected, so was Dunslaw.

Between the sea and Edinburgh there is beautiful rich country, the Midlothian. - I was dreadfully puzzled when we got up to Edinburgh. It is always so if one has a clear idea of a place one has not seen. I knew exactly what the different places were like, the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, the Castle, but I had fitted them together all wrong. But I am anything but disappointed with the real form.

It is impossible that there can be a finer situation for a town. I had no idea the new town was so fine, such wide streets, large shops, fine public buildings, solid and in good taste for the most part, and built of good grey ashlar which should last for ever. Charlotte Square and George Street are particularly handsome, so is Princes Street in the separate buildings, but it is not such a balanced whole, and the great attraction is in front. Another thing that is striking is the number of statues in the streets. Some are not commendable, but the effect is always good.

As to the old town, it is a most wonderful and interesting place. It is like being taken back at will into whatever century you please to walk along those streets, and look down the dark silent wynds and courts peopled by

strange legends, historical or ghostly, and by very dirty but contented and lively human beings.

We are stopping at Mr Greggar's Royal Hotel, comfortable enough except as regards waiting and noise from the Station. The view is wonderful, except for the nasty railway smoking at the bottom of the Gardens.

It is extraordinary to see so many fine buildings close together. Those on the Mound, the National Gallery and the Institute, look very bold and well-proportioned from below, but slightly heavy from above.

DUNKELD

Monday, May 26th. Are leaving for Dunkeld at 1.30 today 26th. Don't know why papa is so anxious to go. I don't want to at all, particularly after what Mr Armitage has told us. However, there is no help. I must make the best of it.

Arrived at Pople's Hotel 5.30. O how homely it seems here, how different to anything I have seen since I left — I went down by the river after tea. The grass is greener, the flowers thicker and finer. It is fancy, but everything seems so much more pleasant here. The sun is warmer and air sharper. Man may spoil a great deal, but he cannot change the everlasting hills, or the mighty river, whose golden waters still flow on at the same measured pace, mysterious, irresistible. There are few more beautiful and wonderful things than a great river. I have seen nothing like it since I left; down to the smell of the pebbles on the shore, it may be drainage, but it brings back pleasant memories.

I remember *Home* clearer and clearer, I seem to have left it but yesterday. Will it be much changed? How fast the swifts fly here, how clearly the birds sing, how long the twilight lasts!

Tuesday, May 27th. Down over to Dalguise, a forlorn journey, very different to the usual one, and we had a grey horse too, poor Berry and Snowdrops. The place is the same in most ways. It is home. The bridge rebuilt at Inver, and some new railings on the Duke's land. Some saplings grown, others dead. Here and there a familiar branch fallen, and, on the Dalguise land, things more dilapidated than ever, and some new cows in the fields.

A horrid telegraph wire up to the house through the avenue, a Saw-Mill opposite the house and a pony-van at the back. There are deaths and changes, and the curse of drink is heavy on the land. I see nothing but ruin for the estate. How well I remember it all, yet what has not happened since we left? What may not happen before I see it again if I ever do - I am not in a hurry to do so. It was a most painful time, and I see it most as well with my eyes closed.

LONDON

When we went to the station before going to Edinburgh the Duke of Wellington was headless. It really is too bad to expose him to ridicule in that way. One thing I cannot understand, after the House of Commons had agreed it should go, the Lords moved an amendment that it should not, but the Commons have had their way. When his head was removed a starling's nest was found in the cockade hat. When the horse was first erected a dinner of twelve was held in the belly. A second horse of Troy.

These explosions are becoming commonplace, after a certain amount of a thing it gets tiresome. Mamma heard something like a gun a bit after nine, having marked the time on the clock as we always do now when we hear a noise. It has often struck me what a risk there is of some of those rascals setting off in a picture gallery. Trafalgar Square is rather near the mark, but it must be hoped that these people are not art-critics, and think pictures beneath their notice. I don't see how these explosions are to be stopped, it is such a simple thing to leave a parcel. It is announced that nothing will be done till Harcourt comes back. He and Chamberlain are yachting, and things going from bad to worse.

I don't know what will come to this country soon, it is going at a tremendous speed. I think and hope that this extension of the Franchise may not be as bad as the Conservatives fear. No doubt if the labourers get power they will be greedy at first, but I think the sentiments of the lower-classes in the country are rather conservative on the whole, very loyal and tenacious of England's honour. Still, landed property is not a particularly secure possession at present. It is the middle-men who have pushed up, that are such mischievous radicals, like Chamberlain.

Had the misfortune to lose a favourite lizard in the garden on Sunday.

OXFORD

Tuesday, June 3rd. Came to Oxford to stay with the Wilsons yesterday, June 2nd. First time I have been here. Had no idea the Valley of the Thames was so pretty, and the River so small.

Oxford itself is a very picturesque old town, almost deserted now, before the vacation has begun. I had seen plenty of engravings and photographs of the colleges, and could never make out what the blotches on the surface were. What a state some of the stone is in!

We went out in the evening into the gardens of St Johns. Certainly the boys have every inducement to be idle. Then across the College and along St Giles, St Aldate's Street, over the bridge and back in a punt to Christ Church meadows, and under the tall old elms. I was particularly struck by the cloisters at Christ Church, so cold and dark in spite of the heat outside. They were empty and perfectly silent, except for the swallows and occasionally the sound of lively singing coming through the closed doors of the Cathedral. Cardinal Wolsey's ceiling and stairs are also very fine. Found a kind of slug in the garden which I never saw before, brown-streaked and spotted, six or seven inches long.

Sunday, June 8th. Sunday we went down by the river, morning! Evening, went to Service at the Cathedral. Most delightful singing. Service not the least unpleasant to me because I did not understand half a dozen words of it. Cathedral a magnificent building, several old windows and some frightful modern ones, also three by Burne-Jones which surprised me agreeably, better drawing than he generally favours us with, and one of Faith, Hope and Charity, wonderfully rich and harmonious in colour for modern glass. I believe Morris is the maker.

Monday, June 9th. Monday, went to Museum, very interesting, but too much to take in comfortably at a time. Afterwards to Keble College and Chapel. Struck me as decidedly ugly. Why with such beautiful old buildings to copy, cannot they get anything better than glaring red and white brick edifices, which remind one of a London suburb.

I was supposed to see Hunt's *Light of the World*, I had never seen the original before. I have always thought little of the design, the figure much wants dignity and firmness, the management of the light is the best part of

the picture. The details I was much disappointed with, there is no particularly careful and minute work as in Millais' Pre-Raphaelite pictures. No doubt when this picture was painted it was more striking, because at that time art was so conventional.

Tuesday, June 10th. Tuesday, went to a most interesting shop of furniture, china and every kind of old curiosity. The house itself was worth seeing, such stairs and passages, and crammed from basement to roof.

Mamma ended in buying a Chippendale clock, fourteen guineas. Cheap I think. Indeed, I thought the prices were extraordinary. I had an erroneous impression that Chippendale was very scarce and valuable, also old oak. We must have seen some twenty or thirty pieces of the former, and a great deal of fine old oak. Papa rather misdoubted some of the latter owing to prices. I think a great deal of it was good though, and, if it wasn't, it was very handsome. I particularly admired (with a wish to possess), a cupboard like the one at Wray, £6.

If ever I had a house I would have old furniture, oak in the dining room, and Chippendale in the drawing room. It is not as expensive as modern furniture, and incomparably handsomer and better made.

In the afternoon I went to the Museum again, and then with the Wilsons to a garden-party in the beautiful gardens of Merton College. Before that, Mrs Wilson showed us over the Chapel, and the kitchen, and a most interesting library. One of the oldest buildings in Oxford with a most beautiful oak roof, and the original tiles on the floor.

There was no one there, and we looked at the old books, and did not hurry, which I have come to the conclusion is a necessary part of the enjoyment of sight seeing. The library is said to be haunted by old Lord Chancellor Merton, the founder, who was killed by his students with their pens.

It certainly was very silent, and there was the ancient, dusty smell so suggestive of ghosts. Then at last, heavy steps, and the sound of a stick on the stairs at the further end, pat, pat, nothing visible, but it proved a little fat old lady, a very sociable ghost.

Then to Magdalen to Service. Liked the music and singing better than at Christ Church, it was lovely. The service is certainly very impressive, but somehow it awakens no feeling of devotion in me, like our own bare service does.

Thursday, June 12th. Papa heard from Mr Steinthal that Mr Gaskell died at five yesterday morning. Dear old man, he has had a very peaceful end. If ever any one led a blameless peaceful life, it was he. Another old friend gone to rest. How few are left.

There has always been a deep child-like affection between him and me. The memory of it is one of the past lights bound up with the old home.

Saturday, June 14th. Four o'clock Saturday afternoon. Mr Gaskell is just being buried at Knutsford beside his wife. We have sent some flowers.

Oh how plainly I see it again. He is sitting comfortably in the warm sunshine on the doorstep at Dalguise, in his grey coat and old felt hat. The newspaper lies on his knees, suddenly he looks up with his gentle smile. There are sounds of pounding footsteps. The bluebottles whizz off the path. A little girl in a print frock and striped stockings bounds to his side and offers him a bunch of meadowsweet. He just says 'Thank you, dear,' and puts his arm round her.

The bees hum round the flowers, the air is laden with the smell of roses, Sandy lies in his accustomed place against the doorstep. Now and then a party of swallows cross the lawn and over the house, screaming shrilly, and the deep low of the cattle comes answering one another across the valley, borne on the summer breeze which sweeps down through the woods from the heathery moors.

Shall I really never see him again? but he is gone with almost every other, home is gone for me, the little girl does not bound about now, and live in fairyland, and occasionally wonder in a curious, carefree manner, as of something not concerning her nature, what life means, and whether she shall ever feel sorrow. It is all gone, and he is resting quietly with our fathers. I have begun the dark journey of life. Will it go on as darkly as it has begun? Oh that I might go through life as blamelessly as he!

LONDON

Wednesday, July 2nd. Went to dinner at Queens Gate. Warm. Never saw grandmamma looking better, or livelier, talking about everything, enjoying the jokes, playing whist with her accustomed skill.

How pretty she does look with her grey curls, under her muslin cap, trimmed with black lace. Her plain crêpe dress with broad grey linen collar and cuffs turned over. So erect and always on the move, with her gentle face and waken, twinkling eyes. There is no one like grandmamma. She always seems to me as near perfect as is possible here - she looks as if she had as long before her as many of us, but she is eighty-four.

There was a queer sight in the Brompton Road on the 2nd. Several storks escaped from Pring's the bird shop. Papa saw one circling round, and finally settled on the gable of the schools opposite Tattersall's. One was caught. Hope if the others get away that they will not be shot. Fear it. Storks in Holland, from being constantly protected, are quite dangerous if meddled with. Our common heron is a horrid customer to touch if wounded, always striking straight at the eye.

A boy went in to a graveyard and shot a white owl. Then, seized with alarm, he rushed home in the greatest excitement screaming 'I've shot a cherubim.'

Lord Selborne has taken the haunted house in Berkeley Square. It is now in the hands of the builders. It has been empty a long time. About the last who braved its horrors were a party of gentlemen who went there with their collie dogs. It is said that they gave the ghost a sound thrashing, but the difficulty is that no one seems to know what the said ghost is. Anyway, the house has a notoriously bad name.

19, Queens Gate is another house which is no canny. Nearly twenty years syne a gentleman about to marry took it, but the bride died a few hours before the wedding-time, suddenly. The gentleman would not live there, and they say that to this day the untouched breakfast is on the table.

Then the low red house second from the bottom of Palace Gardens has always been unlucky. Thackeray died there, then it was the home of the notorious Bravos. The next owner's son, running down stairs at a club, could not stop himself, and went over the banisters. I believe yet another owner died suddenly.

Mrs Bravo was a Campbell of Boscat or Buscot, they are the great landowners in New Zealand, and are advertising for as many pairs of lively weasels as can be procured. Some one suggested starting consumption among rabbits, but this would be most dangerous owing to the tinned-rabbit.

Lord Randolph Churchill is looked upon with mingled hope and fear. He is the only promising and spirited young politician who has spirit to go on his own path, but he wants steadiness. He shows keenness and common sense one day, but the next, his followers may find themselves the laughing stock of the country. Let us hope he'll mend. Politics seem to have come naturally to him. Mr Wilson's brother, the Master of Radley, was one of his masters when he was a boy. Lord Randolph read Demosthenes with him, and Lord Churchill kept muttering between his reading a sort of rambling comment, 'Just like old Gladstone — there he goes again!' He has a wonderful memory which is most inconvenient to the government.

It strikes me that that august body, and indeed the House of Commons itself, is regarded with very little respect by the country at large. Gladstone has got hold of power, and I suppose will stick to it till he dies, unless the opposition unite better. A certain class who owe everything to Mr Gladstone, or who hope to get something from him, stick to him.

The commoners take that side because they hope from his promises to obtain more power. If you offer a thing, commonly considered pleasant and desirable, to any person, he will be likely to take it, though he might not have asked for it. Changes are to be treated with the greatest caution, and only granted when really desired and needed.

It is nonsense to say the country longs unconsciously for the Radical reforms that are turning up now. They are simply baits. I say nothing about their merits or de-merits, but simply that there is no feeling in the country like that which animated sober, quiet men at the time of the Reform Bill or repeal of the Corn Laws. Doubtless times have changed, but Englishmen are still Englishmen, and if they want a thing they will ask for it.

As for the House of Commons, it is not likely to be much looked-up-to while scenes, sometimes disgraceful, sometimes silly and childish, take place within its walls, and as for a man being an MP, there are all kinds of people that. Some of the greatest rascals in the country are in Parliament.

Saturday, July 12th. Papa and mamma went to a Ball at the Millais' a week or two since. There was an extraordinary mixture of actors, rich Jews, nobility, literary, etc. Du Maurier had been to the Ball the week before, and Carrie Millais said they thought they had seen him taking sketches on the sly. Oscar Wilde was there. I thought he was a long lanky melancholy man, but he is fat and merry. His only peculiarity was a black choker instead of a

shirt-collar, and his hair in a mop. He was not wearing a lily in his button hole, but, to make up for it, his wife had her front covered with great water-lilies.

Monday, July 28th. Papa has been photographing old Gladstone this morning at Mr Millais'. The old person is evidently a great talker if once started. Papa said he talked in a set manner as if he were making a speech, but without affectation. They kept off politics of course, and talked about photography. Mr Gladstone talked of it on a large scale, but not technically. What would it come to, how far would the art be carried, did papa think people would ever be able to photograph in colours?

He told several long stories of which the point was exceedingly difficult to find, including one about a photographer at Aberystwyth thirty years ago, how the working classes enjoyed looking at the photos in his window, and it occurred to them to get ones of their friends, but at this point, Mr Millais broke in with the request that Mr Gladstone would sit still for a moment.

Then they talked about the judges and people they knew, and about Mr Bright going to Ouess'. The principal subject of his conversation with Mr Millais was about the election of a new master of Eton which is coming off today.

He was very inclined to talk, but it interrupted the painting. He did not seem conceited, nor yet difficult to manage like Mr Bright is when being taken. He was sitting in a gorgeous arm chair which was taken by Captain James from Arabi's tent at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. How that surprising person Captain James managed in the confusion of conflict to carry off a heavy, Belgian, highly-ornamented arm-chair, is as extraordinary as the manner in which he won the Victoria Cross at the same battle.

Before he left for the war old Bill the homeopathic chemist made him a seasonable present in the shape of a case of plaster. General Wills happened to be the only commander wounded in the battle, and young James who was near him stuck a piece of plaster on his shoulder. In reward for this incident both plasterer and plastered received a Cross.

Papa thinks the portrait promises very well. There have been three sittings.

I am eighteen today. How time does go. I feel as if I had been going on such a time. How must grandmamma feel - What funny notions of life I

used to have as a child! I often thought of the time when I should be eighteen - its a queer business -

BUSH HALL

Friday, August 1st. Came to Bush Hall August 1, taken till the end of October for twenty-five guineas a week. Also we have a little carriage and pony, the latter aged sixteen is the neatest daisy-cropper I ever saw, and cost £6. It is the first opportunity I have had of learning to drive, like it very much, had no misfortune yet.

Have a piece of private trout fishing in the Lea, which goes past the back-door at four or five yards distance from the house. It is very picturesque, but sometimes smells shocking when the Miller at Bocket clears his dam, which appears to be once or twice a week.

The house is an extraordinary scrambling old place, red brick, two and three stories, tiled, ivied, with little attic windows, low rooms and long passages. I like old houses, and for the summer this will be all very well, but it must be uncommonly damp in winter. It has been much added to, but parts are probably as old as Hatfield House.

There is nothing of interest in the way of panelling or chimney pieces as there is in so many old houses about here. How much better the brick work used to be than now, there is scarcely a house in the neighbourhood which is not very old. The old part at Camfield, which was mostly pulled down when my grandfather built the new, was an immense age, and the manor existed in the middle-ages.

All this part and the house belongs to Lord Salisbury, and is leased by our worshipful landlord Mr Kendall. There are numerous little things in which the Kendalls have not behaved nicely to us, the main one being that they carefully cleared the garden before leaving, and that the gardener does not give us a fair share of what is left. Papa bought everything, but told Mr Kendall that he might sell (that is his custom) what we do not want, but Mr Kendall has got hold of the wrong end and sells almost everything, and grumblingly gives us the leavings.

Lord Salisbury does not find that horsepower answers very well, so he employs three or four traction engines and a troupe of very fine donkeys. The former are most dangerous on the roads, and the latter are rather surprising, they are so large. Imagine suddenly meeting round a corner a

tall, long-legged and eared donkey, wearing a muzzle and looking very ferocious, dragging at a hand gallop a light cart, in which are wedged the fat gardeners taking precedence on the road from the proud notice on the cart. *Robert, Marquis of Salisbury, No. 16.*

It is extraordinary how liberal his Lordship is with his Park. The public walk and drive in most parts, even close to the house. Earl Cowper does the same, it must be one disadvantage of living at a great place. We had a touch of it at Wray.

The Kendalls have left castor-oil in a locked cupboard on the stairs. If there is a smell I dislike it is castor-oil. Lady John Manners used to eat it as a regular thing in her potatoes at dinner, I believe from liking it, but old Sir William Gull gives it that way to his patients.

Tuesday, September 30th. It seems they will not give a child Christian burial at Hatfield unless it has been baptized. I believe it is still a common superstition that a child goes to the wrong place unless baptized. How can anyone believe that the power above us - call it Jehovah, Allah, Trinity, what they will - is a just and merciful father, seeing the end from the beginning, and will yet create a child, a little rosebud, the short-lived pain and joy of its mother's heart, only to consign it after a few days of innocence to eternal torment?

All outward forms of religion are almost useless, and are the cause of endless strife. What do Creeds matter, what possible difference does it make to anyone today whether the doctrine of the resurrection is correct or incorrect, or the miracles, they don't happen nowadays, but very queer things do that concern us much more. Believe there is a great power silently working all things for good, behave yourself and never mind the rest.

Saturday, October 4th. Saw the eclipse of the moon splendidly on Sat. 4th. First I ever saw.

Phyllis remembered the turning down to Woodfield perfectly well the first time she passed it after ten months' absence. It is extraordinary how some horses notice. Poor Snowdrop, who was rather lazy, could scarcely be induced to pass my grandmother's in Palace Gardens.

If one thing in nature can be said to be more perfect than another, I should say a fine horse is among the most striking. It is such a pleasure to watch the mare going, her tail whisking with satisfaction, her neck curved,

her ears cocked knowingly forward, her feet lifted like a circus-horse to music. No fear of her shying or falling going down hill, she swings along with long steady strides, and when she sees a hill she takes the bit in her teeth, tucks in her chin and just tears at it. She goes faster up hill than on the flat, she has so much spirit. She would never take a whipping, I should almost as much expect one myself.

Extraordinary and wonderful intelligence, the *greenery yallery Grosvenor fellow* has come to an end. The premises have become a carriage-shop. What will become of the wretched greeneries I cannot imagine!

They may well be more sickly than ever, for they have the prospect of extinction before them. I am sorry for them, but it is quite time they died. When one comes to consider the other summer exhibitors, I don't think after all there will be much loss to the public. The only important artist who seems to drop out is Mr Watts. Millais, Herkomer, Bell, Oules, Alma-Tadema, all exhibit at the Academy, and it is a strong proof against the objections continually raised against that Institution's choice of pictures, that its rival can disappear without any loss to the public.

The new Institution will receive the small artists, and as to Mr Watts, I believe he is all humbug, he draws shockingly, has hardly any colour, and is given to thieving; they say he will not sell his picture - 'sour grapes'.

The unfortunate part of the Gallery's end is the stop put to the Winter Exhibitions there. They were to have had Gainsborough this winter on the same plan as the Reynolds one. Of course the Reynolds illustrated catalogue must have disappeared too. I should think the etchings must have been commenced though.

I have got something here which I have often wished for but never before attained, any amount of beautiful white clay under a bit of the river bank. I wish I had found it earlier in the summer.

It is all the same, drawing, painting, modelling, the irresistible desire to copy any beautiful object which strikes the eye. Why cannot one be content to look at it? I cannot rest, I must draw, however poor the result, and when I have a bad time come over me it is a stronger desire than ever, and settles on the queerest things, worse than queer sometimes. Last time, in the middle of September, I caught myself in the back yard making a careful and admiring copy of the swill bucket, and the laugh it gave me brought me round.

Sunday, October 12th. This day last year, how time moves and what it brings! So cold and stormy, and yet such gleams of peace and light making the darkness stranger and more dreary. How will it end for me?

LONDON

Sunday, October 26th. If the next year takes away as many dear faces it will bring death very near home. How strange time is looking back! A great moving creeping something closing over one object after another like rising water.

The Northern suburbs seem to be quite frequently afflicted by raging elephants. The last escaped, jammed itself in a lane where the frightened inhabitants gave it an unlimited supply of buns to keep it from knocking down the houses.

When we came home from the station on Thursday through Marylebone, we were surprised to find policemen moving on and turning off the traffic, amongst great excitement. Supposed there was a riot, that being the ordinary cause of excitement now, but it seems a horrid human head and then some limbs had been found in a back street.

PORTSMOUTH

Monday, November 10th. Left Eastbourne 10.5 Monday morning 10th. November 84, and arrived at Portsmouth at half past one. I had never been here, or along the coast before.

Thought the country very pretty and exceedingly rich, reminding me of Devonshire. Among the Downs, before reaching Brighton, several ploughs were being drawn by big black oxen with brass-tipped horns. There appear to be great quantities of black cattle on the marshes, but I see comparatively few of the celebrated Southdown sheep, and those few are penned on turnips. Never saw richer crops of turnips than about Arundel.

Goring and Arundel; unfortunately the mist almost hid the Castle at the latter place, but we passed several picturesque churches, notably Shoreham with a Norman tower, Chichester Cathedral, and Porchester Castle. The Forts round Portsmouth struck me as being very low, which is said to be conducive to strength. It is a singular thing that Portsmouth is the only English town which is strongly fortified.

On leaving the Station I was first struck by the poorness of the streets, the quantity of timber yards, and tricycles and the scarcity of soldiers and sailors, however, the last have become plentiful.

After wanderings in a Fly we finally settled the Queens Hotel which seems comfortable, a queer old house with mountainous floors. An ironclad is anchored opposite, and this evening the electric light has been dodging off it round the coast, the sea, and the sky, in a most erratic manner.

Went in the afternoon to a landing place whence we saw the old warships *St Vincent*, *Victory*, and *Duke of Wellington* at anchor in the middle of the channel. They look immense and very picturesque, which I should think they are not, to judge by the one opposite, though it is a great size; but there is a most odious mist hiding everything. How easy they must have been to hit!

A buoy opposite marks the sinking of the *Royal George*, at which one of the few survivors was a little child who clung to the wool of a sheep which swam ashore.

In the High Street was a charming bird-shop where they had a most incredible number of dormice in two cages. I don't believe they were dormice, too large by three or four sizes. Am considering how it would be possible to convey some home. Only saw one curiosity-shop with only old china, which is very interesting and to my taste, but not my purse.

Wonder why that bust of Charles I put up on his return from his Spanish courting has never been broken. Blake must have stared at it many a time.

Signs of a little wooden midshipman and Red Indian (tobacco), dirty old back-streets, suggestive of the press-gang. Extraordinary boxes for carrying admirals' cocked-hats, also several shops with curious musical instruments. Quite a flourishing Unitarian Chapel abounding in tombstones opposite the house where Buckingham was murdered.

Quantity of convicts working, several warders on wooden platforms with guns. Scotch soldiers and men-of-war men, very strong and serviceable looking, much sturdier looking and more sensibly dressed than the soldiers, except perhaps the Highlanders.

Tuesday, November 11th. Still misty unfortunately, but no rain. Morning, went by tram and, after several changes and considerable amusement from the company, we reached the Docks.

While still a considerable distance from the stopping place the tram-steps were lowered by a most determined-looking short, broad, close-shaven seafaring party with an oily black curl twisted over each ear, who planted himself on the steps, whence he looked down on his numerous fellows in the street with the contemptuous air of a man who has made a conquest.

I saw we were in for it, and, before we descended, papa had capitulated to the seafaring gentleman who marched us along the pier across the railway, facing round every few steps to see that his prey had not escaped.

At the pier-end was a broad, yellow-whiskered man, who, in obedience to the mute and mysterious signs of his superior delivered at about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile distance, had brought round a large old boat resembling a tub, into which we were put as prisoners, not without difficulty owing to the swell from two or three of the small steamers and tugs which seem positively to swarm here.

I didn't care tuppence for the water, but I was oppressed by the doubt of how the men-of-war were to be mounted, having completely forgotten the stairs, of which I must have seen drawings.

When once we were fairly captured the naval gentleman suddenly relented and became very communicative, and took us a very pleasant row to the *Victory*. I think this ship was one of the most picturesque sights imaginable, particularly from close under the stairs — looking up at the queer little portholes, and the end like a quaint carved old house. It struck me as being a great height and width, both from within and without, but not very long.

We went on the fighting deck, an extraordinary long deck which would be under water when the ship was freighted, and looked down into the hold, which extends twenty-three feet under the water. Its decks were very clean and roomy, with very few coils of rope or furniture of any kind to cumber them. The cracks between the floor boards were filled with pitch. The low beams, supports and sides were whitewashed, and very steep oak steps in the middle of the ship led from one deck to another.

On the top deck was the spot where Nelson fell, the barge which brought his body to London and several of the original twenty-four pounders, and some old flint guns and a curious case for carrying bullets. Only four of the original cannon are on board, as all the rest were thrown overboard to lighten the ship after the battle, as she was partially full of water.

Down below we saw the original fore topsail torn, with big holes. I thought the most interesting place was a very low deck above the hold, which would be below the water if the ship was in action. At each side of the deck were railed enclosures which I took for loose boxes, but which were cabins. To one of these Lord Nelson was carried, and died with his head against a beam.

There was a poor portrait of him on deck, and a very good picture in the officer's cabin, painted by one Mr Davis, one of the ship's officers. I was surprised to find that the only personal relics preserved there were two letters, one written before he lost his right hand, the other afterwards. We were shown over by a Marine.

Again looked upon those dormice. Would they carry in a biscuit canister? They are grievously afflicted with tickles. Bought some coins at a jewellers, it was mamma's doing. I would never buy them at a jewellers, even with my relation's money. It greatly detracts from the enjoyment of a purchase if you have paid an exorbitant price.

Went along the beach in the afternoon. Southsea Castle is very strong, but why so unprotected on the land?

Wednesday, November 12th. Wednesday morning we again set off in the tram, and were duly captured by the nautical gentleman who was more condescending, but took it out in a still larger exaction.

Port smoother than ever, though sometimes too rough for small boats, but unfortunately the same fog. Rowed up towards the *Excellent*, passing on the way a ship which we had seen coming in during the morning, the *Poonah*, a troop ship hired by the Government, having white officers and a black crew.

I never saw such an immense ship, we seemed as if we should never get to the other end. There was a fat brown-man in a white nightgown and turban. The ship was of a most elegant shape, but as the seaman remarked, she looked as if she would roll a great deal.

The sailors were doing something to the ropes of the *Seahorse*, swarming up and down with their bare feet, and hanging on like monkeys. We could see the top of the *Euphrates* lying in the docks.

We got up on board the *Excellent* which was beautifully clean as usual, and a striking contrast to the two other ships, full of sailors. What funny people they are, like children, tumbling over one another singing, and one

playing gravely with the ship's cat. Fine handsome men, and very civil. They were just beginning ten minutes for lunch, and as we went up some steps we were nearly run over by some twenty or thirty tearing along. I would think sailors never have sorrows, I did not see a single grave one.

The first thing to look at was the big tub for grog, we also saw the cooking and mess-rooms and store-place, all of which seem very well regulated, also the ship's tailor with his sewing machine, and the ropes in the course of twisting by an ingenious machine.

We crossed by a gangway to the second ship, the *Calcutta*, which is included in the title *Excellent*, and considered as the same ship. We had a very civil and intelligent guide who explained everything, and showed how the guns worked. There were the rifles in stands, with swords which fitted to them as a bayonet, and the Gatling gun, whose five barrels fire at once by turning a wheel, and load themselves from a box above, throwing away the empty cartridges, also the Nordenfelt (?) guns of the same kind.

The sailors were being taught to work the big guns on two decks. On the upper the guns worked most ingeniously on runners, but the older ones had to be pulled round with ropes amid great confusion and tumbling. The teachers were very sharp, and kept the men always on the move.

One gunner made a mistake and was reproved at full length. The class became suddenly serious, and the head delinquent looked as if he was going to cry. They fired some caps, which made quite sufficient noise to be agreeable.

Came home Wednesday 12th.

LONDON

Wednesday, November 19th. Went with papa and mamma to Cutter's shop near British Museum to look for a cabinet. Most singular dried-up but pepperish old gentleman Mr Cutter, like one of the specimens in his dusty shop-window. Brisk, thin, long white hair, thin red face, necktie awry to an extraordinary extent. Old and musty from head to foot, with spectacles, he moved about among the piled-up lumber and curiosities and old bones of his shop like a wood-louse diving in and out of a rotten log.

New cabinets cost more than Mr Cutter could express, 'Good Lord! Gracious! Pound a drawer!' and old ones are rather surprising as to price.

I was amused beyond expression to see mamma rapidly opening drawer after drawer to see if it was clean, suddenly come to one full of human bones, 'who's feared of boggarts'. A bone leg set out on wire, skulls everywhere, and the little dust-dried old man who told us how much he paid in rates, fussing about.

A few weeks ago the officials at King's Cross Station were amazed to hear the big clock strike 'one' at twenty past four. On someone's going to the tower stair the door was found locked on the inside. At last a painter managed to crawl along the roofs and gutters so as to approach the clock on the other side.

To his surprise he heard voices within, and peering through discovered three little boys, the eldest being twelve, who were calmly breaking the works for mischief. They had gone up after pigeons.

Friday, November 28th. Went out with papa. First to the French Gallery in the Tate, where there is a very fair collection of pictures with very little rubbish, chief being landscapes and sketch by Heffner, a young man whom Wallace has picked up. The large pictures are striking, the distant sky in particular, but they are a trifle sketchy.

Large Holl, of woman pawning her wedding-ring. Wonder why Holl's subjects are so much better than his portraits? Not much colour in this, but not smudgy or ill-drawn. Several Leaders, hard as sticks, and one small Corot. There is an extraordinary rage at present for Millets and sundry realistic pictures.

The daubs of melancholy, wooden peasants which one sees in the smaller exhibitions are dreadful. I have never seen a Millet, or a Corot before this one, and after what papa has said I was agreeably surprised with it. I think the smudgy slovenliness is affectation, but it was the best drawn landscape there.

Went on to the National Gallery and enjoyed myself exceedingly. How large it is! I was rather surprised at the selection of pictures which I had remembered. I wonder what governs a child's perception? I remembered more of the Turners than any others. Clearest of all the *Building of Carthage*, of which I am sure I have seen no engraving.

Swarms of young ladies painting, frightfully for the most part, O dear, if I was a boy and had courage! We did not see a single really good copy. They are as flat and smooth as ditch-water. The drawing as a rule seems

pretty good, but they cannot have the slightest eye for colour. I always think I do not manage my paint in that respect, but what I have seen today gives me courage, in spite of depression caused by the sight of the wonderful pictures.

What I am troubled by is the inability to control my medium, but these copyists, content to work greasily with camel hair brushes, paint with the greatest facility, and yet can't colour in the least. If I could govern my paint I'd go better. Age imparts to pictures a peculiar glow and mellowness, varying in different pictures from green or yellow to orange, the first being the commonest, but, the stronger the green tint of age, the more persistently do these young ladies apply a kind of sickly chocolate which they seem to have caught from one another. Their works certainly would be the better for going up the chimney a bit. I cannot understand it, and they have such perfect self reliance, uncertainty always makes the colours muddy.

What marvellous pictures the Turners are! I think *Ulysses and Polyphemus* is the most wonderful in the gallery. Well might Turner despise fame and wealth with such a world in his brain, and yet his end was hastened by drink. What a mixture of height and depth!

Mr Gladstone's health and vigour is said to be owing to his chewing every mouthful thirty-two times, but Mr Millais who has been staying there says they eat faster than he, which is saying a good deal. Disraeli, looking at Mr Gladstone's portrait by Millais in the Academy, remarked there was just one thing in the face which Millais had not caught, that was the vindictiveness.

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1885

LONDON

Saturday, January 24th. Intense anxiety about General Stewart's army from which there is no news whatever. They say, if none comes within twenty-four hours, there will be great risk that he has been cut to pieces.

And a serious dynamite explosion on the top of this. My father says the country is going to the deuce, and his spirits get worse and worse. One explosion indeed! three! How is it they always come on a Saturday! The *Observer* must make a fortune by them. This is the first time they have happened by daylight. Before, there has always been gas extinguished.

It seems to me that the most serious damage is the shaking to the roof of Westminster Hall. The damage in the House of Commons is between twelve and fifteen thousand pounds, but of course that is modern work and can be restored. Even Westminster Bridge was shaken, and passengers, before the sound reached them, thought it was an earthquake.

It has always been asserted for some reason that there was no dust on the ancient oak boards of Westminster Hall, but on the contrary, the floor was two or three inches deep with it. People will be afraid to go sight-seeing soon. Visitors at the Tower do not bargain for a taste of the horrors of war.

Some odd things happened in the House, which Radicals who are still touched by the ancient Tory failing, superstition, will treasure up. A shield bearing a crown and Irish harp was blown from the Peers' Gallery on to the seats occupied by the Home Rulers. Mr Bradlaugh's seat was hurled along the House till it touched Mr Gladstone's.

The Tories on the other hand do not fail to remark that the opposition side of the House was scarcely damaged. Mr Gladstone and Bright's seats were destroyed, the Speaker's chair broken.

It is rumoured that the damage is greater than outsiders are informed of. The police maintain a prudent silence, the dynamiters, as is always their way, threaten larger damage. A second gunpowder plot, but I don't suppose the 24th of January will be kept as a second Guy Fawkes. Such things were less common in the 17th century!

Thursday, February 5th. Awful news just sent from Egypt, Khartoum fallen, Gordon a prisoner, Sir Charles Wilson and part of the army blocked up under heavy fire and probably without provisions. O, if some lunatic had shot old Gladstone twelve months since. It is too dreadful to believe, what will foreigners say? Surely our cowardly Cabinet who are responsible for it will go down? Great excitement in town, great sale of newspapers.

Saturday, February 21st. General Buller being surrounded in the desert. Greatest excitement in town over the probability of war with Russia. Times are awful. Father says we shall have the taxes $\frac{1}{2}$ crown in a pound and conscription. I don't think we shall have the latter, I have not a high opinion of my fellow men, but I believe, if old England were in straits, her children would rise of their own accord.

The Colonies are showing the greatest enthusiasm, the troops most eager, and several people have subscribed over a thousand pounds each towards the expenses. It is incredible that the government should have hesitated a moment in accepting their help. It seems to me England's only hope lies in her Colonies, and what with Russian and German, and French and Italian encroachments, they are not as safe as they might be.

There is scarcely a night without the news-criers come round the silent streets, sometimes after ten o'clock. Their voices echo and answer one another, and the wind howls in the chimneys. Things of evil omen, who ever heard of them proclaiming good tidings?

I saw a most extraordinary tricycle pass today. A bath chair made of wicker work in which reclined a smart lady, and behind, where one should push, a gentleman treadling, puffing and blowing and looking very sheepish. I wonder any one will make such an exhibition of themselves. How the bicycles swarm now, and yet a few years since, every one turned round to stare at a *velocipede*!

Monday, March 2nd. Went to Eastbourne Sat till Mon. 2nd. Went over to Pevensey Castle, Sunday. We could not go into the Keep as 'Visitors are requested not to walk on the grass *on Sundays*'. It is most surprisingly large and interesting. I found scented violets which I never did before, and it struck me as a curious coincidence that they are supposed to have been introduced by the Romans, as also the rose.

Holman Hunt's picture of the *Flight into Egypt* is at the Fine Arts in Bond Street, creating a certain languid excitement. He has been working at the subject seven years. The first was only on calico because he had no canvas, and broke down under the weight of the paint. He says his colour-man disappointed him, they say he forgot to give the order.

He is pitied as an unsuccessful man some way. He has a very large family. I should imagine not a very cheerful disposition, and his art cannot possibly repay the time spent on it. Whatever one may think of his work, one must respect the man, amongst the crowds of painters who dish off vulgar pictures to sell - Mr Millais might well remark, here is poor Hunt been seven years at his picture, and I shall finish mine in seven weeks.

Sunday, March 15th. Saw Oscar Wilde and his wife just going into the Fine Arts to see the Holman Hunt. He is not peculiar as far as I noticed, rather a fine looking gentleman, but inclined to stoutness. The lady was strangely dressed, but I did not know her in time to see well.

Saturday, March 28th. A lamentable falling off. Had my few remaining locks clipped short at Douglas's. Draughty. My hair nearly all came off since I was ill. Now that the sheep is shorn, I may say without pride that I have seldom seen a more beautiful head of hair than mine. Last summer it was very thick and within about four inches of my knees, being more than a yard long.

There are signs that the domestic animals are revolting. From Holborn comes news that one Mr Ashton, returning home, discovered his black tom had two visitors in the passage, whom Mr Ashton proceeded to eject, but all three set on him, and after a violent struggle Mr Ashton was driven precipitously out at the front door, and fell into the arms of two policemen who took him to the hospital.

On their return, they found old Mrs Ashton the mother had retreated into the back drawing-room badly scratched, and she also was conveyed to the hospital. The two policemen returned a second time and had a tremendous battle, in which one cat jumped on the leading policeman's helmet. However, the two strangers were killed at last. Unfortunately the blackie leader took warning and escaped through a back window, since which a large body of cats are said to have been seen moving towards Oxford Street.

I don't consider cats thoroughly domesticated animals. I have twice been attacked by two which had not kittens, when trying to turn them out of the garden. Once I retreated at full speed, the other time I had a most unpleasant fight with a heavy walking stick.

There is a story told of a well dressed woman in Paris who was summoned by her landlord on account of the mysterious disappearance of a clock. She was very indignant at the charge when before the magistrate, but the clock settled the question by suddenly striking twelve inside her bustle. There is an advertisement of a crinoline 'warranted not to waggle'.

AMBLESIDE

Saturday, April 11th. Came to Laurel Villa, Ambleside, Mrs Clark, nth.

Thursday, April 16th. Drove up Langdale Valley. Saw Dungeon Ghyll, which is more striking than I expected. Saw also the attempted revival of linen hand-weaving at St Martin's Cottage, Elterwater, under the superintendence of old Ruskin, Fleming, and an energetic lady named Miss Twelves.

It is doubtless a great resource for poor women in the dales, and will sell as a curiosity, but the linen is infinitely coarser than that our great grandmothers wove, and its durability is more due to honest bleaching than to the hand-loom. A pretty little girl was spinning at a great rate.

The mother of Mrs Clark, of this lodging, had the farm at Rydal, and was very familiar with the Wordsworths, particularly the old lady. Wordsworth is always referred to as *the poet* in these parts, and local tradition says Dorothy Wordsworth was the greater poet of the two.

For some years before her death she was subject to fits of madness, which her brother could generally control. During these, though a pious and sensible lady, she used to swear like a dragoon. She had a craze for putting her clothes on the fire, and they at last got a fender up to the ceiling.

She left a great many of Wordsworth's furniture and odds and ends, such as a large clothes horse, to Mrs Clark's mother.

What a strange chance! a blind beggar with a very pretty wife. The autograph of Tam o'Shanter has lately been sold in London for £150.

The native manners in this village are very amusing. The volunteers went off one morning in buses to a Review, commanded by an officer in

spectacles. First a sword dropped out, and one bus stopped to pick it up. Then when they were fairly started, down rushed a fat little man from the town, completing his toilet as he ran, amidst cries of 'stop for Billy'. There were numerous young women in the party. All behaved very well, but what they would do under fire is another thing. Their band practised in a lonely pasture on the previous Saturday evening with picturesque effect.

The goods of widow Gibson, grocer, were sold by auction yesterday. As it was very wet all the gossips sat in the open windows, four or five apiece to the top of the house, while the auctioneer, standing on the furniture in the road, shouted up to them. I saw him sell a black coal scuttle (one of the leading articles) and with immense gesticulation, to Mrs Short, the greengrocer, at a 4th story window, the widow in weepers being on the first floor.

The hearse is a sight, I can say no more, a moving mausoleum with life-sized black sculptures.

Went to Ginnet's Travelling Circus. Very good, wonderful performing bull.

LONDON

Friday, May 1st. To Camfield on May Day. Oh the beautiful Spring! If one's spirit was assured to haunt birds' place, suicide in the duck pond might be worthy of consideration. Wild ducks nest.

Wednesday, May 6th. How is it these high-heeled ladies who dine out, paint and pinch their waists to deformity, can racket about all day long, while I who sleep o'nights, can turn in my stays, and dislike sweets and dinners, am so tired towards the end of the afternoon that I can scarcely keep my feet? It is very hard and strange, I wonder if it will always be so?

Friday, May 29th. I always thought I was born to be a discredit to my parents, but it was exhibited in a marked manner today. Since my hair is cut my hats won't stick on, and today being gusty, it must needs blow into the large fountain at the Exhibition, and drifted off to the consternation of my father, and the immense amusement of the spectators. We had to wait some time till the gutta-percha man was fetched and waded in to his chin for it.

It was of course too wet to put on, but as it was fine I did not care, for it is one of the peculiarities of my nature that when there *is* anything to be shy about, I don't care in the least, and I caused a good deal of harmless amusement. If only I had not been with papa, he does not often take me out, and I doubt he will do it again for a time. The weather, which has been very cold, suddenly turned to hot summer.

For some time there has been a discussion of two and three columns in *The Times*, started by a *British Matron* about nude pictures. Nearly all the letters take the same sensible view, but the pepper of discussion is not necessary to keep up such a savoury subject.

I do not see the slightest objection to nude pictures as a class, nor are they necessarily in the least more indecent than clothed ones. Indeed the ostentatious covering of certain parts only, merely showing that the painter considers there is something which should be concealed, is far worse than pure unabashed nudity. The shame of nakedness is for the naked, not the observer, and the pictures cannot feel.

If there is a question, it is between the artist and his model. Some painters are much more unpleasant than others according to the realism of their art. The president is not more solid than a dream, but when Alma-Tadema paints a striking portrait of Mrs Alma-Tadema which you could put your hand into, it may be getting near the line.

Saturday, May 30th. Been somewhat lively this last week. Mr and Mrs Saunders went off for the Whit, week and left with the cook, a dirty doited little body, £12 to pay the books, which she put in the dresser drawer, and the *buttons* abstracted. All this is sad, but the sequel is absurd. The *buttons* became drunk, bought two revolvers, put part of the money up the pantry chimney and buried the rest in the back garden. This singular behaviour having attracted attention, he is imprisoned for six months. It is the second misfortune the Saunders have had with their servants. The wicked might say it is a reaction from the prayer meetings.

Also (2), last Saturday night, between twelve and one, being moonlight, the neighbourhood was awakened by a female who need not fear to walk the streets by night, seeing that in seven minutes she can summon as many *Bull's-eyes* from a radius of half a mile.

This presumed distressed female in the back lane, suddenly set up piercing and continuous shrieking with strangely powerful lungs. My father

woke suddenly, bounced out of bed to the window, and acted upon by the sudden rising and sympathetic emotion, exclaimed 'Dear me, I feel faint,' and bounced into bed again, while mamma humped out at the other side. Meanwhile the screaming was something awful, and all the windows along the row were opened, and police were hurrying up from distant beats.

They all enquired in chorus 'What's the matter, what's the matter, do be quiet and tell us my dear!' Whereat the distressed female screamed louder for the course of five minutes.

Some of the disturbed householders hadn't much sympathy for her, for the voice of Mr Benjamin H. Bounce was heard from an upper chamber of Number 2, 'When are you going to take that precious woman away?' His sentiments were correct, for next morning on enquiry, she proved to be a French woman who had been visiting a sister servant at one of the houses, got drunk, been turned out and set up this noise for which she deserved the lock-up.

Wednesday, June 3rd. Heard Strauss' band at the Exhibition. They play most divinely. The papers do not praise them quite so strongly as they might, as there is great jealousy of a foreign band. I do not think they play the more ambitious music as well as Godfrey's band, but the dance music is perfect.

I never saw anything more amusing than Herr Eduard Strauss conducting. As the tune opens out he rises more and more on his tiptoe, and finally revolves fairly dancing, whereat I do not wonder. He is a dark, stout little man, with a large forehead, very fine mouth, curly hair, moustache and imperial. He has the most extraordinary control over his band. They say his head and hand are in direct communication with every member of the band.

They are about fifty, one being a lady, the harpist. It is a peculiar medley of violins, trumpets, harp, symbols, triangle, tambourine, drum, and the thing which makes most noise and which I supposed to be a trumpet, but is a large slab of thin iron which is struck like a gong.

Every now and then Strauss seizes the fiddle, and still dancing and occasionally waving his bow, winks over the edge at performers who are not sufficiently alive. The only fault was that the pieces were so short, but he was always called back, once three times. The reason for his great compliance was that Count Munster, and a pretty German daughter sitting

in the front rank, were applauding enthusiastically, to whom Herr Strauss bowed and recommenced.

We had old Mrs Gibson of Walthamstow and her husband. Her father Mr Cogan, the Unitarian minister, kept a school to which Lord Beaconsfield went, and I believe the old lady is in the habit of telling stories about him, how he used to keep the boys awake half the night romancing.

KESWICK

Friday, July 10th. Came to Lingholm, Keswick, Cumberland, 10th July. Papa quite sorry to leave the Exhibition and *Mein lieber Eduard Strauss*.

My education finished 9th. July. Whatever moral good and general knowledge I may have got from it, I have retained no literal rules. I don't believe I can repeat a single line of any language. I have liked my last governess best on the whole — Miss Carter had her faults, and was one of the youngest people I have ever seen, but she was very good-tempered and intelligent.

I regret German very much, history I can read alone, French is still going on, the rules of geography and grammar are tiresome, there is no general word to express the feelings I have always entertained towards arithmetic.

Sunday, August 16th. August 16th being Sunday, five Keswick men and one from Penrith went to Lodore Hotel to drink, and coming back at 8 o'clock, dusk, began fighting, upset the boat, and they were drowned. The Hotel has a very bad name. Keswick roughs have a regular habit of getting drunk there every Sunday, and Saturday too.

Those drowned were John Gill, Thomas Lightfoot, and Harry Mitchell. They belonged to the lowest set in the town, and will not be missed, but unfortunately the catastrophe has had no effect on the survivors, they were fighting in Keswick within an hour after. They and all the roughs and idle in the place have been dragging day and night since, the weather being fortunately calm, and the moon growing to the full.

One man struck the other and fell out, the other overturned the boat trying to reach him. One swam ashore, two others and the little dog got in the boat, the other three went down, and sixteen or twenty boats have been 'trolling since, but had nearly given up hope by Tuesday night, the bottom being muddy and varying suddenly from ten to twenty-four feet.

They also dived - but on Saturday night, two boys who thought they would have a try, brought up a body at the first drag. It came up like a cork, caught by the flaps of the coat. The Board of Health has taken up the matter I am glad to say. It is most horrible having those things under the water, we hardly like to go up the lake.

There have been many drownings on this lake, but invariably caused by drink. The landlord of the Derwentwater Hotel at Portinscale went out with another man, both drunk, and both drowned. Twenty-two years later to the very day, his son and one of the others went out in a similar condition, and the son fell out of the boat near Fawe Park where the butler heard a scuffle, but thought but little of it at the time. The other returned, sat down in a chair remarking casually, 'Oh me, someone was drowned.' He was too bad to say more, but people at the Inn hurried out and found the body standing where the butler heard the noise, with hardly an inch of water over the head. Bodies are always upright, on their head or feet.

Another recent misfortune was with three drunkards going to this same Lodore Hotel when it was rather rough. They rowed so hard at the waves that they filled their boat with water, but in spite of the entreaties of the steersman who was sober, they refused to land, out of bravado, so he left the boat and swam to St Herbert's Isle, whence he saw them drown. There was also a cheap tripper on a Saturday, but the list is endless.

It is a terrible place for drink, there were two in the lock-ups last Saturday, one a woman. Every fourth Saturday is the worst, when the miners are paid all their earnings and go to the gin shop.

The lake is very rough sometimes, great white waves, but one never hears of misfortunes then. Sensible people keep off it. When this happened it was a most lovely evening, warm and sultry, not a breeze of wind. The sunset was still fiery in the west and south, the moon was rising, the reflections of the great blue mountains lay broad and motionless in the water, undisturbed save now and then by the ripple of a passing boat. East, south and north, the blue mountains with their crimson crests towered up against a clear blue heaven, flecked with little white fleecy clouds. Westwards the thunder clouds came rolling across the fire; yet under such a sky, and amidst such peace and calm, one hears shouting and drunken voices singing 'hold the fort' in a variety of discords.

Next morning the boatmen are 'trolling up and down with fish hooks fast to a board, and down below the water lilies, among the greedy pike, there is

a man, the highest and lowest in the scale of creation. The last body was caught on the Sunday, when was also half a pig's head which they had stolen at the Inn. The parents of one man were both drunk at the funeral.

Tuesday, August 25th. Went to Buttermere by Grange, Honister, and back by Newlands. Extraordinary and striking drive, but one to make one thankful to see a field of corn; an awful road. Never knew what jolting was before, three of party, including self, excessively ill following night; recommend said excursion as a cure for colic.

Monday, September 7th. Letter to my father from Aunt Mary announcing Kate's engagement to one Captain Crookshank, who has been in the Army, is now a Stockbroker 'by no means rich', not a word about his religion, friends, or age. One should not judge before one hears all the case, but this sounds a silly business if nothing worse. They are to marry next month, and are going to live in a furnished house in the suburbs, where, as Kate ingeniously puts it, the pleasures of town and country life will be combined.

Aunt Mary has not a particle of sense, but I can't understand the girl not having more self-pride or ambition. What would your old grandfather have said, he would have been horrified. Father is grieved and exasperated to tears. Kate and Blanche were almost like his own daughters a few years since. It was very foolish of Aunt Mary to make no fuss and stop Capt. Crookshank looking after them and taking them out. If he had a beautiful daughter like Kate there is no doubt he could marry her very well, he is intimate with all the rich and respectable Unitarians' families, or if ambitious, he could easily take her into fashionable society. I know he took Kate to Lord John Manners among other places, and she made a great impression.

Not that I in the least consider position or wealth as the great objects of life, though I am sure they are more necessary to Kate's happiness than they would be for mine. Too much money is an evil in most hands, but too little is a sore trial to one extravagantly brought up. Fortunately Kate's £10,000 was tied up by my grandfather in such a manner that her husband cannot meddle with it, but what is £350 a year to a girl who dresses as she does. Love in a cottage is sentimental, but the parties must be very pleasing to each other to make it tolerable.

I can't say that I'm surprised at this business, I thought she would marry someone fast, but this is a poor affair. If he were in the Army even, he might rise. If ghosts are disturbed by after events, grandfather will turn in his grave, he will have little rest, there is a curse on this family. If this is what beauty leads to, I am well content to have a red nose and shorn head, I may be lonely, but better that than an unhappy marriage.

LONDON

Friday, October 9th. Came home to London 9th. Papa brought Bobby the pony, my one satisfaction.

I was quite struck with the changed feeling on getting into the flat Midlands. I found myself continually looking at the sky, which happened to be particularly fine and stormy, as an old long lost friend. It is such a comfort not to be shut in with great frowning hills.

Here in London it is worse with houses, it is a horrid place. Saunders chimney afire when Elizabeth arrived, that nuisance recommencing.

Tuesday, October 13th. Went to Camfield 13th. My dear grandmamma very lively and delighted to see us, but shrunk into a wee old woman.

When we got home 9th., letter waiting from Aunt Mary announcing Blanche's engagement to Charlie Wrigley. Quite another matter to the other. Mother is sorry that he is her cousin, and enlarges on that subject to me so continually that I begin to think she desires particularly that I should be acquainted with her views on it; an unnecessary precaution at present.

Sunday, November 15th. Mr Millais came here 15th in the evening to get papa to photograph next morning. He seemed in good health and high spirits. 'I just want you to photograph that little boy of Effie's. I've got him you know, he's (cocking up his chin at the ceiling), he's like this, with a bowl and soap suds and all that, a pipe, it's called *A Child's World*, he's looking up, and there's a beautiful soap bubble; I can't paint you know, not a bit, (with his head on one side and his eyes twinkling) not a bit! I want just to compare it, I get this little thing (the photo of the picture) and I hold it in my hand and compare it with the life, and I can see where the drawing's wrong.'

‘How are you getting on with your drawing?’ My certes, I was rather alarmed, but he went to another subject in a second. He is a simple person in worldly affairs, he said to papa about the election, I supposed we’re all obliged to vote aren’t we?’

He addressed some most embarrassingly personal remarks to me, but compliments from him would take longer to turn my head than from any other source. If he sees a tolerably comely girl, he cannot keep his tongue still, and I am perfectly certain that when I was a child he used to tease me in order to see me blush.

Thursday, December 10th. Muzzling of dogs 10th. December. A most blessed change. Now, when I am set upon by three collies at once in the High Street, I simply smack them with my umbrella and laugh.

Thursday, December 31st. New Years Eve, or rather the last hours of 1885. How awful it seems at the end of a year to think it has actually passed into space never to return! Gone except its memories! Much bitterness and a few peaceful summer days. Oh life, wearisome, disappointing, and yet in many shades so sweet, I wonder why one is so unwilling to let go this old year? not because it has been joyful, but because I fear its successors - I am terribly afraid of the future. Some fears will inevitably be fulfilled, and the rest is dark - Peace to the old year, may the seed sown therein bear no bitter fruit!

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1886

Monday, February 1st.-30th. I went this afternoon with my mother to visit Lady Eastlake, the object of our visit being to fetch a drawing by one of her nieces which she had persuaded my father to buy.

I had never seen Lady Eastlake and had a great curiosity to do so, but must confess my expectations were rather damped beforehand by my mother's reluctance to call; according to her the old lady was a perfect dragon. I think the feeling that we were certain to find her at home may have added to it. One goes calling with much more assurance when one can reflect one's acquaintance may be out, but here, we reflected we were in for it, all the way through the old-fashioned ill-paved streets leading to Fitzroy Square.

The Square itself seemed old-fashioned, substantial and genteel, perhaps a trifle *passé* on a foggy day, but this afternoon the low winter sun slanted pleasantly between the chimney-tops, through the leafless plane trees, on the cheerful sparrows airing themselves along the grooves in the masonry, and also showed up the thick ancient dust upon the window panes.

The outside of number seven showed a solid good-sized house with a good doorway. One can generally judge a London house by the doorway. I noticed with much surprise the little green halfblinds in the dining-room windows like Venetian shutters, *stood*, not *hung*. They are common in the old houses at Carlisle, but I never saw them elsewhere.

The door was opened by Lady Eastlake's old butler, not *the* old one, but one as old as one can imagine. The first thing I noticed in the hall was a piece of Italian sculpture in low relief, graceful, headless, in dark grey stone, let into a mahogany frame or stand.

The old butler hurried up the steep staircase like a beetle. He turned out his feet at right angles; they were very large, or rather his shiny shoes were, I could not make out his feet, they were all knobs. I was much impressed by them as he went up before, two steps at a time.

I also noticed there was a piece of plain crêpe stretched up against the banisters. At the time I had a misty notion it had something to do with the late President, but, on reflection, I think it is because Lady Eastlake is so very large, that when she used to go up and down stairs she caught her dresses on the banisters.

The old man knocked at a door, and opening it at the same moment announced us.

I found myself in a large, light room, with large windows and a smaller drawing-room at the back. The walls were hung with Old Masters in dusty, heavy gilt frames, other pictures and drawings stood on the chairs. The tables were crowded with books and papers, above hung a great glass chandelier in a brown holland bag. There was a very handsome white marble chimney piece, another in the back parlour. The furniture was old-fashioned and covered with a faded chintz. There were a quantity of odds and ends, and casts, ancient and modern, one a Parian bust of Her Gracious Majesty.

Lady Eastlake was sitting in an armchair at the fire, the table being beside her. On the opposite side, as if a companion, was a large picture in a sort of case on an easel. Whether it was the genial weather or what, I know not, but Lady Eastlake seemed very pleasant. Mother said she was better than she'd ever seen her before! Perhaps she was less overpowering through being seated all the time.

She was writing on some large sheets of paper closely when we went in. She had on a black woollen gown trimmed with black lace, a lace cap, and a pair of most mysterious silver pins as large as skewers, stuck into the twist of her hair above the ears. I could not help looking at them all the time, I could not think what they were stuck into. Also, on her breast, was one yellow china primrose natural size, without any stalk, same as a button.

On the table lay her black cane with a crooked handle, a silver band and a sort of Indian ribbed nose. She was very pleasant, talked about the family, the weather, old servants. 'My butler had not been so long, at least not for this house, he has been about twelve or fourteen years. My coachman has been longer' (so have the horses thought I), 'A very nice man', laid up with something and another.

'I was very much distressed a year or two since, I lost an old housekeeper. I miss her still, she was in the house before we came, she couldn't read or write. I thought that showed she had belonged to a large family and sent to work early.'

'No, she did not seem to find it inconvenient, one or two other servants would always write her book. She learnt at last after she was fifty, an old butler left and she could not bring herself to ask the next. It was like copy book but it did very well.'

She began to talk about politics, 'I am very sad about things, very.' Speaking of Gladstone with much dislike, she admitted he had the power of talking people over. 'Oh that's the worst of him, no doubt, I wouldn't trust any one with him. I don't think he has as much conceit about his personal appearance as your friend Bright. I mean Bright would never go about in such a state of old clothes. I've been told by artists that he's very particular when he's being painted, about every thing and the position. But Gladstone talks away without even looking at the picture. He would not wear such collars if he cared what he looked like.'

'I don't think I've ever met him at dinner when he had not his cuffs all frayed; that's Mrs Gladstone. Oh yes, no doubt she's a terrible slut' (said Lady Eastlake with emphasis). 'A most untidy person. I believe Hawarden is a very dirty place, no punctuality, the meals any way. Mr Gladstone would not mind it if she hadn't her stockings on!'

Speaking of the Queen and Mr Gladstone, 'I'm told she says he doesn't even treat her as a lady.'

Speaking of the Salisbury family, 'When they were poor they used to live at the other side of the square there. At that time Lord Salisbury was earning his living by writing political articles. It was his principal income. Most of the children were born there.'

Lady Eastlake did not attempt to rise from her chair or couch, I could not see which it was as her feet were under the table. I asked to be allowed to step round the room to see the pictures. She remarked they were mostly Old Masters, 'difficult to understand'. Come, that's not a dragon, thought I.

She did not *say* anything about Art. I should have rather quaked had she begun, but should have listened with the greatest interest. I was thankful at the time, but rather sorry afterwards.

'That's a beautiful picture, a sweet face,' a woman or girl in medieval Italian costume, with her head on her hand. The face was very beautiful, the tone subdued. I thought it was a copy from an ancient picture, and very quakily enquired who it was by. However, she answered with perfect composure 'By Sir Charles Eastlake, my late husband. I always have one of his pictures out. I'm very fond of that one.' I thought it very beautiful (privately) and perfect in its line of art, the only fault I could find being that it was too large for the subject, over life-size. In this particular it formed a pendant to Lady Eastlake sitting on the other side of the fire. I had thought I

had seen the face before, but she said it had never been engraved. 'I think it is a lady whom he has often painted.'

We have stayed some twenty minutes. Lady Eastlake talks rather slowly and at times mumbles a little. I should think she soon gets tired. Her voice is rather deep.

I should not think she was ever handsome except from figure and carriage, and her face, sensible and strong minded, is not very pleasing, though her manner was cordial and kindly. Her hair and thick eyebrows were grey, green thoughtful eyes, and a firm mouth, a woman of strong passions and conscious of power and learning.

When we rose to go, 'Will you ring the bell, my dear? pull it out a long way.' Jonathan the little old man knocking and sticking in his head. 'Will you take two supplements from the bottom of the heap and wrap up the drawing.' John selected two whole sheets, though the drawing was small, laid them on, and, as no string appeared, held them on somewhat feebly, for *them* slipped off when he was half way down stairs. I noticed he descended two steps at a time as he had mounted.

So we departed, I much pleased with my visit.

Tuesday, February 9th. - Monday, 8th. The Riot: To think that I should live to see such a day. It is most terrible and alarming, for I do not see where it is to end while we have such rulers. We narrowly missed being in it.

I went with mother to the Stores at 3 o'clock in the Haymarket. Father met us there. He said there was a large Meeting in Trafalgar Square, and that some disturbance was feared, but we were quite comfortable and took our time.

As we went I had noticed a good many rough men and workmen going along Piccadilly, and considerable numbers were going across to go down St James's Street. I remember they kept dodging across under the horse's head.

We stayed a long time at the Stores, and started home about a quarter-to-four. At that time a few were still arriving, but a great many respectable workmen were going quietly west, home, about half smoking. Consequently the first we heard of it was *The Times* this morning.

The government of this unhappy country must be in a singular state to allow such doctrines to be openly pronounced as Messrs Hyndman and

Burns addressed to a mob of some twenty-nine thousand people in Trafalgar Square yesterday. The goings-on are fully discussed in the papers, so I will record nothing but that which came to us from observation.

Reynolds said Mrs Bridgewater's brougham returned to the Mews in a battered condition during the evening. Mrs Bridgewater was unhurt, the coachman said a large stone had passed within an inch of his face. A brick had gone through the back of the carriage, another missile had struck the window-pane. They were attacked in Piccadilly, escaped into Curzon Street, and so up the Park.

The wood pavement is being mended in several places, and they used the blocks. They must have gone to the Meeting meaning mischief or they would not have had stones; there were none about, as the streets are all wood.

They did not attack the Reform, I am inclined to think this was less from favour than from their not having got to work when they passed it, as their Leaders must have known about the recent blackballing which has been much talked of. They broke the Whig Club in St James's Street indiscriminately. They have not touched Childers' windows.

Papa went to pay a bill at Swears & Wells in Regent Street this morning. There was so thick a fog that he could not see across the street and came back at once. At 1.45 he again went down in a Hansom to the Club, but returned before 3 o'clock with the news that the mob was out again.

Not a shop open East of Albert Gate. The shop-keepers in Knightsbridge were strengthening their shutters with planks. He could hardly get through to the Club, the streets were thronged with dirty roughs. He was so alarmed that he came home at once.

Some one at the Reform said there had been another meeting in the Square. The mob were trying to get up St James's Street, but the police kept charging them. They were dodging up St James's behind the police. The old Duchess of Norfolk lies there dying. All the servants from the Reform, and many members of the Club, were on the steps watching and laughing. Unfortunately there was a Levée going on.

There were a good many carriages out, father saw Lady Salisbury getting into hers in Arlington Street. The windows of the Carlton are pierced by small stones and mended with paper. In Piccadilly they are almost all out in the ground floors, frames and all, it is incredible, are we to have something like the Gordon Riots again?

In Piccadilly many of the houses have glass flower boxes. These seem to have been special objects of attack. Papa says he never saw such a sight as in Pall Mall. The mob kept advancing, and then every now and then the police on foot and horse-back would charge, and the roughs run back helter-skelter. The cabman who brought him home remarked 'A bad job for trade sir, a pack of fools!'

Wednesday, February 10th. There were all kinds of wild rumours yesterday; that the soldiers were called out, amongst others. A meeting of the wretched shopowners in high indignation. Someone in authority will be a scapegoat, whether Childers, Broadhurst or Henderson, I know not. No one seems to lay the blame on the working men, it is the Jacobins, roughs and thieves. The papers unite in condemnation.

It is thought the shop-keepers will fail to get compensation. The authorities yesterday frankly admitted their inability to keep order, and advised the shops to close, posting extra police at some of the jewellers.

The mob were quite as badly inclined, but were kept back. There is some talk of the lady who was attacked in Piccadilly, and escaped, bidding her coachman 'drive over the dogs'. I trust she said nothing so vulgar, but she had strong provocation.

The only amusing thing I have heard of this business is that when they sacked the wine shop at the top of Piccadilly Hill, they ignorantly drunk a large amount of Janos water, not knowing it from wine.

Today is again most unfortunately foggy. Father went to the city by Underground, returned by noon. Went to Mrs Bruce's in Hyde Park Square, avoiding the Park. Thick fog. Met Dr Sadler, who said they were in a great state at Hampstead. The workman's candidate, who lately got 27 votes, declared he was coming to get his revenge with 500 men. When the Sadlers left, a large number of people and police were in the roads.

It is said that the police almost outnumbered the meeting in Trafalgar Square this morning, but tonight there are rumours of a new advance from Greenwich and Deptford. The fog is most unfortunate. Numbers of rough looking men about the streets here in South Kensington, many hurrying along the High Street towards town. Considerable consternation.

Discussion as to locking front gate. The Government show no sign of moving, the House is not sitting. Old Gladstone only comes to town today instead of tomorrow from Lord Rosebery's. It is scandalous.

Thursday, February 11th. There seems to have been a perfect panic yesterday. All Southwark and the East End shut up and barricaded, from the rumours of a mob of ten-thousand roughs from Greenwich and Deptford, who however, did not arrive, and the police managed the local rabble after a fashion.

The bridges were guarded, the troops held in readiness at the barracks, and a guard at the banks. The shops in the Strand and West End closed in the afternoon. The alarm spread even to this part, the shop-keepers in the Fulham Road at one time believing the Mob was coming. The police prevented the Hampstead section from getting beyond window-breaking this day.

There are an extraordinary number of rough looking men wandering about the roads. This afternoon groups of three or four kept coming west along Fulham and Bayswater Roads. Whatever may be their means, most of them are fat and well fed, a good many smoking, some in gloves, mostly addicted to bright coloured neckties. They go quietly enough.

The only time I disliked them was just as we got out at Mrs Thomas's opposite the Oratory. Five were passing west, and looked first at the Brougham, and then at Reynolds and the mare, such a scowl. I should have been terrified had they formed part of a crowd. We kept west of the Park.

A great many people are leaving town. It is again rather foggy. Father has given £30 to the Lord Mayor's fund.

In *The Times* appears Lord Fife's interesting letters. He leads the Scotch Liberals. It seems generally believed the government will collapse within a month, they are doing nothing whatever.

Father says he will be sorry if the Tories have to deal with this business, because, however wisely and well they do it, they will incur odium through prejudice. The Liberals, or rather Radicals, for it has soon to be a very different party name, having brought the country into this mess, should bring it out. Unfortunately they will not.

Friday, February 12th. The police seem to be exercising an excess of vigilance or nervousness now, but people have been so thoroughly alarmed they will believe the faintest rumour. On Wednesday the Fulham shopkeepers were reported to close on a moment's notice. The police expected the Mob along here.

It is said that one of the ill-treated jewellers is dead. People are unwilling to go into town, many are leaving. My mother is continually listening for sounds outside, particularly in the evenings. My father is becoming very yellow, and lower than ever. Had a faintness on Wednesday. Has heard something about Gladstone which he cannot mention to ladies, at the Reform Club. Talks about going to the Colonies, Edinburgh, quiet provincial towns, but he has done that occasionally for the last ten years.

Myself middling, past being low, reached the stage of indifference and morbid curiosity. Reynolds low, and I believe so are all the race of coachmen and makers. He has a policeman friend who tells him grisly things in the late evening, which when duly reported after breakfast, and together with *The Times*, give my father a turn for the day.

Policeman said the Mob were coming yesterday, that they (the police) were double on the beats, and hardly let off for an hour. I was not a little amused at the professional interest they were showing when I went to the Kensington Museum on Thursday. In one room the Riot Act was being read in a loud voice, in another it was pasted with gumpaper on a leading glass case. It is said that on Wednesday evening the police warned the houses about Grosvenor Square to put out the lights in their front windows.

The government does nothing. Reports of riots in Leicester and Nottingham. Rioters at Birmingham are going to Chamberlain. I wish he would openly take the part of Hyndman & Co and be involved in their condemnation. He is with them in spirit. Land is as much personal property as plate or carriages.

Wednesday, February 17th. Went into town for the first time. Confess I felt rather funny at Hyde Park Corner, thankful we were in a Brougham. Did not go along Piccadilly, saw only twenty-one houses having more or less broken glass, as most are mended or mending. Noticed many panes marked with chalk newly glazed. One house in Grosvenor Square, and another in North Audley Street boarded up with planks. Half the shops appear to be still perfectly empty, particularly jewellers. Many of the latter are having iron netting put over the windows.

Trial of Hyndman, Champion and Bums at Bow Street 17th. They are being treated with every consideration, Counsel, adjournment, it is scandalous. Why, they ought to be hung at once like dogs. I consider they are the most dangerous kind of criminals in existence. A murderer affects

but a small circle, they, if unchecked, will cause wholesale slaughter, and ruin society.

MANCHESTER

Friday, February 19th. Went to stay with Aunt Harriet at Pendleton.

Tuesday, February 23rd. Went with my mother to lunch at Aunt Sidney's. My father unfortunately could not go, only my aunt and cousin Jessie were there. My aunt who seemed in good health received us very cordially.

We began lunch at once. She sat in an old-fashioned high, green, wooden armchair, and for the first ten minutes said very little, occupying herself with her dinner and a glass of ale. As to me, I could hardly take my eyes off her, such is my respect: I felt she was listening to every word. Now and then she made a shrewd remark, tempered with her uniform kindness.

Mamma and I conversed first about Aunt Mary having let her house to Aunt Polly. Aunt Sidney was much amused and said decidedly, 'It was because Polly couldn't bear to be behind Lucy in anything, but it was rather hard on Edwin too.' I went on speaking about Aunt Mary and then about Kate's prospects. I was surprised to find she had believed Aunt Mary's first glowing description.

Aunt Sidney offered no comments, except that so far there had been much smoke and little fire. I began to wonder, in alarm, if it required my father to make her talk, but she presently warmed up and became more delightful every minute of our stay.

We described our desolate journey to Stalybridge, 'Did you see any one that knew you at the Mill?'

'Well very few, hardly any at all. Oh yes, it was like that, I went when I was at Bolton to the Chapel - I said to my son Edmund, do find me any *one* old person that I know; but he could not, - it's very sad to have outlived one's companions, I saw more friends in Bolton churchyard than I have left alive.' A shadow passed over her peaceful face.

We gossiped of Aunt Lucy. Aunt Sidney quite admitted the hardships of Aunt Clara's being turned out of Queen's Gate. She did not begin to talk properly till we went into the parlour, sitting bolt upright, slightly moving her rocking chair, with her hands on her lap, she settled her feet and began.

The subject which led up was not agreeable, it was Aunt Mary's paint and powder. Aunt Sidney held that powder required rouge, because it made the face lack colour. Some discussion on the manner of powdering, 'My father always powdered to the end of his life, but I don't remember what he did at night, it had to be done every morning — his shoulders were always dusted with it.'

'No, he did not wear a queue — he had his own hair — a great deal — Oh yes, I knew several old gentlemen who wore queues.'

'I wish there was some dress now for old ladies - they used to look so well,' (with animation in reply to my questions). 'They had their hair curled here' (above her forehead), 'and powdered, and all close up (round the neck) they had frills - muslin, yes, just like in Reynolds' pictures.'

'I remember a Mrs — that I used to admire so much. We met her every Sunday morning as we were going to chapel, she used to be going to St Ann's church in the town. My father used always to be so attentive, polite, to her, and she did look so nice,' went on my Aunt with amusing decision, 'I made a vow when I am an old lady I will dress like her - Well, she had a high white gown and bonnet, and a sort of black lace shawl — they wore black mittens, their sleeves came just below the elbow.'

'People were old much earlier then; why, we used to think when they were sixty, they were on the verge of the grave. Why, after fifty, they sat like this, with their hands propped on their laps for the rest of their lives, and I suppose the young people did not go out much. Well they had a great deal to do in the house.' (I happily said something about the house in Ardwick.) 'Oh yes - in The Polygon — in a garden - I have a quantity of old family letters written there about 1757', (how I listened) (Great grandmother Potter), 'Yes, she was a Miss Moore of Lancaster, she wore her hair powdered, and she used to go out in a Sedan. They were very convenient, if it was wet they were just brought into the hall and you got in, you've read Cranford? You remember Miss Matty in the Sedan?'

'Of course they would be no use now, but in those days there was quite a society close together in Ardwick, and besides, the boys had all two horses. You would not think it in one of those letters - I have one inviting some one to a strawberry feast in the garden, it was such a delightful day etc. Yes, they seem to have been funny old ladies, three maiden sisters, Miss Allcrosses, Oh, the spelling!' (laughing), 'yes, no doubt the fashion in spelling was different then — some words - for instance "niece" was always

spelt “neice”, but it is funny at times, one letter ends, ‘I must stop now because I have to go across (the road, I suppose) to make a *forth* at quadrille.’

We have seen old letters said I, but nothing to those you mention, they are about a journey Grandma Leech took when she married. ‘Oh yes,’ said my Aunt contemptuously as if it were yesterday, ‘I remember Miss Ashton telling me about that journey.’

When we had done laughing, the talk turned to Edith and Edmund, ‘And how unlike in body and character they were to poor Aunt Bessie, and Walter too,’ said my mother. ‘So light hearted - and what pretty hair he had, quite golden, I don’t know who they’re like.’

Aunt Sidney spoke long and lovingly of Aunt Bessie, and I have seldom seen my mother become more animated and fluent.

The Sidney Potters seem to have been very much attached to her, and seen her almost more than any one else, after her marriage. We spoke of Mr Beard’s being so much overcome at Edith’s wedding. Last night at the Town Hall he said ‘Ay Chapel had seemed to him to be full of ghosts,’ yes, he said so to us. It must have been his thoughts, not associations.

After a pause, Aunt Sidney went on warmly, ‘I remember so plainly the last time she came to her chapel, she was here afterwards. Oh she was pretty, I never saw anyone like her, so sweet. I remember one evening she had bows in her hair at the back, the hair was worn low then - yes, that lilac dress was very pretty, even with the hoop.’ Mother said she thought she had been even prettier before her marriage. ‘The lower part of her face went thin afterwards. I only saw her once or twice before, and she was in mourning, black did not suit so well. Still - she was very pretty afterwards. I remember at the first Exhibition, we were walking in the Park, Walter was with us, and a gentleman looked at her so, and came back and passed us twice; she was so pretty.’

We were interrupted about 3.20 to my intense disgust by the arrival of the carriage. I only had a few words more, aside, after I had on my cloak. When she had kissed me, she said, still holding my hands, some things about my grandmother. I spoke of her curls, ‘She used to be such a pretty little girl with brown curls all over — what we used to call a Brutus head.’

‘My dear, when shall I see you in Manchester again, you must be sure and come, you have a bright face; good bye.’

I will to my best power describe Aunt Sidney, as she jerks her rocking chair a little up and a little down, sitting bolt upright before the fire.

She has shrewd, quiet grey eyes which seem to look through one. Twice I saw them observantly fixed on me. A very peaceful firm mouth, the expression of one with strong sensibility and powers of observation, but who had come, through trouble and experience, to look calmly and peacefully on life from the outside of its strife and turmoil.

One is struck by her knowledge of character, and great wisdom, and memory. But her manner is so kindly that one feels love instead of shyness. In this respect I confess she is less constraining to a stranger than my dear grandmother. I cannot explain it, for I don't understand how anyone can fear my grandmother.

Aunt Sidney must be nearly eighty, and is rather lame, but mentally in perfect vigour. I never saw a woman except my grandmother, with such a powerful mind, or any one man or woman to equal her in story telling. Her voice is clear and pleasant, she speaks rather low, distinctly, with a slight touch of Lancashire which, however, is more apparent in the modulation and abrupt decisive way of beginning a sentence, than in pronunciation.

Her sense of humour is evident in everything she says, but how seldom do we see humour joined with so tender a sympathy with the sadder and graver side of life.

She is of middling height, erect, broad, but not exactly fat. As she sits in her chair she certainly could not see her feet. Her breast seems to come straight out under her chin. I cannot see if she has much hair, it is silver, neatly braided each side under her cap. The cap is white gauze, with broad streamers down her back.

She had a brown shawl round her shoulders loosely, a black, thick, watered silk gown, very full and plain in the skirt, trimmed with some jet on the body, the waist rather low, black mittens, a large brooch, several old-fashioned rings and a pair of near black leather shoes.

Her eyes twinkle and she looks in the fire as she speaks, and a smile, now sly, now sad, comes over her face. She became particularly clear and animated when speaking of old times, she seemed fairly to see them in the fire. Her face is quietly pleasing from expression. I should doubt if she were ever handsome, but it is character that makes the face. I never saw a kinder, sweeter old lady.

LONDON

Thursday, February 25th. Home on 25th. How amusing Aunt Harriet is, she is more like a weasel than ever, and her tongue - it exceeds all description.

Monday, March 1st. Rather heavy snow. There has been a most singular nuisance going on since Christmas about Manchester. A gang of young men calling themselves *Spring-heeled Jacks* have been going about in the dusk frightening people. They wore india-rubber dresses which would puff up at will to a great size, horns, a lantern and springs in their boots.

One jumped right over a cab in the Eccles Road, nearly frightening the gentleman inside out of his wits. One poor girl in Swinton Lane had a fit. They were cowardly bullies, also thieves, for they took money. Some say they are Medical Students from Owen's College, and it is not impossible I am afraid.

They were bad to catch, but the authorities sent some detectives. One of these met a *Jack* who demanded his money or his life. The detective pretended to be frightened and get out money, but instead he produced some handcuffs and caught him. Another was captured on a Sunday evening by some young men who beat him soundly, and then discovered he was an acquaintance. One was in the next garden to Hopefield a fortnight since.

The maids durst not stir out a step in the evening, which, my Aunt remarked, was well.

Tuesday, March 30th. Went to see the Exhibition of Holman Hunt's at the Fine Arts in New Bond Street. A small collection consisting of oils and drawings, but containing as much work as three times the number of pictures by most artists.

The excitement caused by the Pre-Raphaelite revival has not as yet completely subsided, Millais having painted in every style satisfies every critic, but the Holman Hunt Exhibition has stirred up the discussion.

There is much strong individuality and persistent self-reliance in his pictures, that everyone either hates them or else admires them enthusiastically. There seems no middle opinion.

The violence of dislike is amusing, though from all accounts poor Holman Hunt does not find it so, I should have thought a man who could paint such pictures would be above caring for what the world says. He need

not fear the future, real honest work will find its level in time, when the rubbish falls away and is forgotten.

There is not one picture which can be called a pot-boiler, if I may use that inelegant word, which so irritates Sir J. Millais.

I think *Strayed Sheep* and the *Hireling Shepherd* are the best pictures. *The Light of the World* is very wonderful in execution, but it seems impossible to hit the happy mean.

Wednesday, April 7th. Death of Mr Forster 5th. A great loss to the nation at the present crisis. If the Queen has been to London once lately, she has been six or seven times, twice this week, what is coming over her? Arrival of the Abbé Liszt, great enthusiasm, they say he stretches eleven notes with ease.

AMBLESIDE

Tuesday, April 20th. To Low Wood Hotel 20th. Clean and dull. Wonderful fine weather, hot in the day, 12 degrees frost at night. Enjoyed myself middling, was not in good health.

Do not care for the Peaks, a poor starved country, extraordinary number of dead sheep. Found two recently dead behind walls, and four skeletons in a single walk to Sweden Bridge, also two carcasses floating in the Rothay, which is disgustingly noisome in parts. Papa drove to Keswick on a vehicle locally known as the *Cherry-bang, front the Sally!*

Extraordinary number of local curiosities. Old gentleman, blue on one side of his face, boy without a nose, extremely bandy retriever of Dr Redmayne, lady lodger with a black moustache, idiot, and Town Crier.

Tilberthwaite water works just beginning operations. People in the shop say it will *not* pay. I am rather of that opinion, there is no doubt that when first proposed, the Corporation hoped to sell water at a high rate to Bury and other towns. What with this and the Canal, I think the future of Manchester is very serious.

LONDON *December 1886*

Bertram came up from school on July 29th. His last term at Mr Frederick Hollins's, The Grange, Eastbourne. We being in difficulties as to where to

pass the holidays, and my grandmother being quite unable to move to Camfield, it was decided we should go there, taking our own servants. This plan was not without drawbacks, but succeeded on the whole. We stopped six weeks. The weather was not however hot, for August.

Having always from childhood looked upon Camfield as a palatial residence, it was a little startling to look behind the scenes, not to mention into the drains, which were still partially open. They had been found in a shocking state, why no one ever had a fever, passes me.

For the first ten days the house was wrong side up, with plumbers and carpenters and painters. They were country workmen who laid down a London system of pipes which they apparently did not understand. I wonder why water pipes always burst on Sunday? All the time we were there, there was a periodical downpour through the ceiling of one of the closets. The plumbers returned several times and mended up the pipe with putty (!), which thawed gradually during the week and gave way at precisely half past eight on Sunday morning (one on Monday), to the extreme puzzlement of Mr Page.

When the family are away the house is looked after by Mrs Newberry, an aged woman who has somehow got over my grandmother. Her dirtiness and general character were so nasty that I refrain from describing them. The first evening the maid-servants sat upon the kitchen table, the floor being in possession of inconceivable quantities of cockroaches.

During the night Cox was nearly devoured by fleas, but that was easily explained by the discovery that Mrs Newberry had used the butler's bed: but the most serious complaint was that of Jim the groom, who announced that in the small hours of the night, he had been set upon and awoke by B flats. This being unfortunately true, the little room above the saddle room was sprayed with Keating's powder and shut up.

However, it is ill complaining about a house that is lent to one, and I never, all things considered, passed a pleasanter summer. We had not two wet days during the six weeks we stayed there.

On Oct. 18th occurred the death of Poor Miss Mouse, otherwise Xarifa. I was very much distressed, because she had been so sensible about taking medicine that I thought she would get through, but the asthma got over her one night, and she laid herself out in my hand and died. Poor little thing, I thought at one time she would last as long as myself.

I believe she was a great age. Her nose and eyebrows were white, and towards the end of her life she was quite blind, but affectionate and apparently happy. I wonder if ever another dormouse had so many acquaintances, Mr Bright, Mr J. Millais, and Mr Leigh Smith had admired and stroked her, amongst others. I think she was in many respects the sweetest little animal I ever knew.

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1887

Bertram back to school Jan. 27th. I to Camfield Feb. 18th to 28th. Bertram half-term 5th. March.

8th. March my uncle Mr William Leech died at 7.30 a in on Monday morning. He had only taken to his bed the afternoon before, and we did not know of his illness till we had a telegram announcing his death. It was a great shock to my mother.

Friday, April 1st. Bertram taken ill with pleurisy at Charterhouse, of which it also is useless to speak more, for the thing is done and can never be undone. He was well enough to come home on April 13th when the school broke up.

Demonstration in the Park for Home Rule, Easter Monday. Very flat. That old goose Mr Gladstone viewed the procession from a house in Piccadilly. As they passed the Carlton they stopped, and the different bands all played the *Dead March in Saul* in different keys. A great many broke off at Hyde Park Comer and did not go in at all. Said to have gone to the Beer Shop.

Bertram had not a severe attack, and mended quickly. We went to Grange-over-Sands on Morecambe Bay, April 19th. The weather was fearful, storms of sleet and snow. Poor lodgings. We naturally did not like the place, but I must say we saw it under most unfavourable circumstances. Went on to Ambleside April 25th. Weather moderate, Home 5th.

I am writing this in the end of June, having been very ill with something uncommonly like rheumatic fever.

I felt very well at first at Grange, and made great efforts to walk with Bertram. I believe I managed about a mile-and-a-half at a stretch. I found it hard work and my feet hurt, I suppose with the stones on the shore. The right foot toes hurt very badly the day before we left.

I had great pain on the journey to Ambleside, and did not once go out walking while there.

The pain went up to the middle of my foot, and then the ankle, it swelled. Dr Redmayne attentive, very nice, with a bad stammer. He tied it up comfortably, we supposing it was a sprain, but in the night it suddenly

came up in my knee and was fearful. Doctor at 5.30 a m. In bed all day, feverish.

Next day a great deal better. Dr Redmayne thought we might safely go, as papa was so anxious to, it certainly was very awkward. I rather think if I could have stopped in bed and gone on with Dr Redmayne's medicine, I might have avoided it.

May 5th went into other knee during journey. Got up stairs with great difficulty and to bed, where I stayed nearly three weeks, if one excepts being moved on to a sofa for two hours every day during last week.

Very little fever, great deal of rheumatics. Could not be turned in bed without screaming out. Continually moving backwards and forwards, up and down each leg, never in more than one place at a time. Cotton wool and hot flannel.

Mr Mould, in whom we do not believe. It is my belief the old gentleman has but two medicines. I had first the camphor, then both mixed (!), then the quinine alone. Dressed 22nd. May. Down stairs 26th. Out 28th.

Amazed to find myself in summer, having last seen the trees in winter. I have had no spring, but no more has anyone for that matter. I have not missed much.

We were in a deplorable state all round. Mother at her wits end with me, papa exasperated with the prospect of a Chancery Suit, and the question of what to do with Bertram after his illness.

In the middle of this came Uncle Willie's Sale which included grandmamma Leech's and Aunt Jane's pictures and the family silver.

In the last week of the holidays came the news, in a circular from Mr Page, that Mrs Gilbert who had nursed Bertram so kindly, the Matron, had diphtheria and is since dead. Bertram was taken from Charterhouse and sent back to Mr Hollins at Eastbourne. I believe he would not have stopped for another winter-term in any case.

My father was very unwilling to give up the Public School, but from what we have since heard of the diphtheria, he is most thankful.

So am I for all reasons. Bertram was most delighted, having much disliked the Charterhouse. I do not believe in Public Schools, nor mamma. Papa is getting to the same opinion.

Monday, November 14th. Scene, at lunch. My grandmother disapproved, in a state of high and violent indignation and dispute with the rest of the

family, as to the cautious pace at which the coachman drives the mares, Preston and Windermere (!) up hill. ‘Eh - dear -

I k-now, - I’ve, been, in, gigs, with - my fat-her — why — we were - *all*, thrown, out, of, - a - gig — at once (roars of laughter)

— I — re-mem-ber — one day. We - were - going — to, Preston, — what - do - you - say - Clar-a? — (overriding objections to this example of skill with much sweetness and complete deafness), Eh — dear - I know - yes (with much satisfaction and vivacity) *I* - was *right* underneath! — My father - al-ways — went quick-ly — to — give - them - a - *start* - at - the - bot-tom.’

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1890

A VISIT TO THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL
ACADEMY

Tuesday, February 4th. Uncle Thomas, who looked apoplectic, explained fluently that his cold had left him no voice so he could not talk to us.

As to Mr and Mrs Gladstone, they came in directly after we did, and I took a good stare at the old gentleman as the rest of the company seemed to be doing so, without putting him out of countenance.

My dear Esther, he really looks as if he had been put in a clothes-bag and sat upon. I never saw a person so creased. He was dressed entirely in rusty black, like a typical clergyman or a Dissenting Minister or Dominie, and has a wrinkled appearance of not filling his clothes.

His trousers particularly were too long, I did not notice his finger tips but one would expect his gloves to be the same. I forgot to look at his collar either, one accepts it as a matter of course, being Friday it may have toned down. You are probably exclaiming at my not describing himself, but indeed he seemed to be shrunk out of sight inside his clothes, in the same fashion that some grey wisps of hair straggled from under his old hat. But very waken, not to say foxy the old fellow looked, what there is of him.

As for his features, they have lent themselves with singular accuracy to the caricaturist, one villainous skit in particular recurs to me, which represented him as a callow nestling with enormous goggle eyes.

Mrs Gladstone had on a round velvet cloak edged with sable, probably an heirloom. She rushed about with voluminous skirts, and, when I first noticed her, was pawing a bishop's wife, who appeared in the seventh heaven. Very few people spoke to them. My uncle said he should have done so, and I have no doubt he would, for though his admirers approach him with fawning adulation he does not appear to inspire awe.

They made straight for his own portrait by Millais, and stood in front of it, a shocking daub it is and does not do him justice at all, for however one may dislike him, undeniably he has a face one could notice unknown in a crowd.

I'm sure there were other characters there if one had only known them. There was one lame-, elderly Scotchwoman in a frayed plaid gown and old-fashioned jewellery, who must surely have been a Peeress to wear such tips

to her boots. Oh, and I must not omit to mention the little man trying to look like Titian, whose appearance immediately provokes my aunt to describe his hanging pictures on a ladder at Palace Gardens.

You must not think I did not look at the pictures, but you can read the newspapers for them. I think it a good Exhibition, but not many striking. On the other hand, if we except Sidney Cooper, there are few atrocities on the line. Atrocities in subject are, however, numerous, I noticed the incidents of the deluge in one room.

If artists select such subjects they can hardly complain of their pictures remaining unsold. Who would care to live with Mr Nettleship's *The Abyss*, a sort of life-size Quintus Curtius business of a Lion and an Antelope, in which, by the way, Mr Nettleship appears to have forgotten that the lion as the heaviest body would fall undermost.

I was agreeably surprised by Mr Prinsep's and Mr Brett's pictures which had looked so glaring in the studio. I'm afraid they paint with an eye to this effect. Hook is almost the only one of the older artists who has done himself justice this year. Of the young men, Stanhope Forbes has a clever almost powerful *By Order of the Court*.

The most original picture of the year is Wyllie's *Davy Jones's Locker*; but that he is said to have painted it from a diving bell I should have held incorrect. He has painted a perspective landscape under the sea, with a Spanish galleon in the distance. It is very poetic but not equal to the Japanese method of treating the subject.

The only other very original large composition was a *Perseus and Andromeda* by Bryan Hook, in which I admired the treatment of the monster, who is depicted as a gaping spotted dog-fish. The painter has caught the rasping yet velvety-looking texture perfectly, but the flesh painting is wretched, and there is one bit of realism that could have been dispensed with - Perseus, who is rather like our fishmonger, appears to want shaving - and yet I suppose the ancients used razors if one comes to think about it?

I soon got tired of standing. We sat in the sculpture room watching the people come in. Our unknown benefactor has chosen the right year to send the tickets as far as fashions are concerned.

I suppose not since the Empire whose gigot sleeves they emulate, have the dresses been so graceful as now. I fancy with that exception, and a short dowdy interval ten years back, this is the first time since the Cavaliers that

my fashionable petticoats have been innocent of the least scrap of padding or whalebone. Even Watteau's sack was worn above a hoop.

Of course the fashion is capable of ugly extremes. Some of the skirts are too skimpy and some of the peaked shoulders too high. The colours most worn are soft greys of every shade, a subdued plum colour which they call heliotrope, fawn and sage greens. They are commonly trimmed with several rows of ribbon-velvet round the bottom, either the same colour or black.

The collars are plain and high, the leg of mutton sleeves are cut tight below the elbow, often requiring to be buttoned, and although so large above, are not creased, but cut to a shape.

One reason why I give so long an account of this frivolous subject is that I think this dress, which is too pretty and simple to last, is not receiving justice from that mirror of our grandmother's foibles — *Punch*. Mr Du Maurier's taste inclines to a multitude of folds, and besides he was quite *beschwärmt* by that same dowdy Princess' robe. It may be graceful under his pencil, but it was a sad garment as I remember it, particularly when it was buttoned up the back.

There Esther, keep this silly letter - it will be amusing fifty years hence, when the Irish question is settled and the ladies wear panniers and peaked waists.

May 1890

A VISIT TO HILDESHEIMER & FAULKNER

My dear Esther, It is an odd consideration, (*absit omen*) that one of the first events I have to write to you about should be a stroke in humble imitation of my heroine Fanny Burney - Perhaps you suspect it is no coincidence, but I assure you such was my modesty (or stupidity) that, though my little affair had reached its crisis in the very week when our correspondence commenced, I yet never noticed the likeness till yesterday, when my conscience reproached me for not having chronicled my success. So do not flatter yourself, dear Esther, that you have been evolved from the kingdom of nightcap on the wings of triumph and analogy, on the contrary were you a less obdurate correspondent I should within a week have demanded sympathy rather than congratulation.

Now in the first place, proverbs and all good sayings notwithstanding, the root of this happy business was pique and a desire for coin to the

amount of £6. I should never have overcome my constitutional laziness but for Walter to whom I am properly obliged — You must know we work a mutual admiration society and go *in moaning* together over the apathy of the rest of the family.

We decided that I should make a grand effort in the way of Christmas Cards, and if they fell flat, as usual, we would take the matter into our own hands. The cards were put under the plates at breakfast and proved a five minutes wonder. I referred to them the other day and found my uncle had forgotten their existence, but he added with laughable inconsistency that any publisher would snap at them. All the same I might have waited till doomsday before he would have moved a finger. He is a provoking person. Also we wanted a printing machine, price £16 which he regarded with even more languid interest.

So in the beginning of February I began privately to prepare six designs, taking for my model that charming rascal Benjamin Bouncer our tame Jack Hare — I may mention (better the day better the deed) that my best designs occurred to me in chapel — I was rather impeded by the inquisitiveness of my aunt, and the idiosyncrasies of Benjamin who has an appetite for certain sorts of paint, but the cards were finished by Easter, and we provided ourselves with five publishers' addresses. I was prepared, at great expenditure of stamps, to send them all round the trade, but it was a shock, particularly to Walter, when they came back from Marcus Ward's by return of post. I had set upon Marcus Ward partly from patriotic grounds (nothing like fine motives), partly because I had toned the colours from one of their Almanacs. I said we would try Raphael Tuck last, it is such an absurd name to be under obligations to.

Walter inclined to Hildesheimer & Faulkner, so we sent them there secondly, when he passed through town for his Oxford Exam. I wrote to him on Tuesday evening, advising him to lower the price to £4 and try De La Rue, *if*, as I had a presentiment, we saw the Cards again, so you see I did not *feel my property coming*, 'like her chops'.

However, it came the following evening (May 14th.) in a fat letter, the interesting part of which I had to keep in my pocket, while my aunt discussed the remissness of Mr Scott and Walter, of whom the latter was too much excited to write anything but shop.

The envelope contained a cheque for £6 which I had to return to Walter because he had omitted to sign it, and a very civil letter under the

misapprehension that I was a gentleman, requiring me to send some more sketches.

My first act was to give Bounce (what an investment that rabbit has been in spite of the hutches), a cupful of hemp seeds, the consequence being that when I wanted to draw him next morning he was partially intoxicated and wholly unmanageable.

Then I retired to bed, and lay awake chuckling till 2 in the morning, and afterwards had an impression that Bunny came to my bedside in a white cotton night cap and tickled me with his whiskers.

I put off telling my uncle and aunt until I got the cheque back, I believe I told them on Friday. To tell the truth, I was very uncertain how he would like it after the way he had snubbed Walter. However, the cheque was a great softener: I think they were much pleased.

I worked away at the Sketches much impeded by the criticisms of my relations and a severe bilious attack. I made several more in the style of the first, as we thought it probable they only wanted one or two to make up the set, as they had mentioned some were not suitable. Also two rough suggestions of more elaborate designs, but I was not at all disappointed that Mr Faulkner did not consider them, as I have some idea of working them out into a little book some time, in fact they were taken partly from the *Cinderella*.

My uncle took me to the City on Tuesday in a Fly, as I was not well enough to stand the Underground. I had never been so far along Holborn and found the drive most interesting, which was lucky, for it was just like going to the dentist. My uncle was rather excited, making little jokes 'There Moses, where Aaron?' and there it was on the opposite side of the road. As for me, I felt so miserable with the joking that I was sufficiently depressed.

We found the place without difficulty, it proved to be like the office of a warehouse, just room to get in between the door, the staircase and innumerable desks and pigeon holes and parcels. My uncle sent up his card and I sat on a bench, conscious of being peeped at with great curiosity by several clerks. (I was ornamented with a large piece of soap plaster.)

Then we stepped upstairs into a back office, more than ever like the dentist's; there were several Albums full of cards on the tables.

Presently Mr Faulkner appeared, a bald, youngish gentleman, rather quiet and abstracted and the appearance of not being strong. I thought he gazed with mild astonishment at my uncle, but I was relieved to notice that,

after the first few minutes of that worthy gentleman's conversation, he quietly gave it up.

He was very civil to me, but so dry and circumspect in the way of business that I cannot think of him without laughing. Not one word did he say in praise of the cards, but he showed a mysterious desire for more. He grinned a little at some of the fresh sketches, but not much. My uncle was of opinion that he was keeping quiet. He took them out of the room once, perhaps to laugh.

He did not definitely decide on any that I had brought, indeed the most precise thing he said was that he thought we should be able to do business, but he suggested that I should go to the Zoological Gardens, which he would hardly have done had he not intended to buy.

We looked through a multitude of printed specimens. Mr Faulkner was less cautious in his comments on them, and I think I measured his taste pretty closely. One thing struck me, in the way of business (and he was so close, I had to judge by circumstantial evidence), he insists on my designs referring to the Season, whereas not one in ten of his stock do, which shows he thinks he has found some one who can invent to order.

Some of the flowers and landscapes were lovely, and they have one lady that draws animals better than I, but not humorous, most of the comic ones were poor, though my uncle observed there was nothing vulgar.

Mr Faulkner had got a child's book, not of their publication, and showed me some of the pictures with an evident ambition to possess something of the same kind.

He dwelt with peculiar fondness on some terrible cats, or rather little men with cats' heads stuck on their shoulders. His one idea seemed to me to be fiddles and trousers. Now, if there is anything hideous, it is trousers, but I have conceded them in two guinea-pig drawings.

He did not strike me as being a person with much taste, in fact he rather gave me to understand, when I objected to drawing such and such an animal, that it was the humour that signified, not the likeness.

1891

IMPRESSIONS OF MRS HUGH BLACKBURN

Friday, June 5th. Went to Putney Park this morning, and was very much interested to meet Mrs Hugh Blackburn - she was apparently on a few days' visit, and leaving this afternoon, so her sketch book was unluckily packed up. However, I don't know that I altogether regretted it as she may possibly be getting old as regards her drawing, and her personality was quite sufficiently amusing.

I have not been so much struck with anyone for a long time. I was of course strongly prepossessed and curious to make her acquaintance, but she is undoubtedly a character, apart from her skill - unless indeed there is anything in a theory I have seen - that genius — like murder — will out — its bent being simply a matter of circumstance.

I remember so clearly - as clearly as the brightness of rich Scotch sunshine on the threadbare carpet — the morning I was ten years old — and my father gave me Mrs Blackburn's book of birds, drawn from nature, for my birthday present.

I remember the dancing expectation and knocking at their bedroom door, it was a Sunday morning, before breakfast.

I kept it in the drawing room cupboard, only to be taken out after I had washed my grimy little hands under that wonderful curved brass tap, which, being lifted, let loose the full force of ice-cold amber-water from the hills.

The book was bound in scarlet with a gilt edge. I danced about the house with pride, never palled.

I consider that Mrs Blackburn's birds do not on the average stand on their legs so well as Bewick's, but he is her only possible rival. Certain plates, notably the young Herring Gull and the Hoody Crow, are worthy of the Japanese.

Mrs Blackburn's family have an old acquaintance, if not connection, with the Huttons. She is a lady of apparently over sixty, not tall, but with a very sturdy, upright presence, and rather striking features. In fact, in spite of the disadvantage of an ancient billy-cock hat and a certain pasty whiteness of complexion suggestive of ill-health, I thought her a handsome lady.

Her hair was becoming noticeably white, particularly the eyebrows, her nose aquiline, sharp black eyes, a firm mouth with thin lips, and strong hands. Her voice was clear and pleasant, she spoke with a Scotch accent, and with just sufficient Scotch assurance and abruptness to be quaint without being harsh.

Her manner was very alert and noticing, well assured, but in no wise aggressive (she made no direct reference to her drawings). She gave me the impression of a shrewd, practical woman, able and accustomed to take the lead in managing a family estate.

She appeared to have experience of farming, and got into a lively argument with Mr Stamford, of the building of hay-stacks.

She is extremely fond of animals and flowers, and I could hardly have seen her in a more convenient place for airing her tastes than round the Putney stables and gardens. 'That is a fine beast, I like the colour of that cow, it is very pretty,' and then she went off into a disquisition on the anatomy of tadpoles, and the two species of water lilies in the duck pond.

They are very delicate when they are changing. I've had one, only that became a frog, it was delicate, it had fits. And then when we were talking about their food she said comically, it was not good to give them bread, I have known them to burst, it is disagreeable.

In the farm yard nothing escaped her, from the great pig 'wallowing' in a mud-hole, to a little white pullet with its comb in its eyes. The ricks particularly attracted her notice. They are very large and the strong coarse hay is such a contrast to the feathery greenish product of the north. No doubt it is also heavier in the bulk of each cartload, which may be the reason why it was 'perfectly well pressed' by its own weight alone, as she admitted to Mr Stamford during the argument on *trampling*.

'No, no, *no*, we do nothing of the sort, nothing of the sort!' Mr Stammy became quite testy on the subject of 'putting up persons just to walk up and down all day', not to mention a horse in Norfolk, which he obviously didn't believe in. However, he was appeased when she said fervently, regarding the great stacks, with her head on one side, that it 'was a beautiful sight'.

The stacks are the especial pride of Mr Stamford, next to an interminable (and very dirty) Chopper in the barn, where there was another argument as to whether a certain substance was grains or peasemeal. - I thought it well that the party came away with a full complement of fingers.

They have a splendid breed of black Berkshire pigs at Putney Park, long-backed, crisp, short in the ears and deep in the chops, and with that elegance of carriage and gait which in a horse is known as *action*.

There was one little animal in particular which a less appreciative eye than Mrs Blackburn's might have judged *a picture*. Mr Stamford, who, for an excessively bashful man, is the most queer individual I ever met with, got into a very domestic disquisition upon the old sow, who being too fat, on giving birth to a family of thirteen, did not find herself in a state of health - in short had no milk for them, and they all died within twenty-four hours to Mr Stammy's great grief, the sow, however, I saw sitting up to the ears in the horsepond, with a placid expression.

'Did we have them on a dish!' said the matter of fact Mrs Blackburn, 'Oh — I think that would be a horrid looking dish - only a day old - just like babies,' said Mr Stamford, highly scandalized. He departed to town immediately afterwards, having taken affectionate and old-fashioned leave of her, with much courteous inquiry about her health, to which she replied that she trusted she had not got the influenza, she felt 'but squashy'.

It must be understood that I do not in the least mean to imply that Mrs Blackburn is all matter-of-fact without sentiment. She is a broad, intelligent observer with a keen eye for the beautiful in nature, particularly in plant-world life, as well as for the humorous, indeed I see no reason why common-sense should not foster a healthier appreciation of beauty than morbid sentimentality, in instance of which, I was not a little amused, when we paused to examine a clump of wild hyacinths in the shrubbery, to hear that scraggy and precise person Miss Annie Hutton say, that a great bed of hyacinths is like 'a bit of the sky come down, and something hazy — a blur of colour -'.

Mrs Blackburn described with poetic feeling an island in the sea opposite her home, which in spring was covered with hyacinths and primroses (her love of nature expressed in sweet homely Scotch made one think of Burns).

She spoke with great affection of her beautiful Argyllshire home, where the mild Trade Wind blows all winter, and 'the sea is never *cauld*'.

To me personally, she condescended to talk in very friendly kind style, asking me about my pets and relating little anecdotes and observations on her own. The only touch of pedantry I observed in her conversation was her pointing to a little bird on the railings - 'That is a *Muscicapa striata striata*, — or common Fly-Catcher, I know it by the shape of the head!'

Altogether I carried away the impression of a kindly, chatty old lady, with keen common-sense and a large fund of humour, capable of deep feeling, but in the meantime heartily enjoying an encounter with an enraged muscovy duck.

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1892

FALMOUTH

We came to Falmouth on 31st of March 92 for our Easter holiday. It is a tremendous long journey, perhaps seeming longer than it is because one is less conversant with the route than with either of the lines to the North. We started at 10.15 stopping only twice (Swindon and Taunton) before reaching Exeter, and got in at six.

I may mention we came on the Broad Gauge. An ordinary width of carriage but the wheels projecting *almost* outside it. I understand it is to be finally abolished in May.

It was a cloudless day, but a cold east wind in town. As we got west the sun became more powerful, and by the time we reached Exeter people were walking along the dusty roads with umbrellas.

The spring growth is far more advanced here, green leaves burst on hawthorn and some sycamores, where in London are bare sticks. On the whole the spring is late, however, doubtless from want of rain, for it has been as hot as mid-summer and smothered with dust. This dry dustiness is a little unlucky for seeing the famed Falmouth Tropical Gardens, but one cannot have everything, and we never before had such a glory for weather, cloudless days, burning sun, and an air so pure that it transmits every smell within twenty yards, from wall-flowers to fish and manure.

We have had only two cloudy days out of twelve, on one of which were a few drops of rain. On many nights it was so warm that one could sit out till nine o'clock watching the waves in the moonlight. It is a peculiarity of this climate, that, apart from actual sunshine, the night feels scarcely colder than the day, which happens because a great proportion of the warmth comes from the sea.

As to this county of Cornwall, the part which most surprised me was Liskeard and Bodmin roads, on the backbone of the county as it were. It reminded me of Wales. Great plantations, very remote and uninhabited, with the evening light striking sideways through the gaps in the hills, and a beautiful bright stream, the Fowey, sparkling under the oak trees. I thought there were no trees in Cornwall.

After Lostwithiel, we got into a district which realized my expectation of a Cornish wilderness. Such a nasty place, not a town nor even a straggling line like the Welsh miners' villages, but about one cottage to every two fields, scattered evenly over the whole landscape without visual thoroughfares, but that matters the least as there are no gates to the gaps in the stone dykes.

There is a mine on the average to every hundred acres, and deserted shafts, usually unprotected, as common as rabbit holes, and a sprinkling of china-clay all over the county.

The latter in itself is rather a beautiful substance, though it is said to infect and ruin the rivers. I saw it stored (in blocks rather larger than salt) in St Austell, in a long range of sheds beside the line. It is of a softer and more pleasing colour and consistency than chalk.

To the north over above this interesting landscape, one could see the skirts of Dartmoor forming a howling wilderness, once inhabited by a race appropriately named the Gubbins.

On the left the railway skirted the coast, alternately looking down now and then on little creeks and harbours deep below, where the china clay was being loaded in Brigs, and we got our first sight of the green Cornish sea, and cutting across further inland, the creeks running up into deep combes, over which we passed, a single line of rails on perfectly frightful white wooden bridges.

One is apt to smile at the descriptions in old county histories of terrific cliffs and horrid gorges, where real nature on enquiry presents very ordinary rocks, but I wonder what Gilpin Esq would have said to those bridges. When it comes to green flags and a wobbling motion, it is quite time they were rebuilt of stone. We must have crossed at least twenty.

The combes themselves seen from this giddy height were very pretty, the steep sides clothed with hanging woods of stunted oak and fine wild hollies, and down below in the distance a glimpse of brilliant sea. On the uplands between them more tin mines, of forlorn appearance.

The industry is said to be in a bad way at present, but I imagine it always presents rather a scaly aspect, having all the ugliness without the size and importance of a coal or iron foundry.

Falmouth, or rather Penryn, though not over promising, is most disfigured by a foreground of this unpleasing character. I believe there are no active mines actually near the town.

The railway takes a sweep to the left and comes round above the south beach, the terminus being on the Isthmus at the back of Pendennis Castle. The harbour and town on the left, the hotel and the commencement of villas on the right above the beach, and the railway cuts through some delightful little old houses and gardens.

How can one complain of a line that has palms planted along its embankments? They are the first thing that strikes a new arrived. I do not admire them myself, but they are perfectly well-grown specimens of their kind, i.e. they have no stunted or starved appearance of exotics out of place.

There are very fine evergreen oaks, bay tree, aloes and hollies. One eucalyptus tree about thirty-five feet high in the old Killigrew Garden, but it has been touched by the wind. In the same garden of the quaint old manor house, Arwenack, now Lord Kimberley's estate office, is a red camellia in full flower, and the children offer camellias and rhododendrons in the market quite commonly.

This old-fashioned residential end of the town is very pretty. We walk about and peep wistfully over the garden walls of the Foxes. They are garnished with barbed wire, and I have even observed broken glass, but inside the sacred precincts all is exceedingly peaceful and sunny. So much so that my father the day after our arrival expressed a strong wish to turn Friend.

One garden at Penjerrick, the residence of Miss Fox, who with her nephew Mr Robert Fox, seems to be the head of the family - is thrown open to visitors twice a week. It is a rambling old house full of aviaries and pets, doves cooing, and beautiful Persian cats walking about under the rookery on the lawn.

The house stands at the very head of a straight narrow combe, with trees shutting in either side, a tropical garden in the steep trough of the ravine, and a little patch of blue sea far below in the distance. It is the most successful and striking piece of landscape-gardening I ever met with, but struck me as being almost too picturesque. It must be extremely beautiful in summer, but after all, tree ferns and feathery canes are rather out of place in an old English garden. There is nothing like a box-border and the scent of wall-flower and polyanthus over a snug brick wall.

One thing at Penjerrick amused us, an ingenious arrangement of cord and pulley, whereby the old dame at the Lodge was able to open the gate

without leaving the porch of her Cottage, a charming example of that union of kindly comfort and successful usefulness in which Quakers excel.

Those of this town have fixed their dwellings in pleasant places, but do not seem over-burdened with wealth. Perhaps the property of the Foxes has decreased through sub-division. They seem very numerous. Mr R. Fox and his aunt are said to be the only members of the family who are well-off.

The name appears constantly in the town, intermingled with the Cornish Tre, Pol, and Pen, also Hodgekins and Peases intermarried. St Mawes also is said to be full of Quakers, but I do not see that they have any Meeting House on that side of the bay.

They are not recognizable in the streets, having altogether dropped the Quaker costume, but I fancy they have retained more of the old-fashioned enthusiasm and simplicity than the Friends in London. All the same, it does not strike me as a strong Congregation, this point of vitality, exceedingly earnest, and the building almost full, but would not hold above fifty or sixty persons. So many were old men.

But indeed these interesting people are almost certain to dwindle out of existence in time. They are too good for this world, even for this cloudless beautiful Land's End.

The Chapel is a good modern building, but from its small size, I doubt if the Quakers are really so numerous in this town as one had supposed. They seem however, to be much respected, and presumably a power in the place. Whether it be owing to their influence or a characteristic of Cornwall.

This is a quiet, well-conducted town, which is the more remarkable owing to the number of British and foreign seamen loitering about. It forms a great contrast to Devonshire towns, particularly Ilfracombe, but it may be the Welsh who upset the latter place.

I have seen only one man drunk since we have been here, and observed no fighting or roughness of any sort amongst the sailors. They loll about in the main street, spitting on the pavement, their only objectionable habit; shake hands with one another in an elaborate manner, and stare unmercifully for the first week. Indeed all the people do that, and appear inquisitive, and if you look back they pass the time of day amiably.

The foreign sailors stare impartially at everything in a fidgety inquisitive fashion. Some of them are very picturesque. I saw one leaning against a post on the quay for hours, in a scarlet woollen cap, bright blue jersey, and great sea-boots, others with sashes round their middles, and one old

Frenchman in sabots. They appear on their good behaviour and attract no attention amongst the natives.

The town is cosmopolitan, one sees five languages on the window of the barber's shop. Everything has a nautical flavour, the baker sells *ship bread*, the grocer calls himself a ship's chandler, the ironmonger's window is full of binnacles, pulleys and lanterns, sail cloth is the leading article at the drapers, and in one shop they announce fresh water on sale. Also, every mortal shop sells Valencia oranges, such bad ones too.

It is a poor town for shops, except one or two connected with the shipping, and the streets very narrow and steep. They are not overclean either, and in the morning every householder sets out a pail or wooden box of refuse, right out on the pavement, and there is a smell of rotten fish.

Burton's old curiosity shop which makes the greatest display is quite a museum, crammed from floor to garret with odds and ends, but the great part absolute rubbish. The foreign things, which form the greater part of the stock, struck me as not so much bona-fide curios bought from sailors, as an inferior class of article imported wholesale. Perhaps the oddest part of this collection was a great quantity of French cavalry sabres, pistols, helmets and bayonets from German battlefields and the surrender of Metz.

How he got them I know not, but they were certainly genuine, any quantity of sabres at five shillings apiece and holster pistols, said to be Waterloo, and rusty enough for Blenheim, at about the same price. There were hideous African idols and weapons labelled 'poisoned' in large letters, which is a novel way of attracting purchasers, but indeed it seemed more of a museum than a shop.

Mr Burton, a stout grey gentleman in spectacles reading a paper, would hardly answer enquiries lest he should appear to press one, and his trust and confidence were really charming. Ladies and gentlemen were requested to walk up into twelve rooms including the garrets, and on the stairs tumble over several large ships' bells which they may ring if they want an attendant.

Little Miss Burton, who explained from a long way off that I had not broken some dancing Japanese pottery, which was true, but she could not possibly see. I bought a white pot-head of bone which was one of the few English curios of any antiquity, excepting a man-trap and sundry small cannon-balls.

Outside the shop on a plank were some old books at twopence each, which was not so cheap as appears at sight, for they were mostly second volumes of sermons, also one Latin Boethius of great size bound in calf, all at twopence.

I am afraid old books are at a discount down here, my father gave us an absurd account of a book sale he attended at Truro, to pass the time, with a little old auctioneer, 'Do I see a Penbury? seventeen volumes for ten-pence — do I see a rise of suspense?', pointing with a pencil, and knocking down the lots therewith. Somebody *On the Atonement* and three other works thrown in, for which a curate offered five-pence but was cut out by another bid of eightpence. The volume *The Odyssey* of Homer four-pence, so Mr Burton may make a profit after all.

As to his trust and confidence, I fancy it is justified by the conduct of the town. There are three policemen - I have seen one of them at the Barbers. They have a Hutch no larger than the Tub of Diogenes, at the back of Custom House Quay, with a great flag-staff and a very little garden.

They are the most odd specimens, just ordinary natives dressed up in blue clothes, and all seem to have bunions, or very mis-fitting boots. They are on friendly conversational terms with the other sailors, and I have seen one of them having eggs at a Butchers.

The people here are all singularly alike, and one can well believe the statement that they are the purest bred race in Britain. I am only surprised that the old Cornish dialect has died out earlier than several others, for they are extremely isolated in situation, and if one or two persons whom I have talked to were fair examples, they are naïve and unspoiled to an amusing degree. Very friendly, kindly, cheerful, healthy, long-lived, and the numerous old people very merry, which speaks well for a race.

The children are extremely pretty, but like the Welsh, it goes off.

The women certainly are not on the whole, though intelligent and fresh-complexioned. The universal type is black or rusty, with crisp hair, women more black than men, and blue eyes very common with both shades.

An ordinary type with the men, (the young men especially, are so like as to be twins), is a short thick neck, slump in the chops, short straight nose, (with the women very commonly turns up, which is a reason why they are the less good looking), and in both sexes a straight narrow forehead, eyebrows strongly marked and deep-set.

As the men's faces become thinner through age, it is apparent that they have high cheek-bones. I notice with the red type, the nose is occasionally less straight, but always short. The women have singularly oval faces.

The town men, though their hair is very strong, are neatly trimmed. Our driver has a head like a dagger, (he was particularly Cornish, very civil, but with a certain naïve dignity or reserve. I was shocked to discover that this man was Scotch), but the quarry-men and farm-labourers look veritable ancient Britons, with their wild black locks and light blue eyes. All the same I fancy they are very mild.

There is another type I notice occasionally, favouring the Chinese, and joined to an apparent imbecility. I fancy it is *lusus naturae*, and does not count.

I should not say they were an intellectual race, though their bright eyes and straight foreheads give them a thoughtful look. They take a great interest in religion however, great Chapel and Church goes, and keep holiday to welcome the Bishop of Truro. They are exercised at present by a storm raised by the Bishop of Exeter, through holding a Confirmation at a lunatic asylum.

My observations do not, of course, apply to the Cornish miners. I have seen nothing of them.

One thing that lends animation to this town is the presence of the *Ganges* boys. Lads mostly between fifteen and seventeen, from the training ship *Ganges*, which is moored high up in the Carrick Roads. They are sent here when first recruited, rag, tag, and bob-tail, to learn the first rudiments of drill and discipline, (there are only dummy guns on board), and their spirits can really be only compared to ginger beer. They are somewhat noisy but always in charge of a superior officer when on shore, and their healthiness and clean merry faces make them a pleasure to look at.

My father was photographing at Mylor, where there is a naval yard or store. A boatload of these boys arrived at the quay, and having spied him, began to whistle and arranged themselves in an elaborate group. He took off his hat to them when he had finished, and to his surprise and confusion they raised a cheer.

They look the picture of health, but I am surprised to hear there have been one or two epidemics of diphtheria on the *Ganges*. Perhaps it is too full, five-hundred on board, and it is not large for an old three-decker. It looks beautifully clean, and a little garden in one of the galleries at the

stern. They set the sails occasionally, but the ship has only twice been moved from her moorings in the last twenty years.

Possibly the diphtheria may have come in with some fresh boy, but it is mysterious how epidemics can spread, even in this pure air (though it occurs to me that may account for it, I never observed such an air for transmitting smells). They have had influenza very generally at Lizard Town, which is separated from every where by ten miles of moor.

There are a number of blue-jackets about, as well as the *Ganges* people, (who are dressed in white), possibly Coastguards. They are extremely orderly and have a great objection to getting their feet wet, if crossing in the rear of a certain lumbering wooden box which the Corporation call a water-cart. Also the Militia in training at the Castle. I never knew before what frightful sounds can be produced from a bugle.

We went over St Mawes on a gloriously sunshining April morning, walking up from the little quay, where we had landed from the ferry steamer *Roseland*, the garrison consisting of one amusing Irish sergeant, one soldier and a decent wife, were sitting in a row on the bench in the sun, in a corner of a steep little garden laid out with wall-flowers and cabbages on what had once been the Moat, the only sign of war being the neat pile of empty bombs beside the Battery below, and sundry ancient stone balls set up as ornaments in available corners.

My father asked the sergeant what effect they could have had on the stone walls of the Fort, in parts solid rock, whereupon he screwed up his face into convulsions of silent laughter.

Everything is clean in St Mawes now, as whitewash will make it. They have even whitewashed the font. The sergeant told us with pride it had been begged for Truro Cathedral, but the authorities could not part with it. It seemed to me more like a stone coffin.

There were several dated handsome chimney-pieces, one of which had had an inscription, but the sergeant had filled the holes up with whitewash because they were chipped and looked untidy! but I dare say it was illegible, as it was not mentioned in the guide-book.

But enough remains to make it a model show-place, with winding stairs, condemned cell (?) and a dungeon like a bottle, under a trap door. Not the least interesting was the view from the windy battlements, where asphalt has been laid over the crumbling lead, and numerous little garments were hanging up to dry on strings.

Our Irish friend became eloquent, and proudly excited on the subject of range-finders, submarine mines and great guns. The battery below was old-fashioned, built low to hide under the swell of the sea, but they had consequently to raise the muzzles of the guns when firing, which caused an unsafe pressure on the breech.

He seemed very cheerful nevertheless, and in spite of his sins with the whitewash, I hope the young man will survive to command the two great guns which are to be set in the crest of the hill above, to carry as far as Westland Point. When they are in position the beautiful harbour will be as safe as modern science can make it, but the earthwork has to stand empty for a twelve-month to allow of the earth settling, and old Gladdy may come in before then and the French shortly after.

Not that an enemy would find too safe a landing-place even now, but it will be a sad day for old England when they have come near enough in to pass the submarine mines.

We did not find time to go to the Lighthouse on a Point corresponding to St Mawes, but further out to sea. It has a revolving light, apparently electric.

I do not know much about the sea, but nothing has surprised me more than to hear that there are shipwrecks in a harbour which is almost land-locked, and one of the finest in the world. I thought what constituted the value of a harbour was the smoothness of the water inside, and consequent safety of shipping, but one of the saddest shipwrecks on record, that of the *Queen* transport returning with invalided troops from the Peninsular, took place on Trefusis Point, right in the middle of the Roads. The victims, soldiers, women and children are buried in the neighbouring churchyards.

The land-breeze is the roughest, the steam Ferries *Roseland* and *Wotten* are sometimes unable to cross for days in the winter, to the great inconvenience of the inhabitants of the little fishing villages in the creeks.

There was an east wind while we were there, steady and safe, but decidedly choppy in Carrick Roads. My father took great credit for not being seasick, and I think I may do the same, having had the subject so persistently presented to me. I had never been on the sea before, and I can honestly say I thought the swinging motion agreeable; but in every instance it was from the stern, or what a cockney tourist called the *boughs*, moved sideways.

We went several times on the *Roseland* and one afternoon all by ourselves in a little tug, the *Sylph*, black with a yellow cornucopia and a

gigantic pineapple falling out of it by way of figure head, and a crew of three, and the property of Williams late Co. Ship's Chandlers.

It was a brisk little craft but bad to get hold of, having fled to parts unknown on two days when we wanted it, and when finally chartered, was discovered rushing about the harbour, with us at the extreme end of the wrong jetty, my father blowing a whistle in the teeth of the wind, to the amusement of the natives, and my brother in an extremely bad temper, and the whole party laden with cameras.

My mother turned back on account of the wind, but the experience proved very enjoyable in spite of its commencement. I don't know whether this thirty-shilling trip was proportionately better than the six-penny ones on the *Roseland*, except for the honour and glory of commanding a whole tug, which gave papa unbounded gratification, but we had no choice if we wanted to go up the river, as the public boats do not run in winter.

The harbour is certainly the great attraction at Falmouth, each voyage more beautiful than the last. I do not think we saw half of it. The peculiarity of it is the extremely sudden turns in the creeks, so that you imagine you have come to the end of the water, as at Malpas (or Malpa), but a reference to the map shows that there are miles of winding river round the corner.

The river was as smooth as a lake, about the width, for the greater part, of the bottom end of Windermere, but more beautiful. The steep sides mostly wooded, stunted oaks and wild hollies, with here and there a little whitewashed thatched Cornish cottage, hanging right over the water.

There are several beautiful houses in good positions, particularly Tregothnan, the property of Lord Falmouth. One pleasing feature of the landscape is the number and tameness of the birds, a heron, numerous gulls, cormorants, sea ducks or guillemots, and one flock of wild geese. I suppose there are stringent laws against their being molested. The cormorants fish inside the harbour along the boats, where there was also a porpoise one day.

We saw some large dog-fish go past outside the Castle, their back fins cutting through the waves. They are said to pursue the pilchards. I did not see any pilchards, or much signs of fishing. The Falmouth boatmen say it does not pay. Some go out from St Mawes where they also catch lobsters.

I saw a red-headed sailor there, and his son, taking up their pots, and another time unloading a motley collection of fish at the bottom of the steps, where a demure tortoise-shell cat presently came down to search for bits, peering cautiously into the water.

The steamer stays a little while there (at St Mawes — the early afternoon), under shelter of the jetty, and the captain cooks his lunch and cold tea, brought to him by a particularly sweet little girl, to whom he gives two-pence and a kiss.

The children are certainly remarkably pretty. I cannot imagine why they do not fall into the water, or get caught by receding waves. It is not a safe coast for children. On each of the two occasions we were loitering for the boat, we were amused to see a seafaring man cuffing a fat little son for going too near the edge, but he was again hanging over the edge the moment his father's back was turned, fishing out drift-wood with a string.

The boys handle a boat at a very early age, cleverly paddling about with a single oar over the stern. All alike use a most unintelligible language, but it is especially puzzling among the children, owing to their rapid talking.

I did not discover that it was anything particular as to dialect, but arose from clipping the consonants or even syllables — not vowels - thus, a 'bad bot', then 'comform', *l'* (a very common word, at all events in the quest of lodgings, the 'ladies' being neighbourly)=comfortable, but the palm for compression must be awarded to an odoriferous person who hawked mackerels in a little ship's wheel barrow without legs, and shouted 'ker mack, ker mack, *ker!*' This man and the Town Crier made the principal hustle as regarded trade, except on the market day, Saturday, when the town was crowded and lively.

By land the country folks arrived in numberless little donkey carts, drawn by charming donkeys, and the ferry steamer was laden with passengers' parcels of vegetables and baskets of farm produce.

Going back in the afternoon the load consisted of more solid provisions, flour, bread, meat and groceries, virtually the food for the ensuing week, for the people of St Anthony seem to depend almost entirely on their Saturday marketing for supplies. I thought the Saturday company on the steamer was exceedingly amusing, if one could stand the tobacco.

It is between seventeen and twenty miles to Lizard Town from Falmouth, but a most excellent road, genuine macadam, and for the most part bordered by a dyke of gigantic blocks of granite neatly fitted together. We had a wretched looking pair of nags, but they did the distance coming back in an hour and three-quarters, which seems hardly credible. I may remark that we found the posting charges extremely reasonable, half-a-crown an hour the usual charge.

This long drive to the Lizard took place as usual in cloudless sunshine, and such dust that the hedges looked as if powdered with snow or blackthorn blossom. There are not many hedges, however, and when you get fairly on to the tableland, sometimes but one clump of trees, sure to be inhabited by rooks, is visible over a landscape of many square miles.

It is extremely rough desolate land, and odd as it may read, gains a certain imposing character from the immense size of the blocks which form the multitudinous dykes round the little pastures. There is scarcely a living soul to five square miles, and like the stone walls in the north, one feels inclined to regard these erections as the totally useless work of an extinct race of giants, till one remembers that they are in reality built less to enclose the fields than to rid them of boulders.

The low places and tops of the hills were unreclaimed, the one marshes of peat and rushes, the latter picturesquely heaped with boulders, and in summer overgrown with fern and the rare Cornish heath. But nature while providing the agriculturalist with abundant material for fences, has totally neglected wood for gates. Accordingly we did not see half a dozen in the twenty miles.

The usual course is to drive in the sheep or cattle and build up the gap with large stones. In the case of milk-cows or cart-horses this is inconvenient and the strangest and most rickety makeshifts are piled up. The oddest I saw was a fire grate.

The cottages about Mabe and Constantine are most substantially built like the dykes of granite blocks, but nearer the Lizard I saw some wretched hovels of mud. Not that there was less stone, but it was out of the region of quarries.

The dykes which are such a notable feature of the landscape are almost invariably tipped with gorse bushes, now in full blaze of colour. The glorious expanse of gorse and wide open swelling landscape reminded me a good deal of Anglesey, but I think the latter has much the advantage in beauty, all sand, which gives it a softer aspect than granite, besides here the doubtful details of distant quarries like white scars in the hill sides, and further south an occasional distant chimney or deserted shaft. It must be an awful place in driving sleet and wind. By a merciful providence they have little snow.

Another thing which I should not expect to have observed is the narrowness between the two seas, a small peninsula, a small thing, but in

this great arm of land it is a very curious sensation. I do not think the sea on the north was ever visible, but the lay of the land and the low sea clouds on left and right distinctly were.

The construction of the country westward prevents one from having the further sensation of approaching Land's End, we turned off too soon.

We met scarcely any vehicles on the road, poor road. I reflected once or twice rather uneasily on an accident which occurred many years ago in the rather similar wilds between Ilfracombe and Morthoe. The wheel of the Fly came off, and the old fellow had to run a mile-and-a-half to borrow a screw driver. However, we went the whole distance at a hard trot, with one pause to *water* the horses.

The local farm carts are very odd. A cross between a lorry and a timber-wain, very long with a peaked hay-rail back and front, and no sides except a low planking over against the hind wheels. To add to the length, they usually harness three horses in single file, the middle horse being frequently a young, raw beast in training.

With regard to the farm animals, the cows are awful, though very possibly they swell when there is anything to eat. When we were there, there was literally nothing on the fields. I should be puzzled to define the breed of cattle, a streak of Devonshire red and brindle, an occasional black or piebald smooth-coated animal, something like the Dutch, a frequent cross of inferior beasts, and many whitefaced Herefords amongst the stock cattle. Which their bulls are, I cannot imagine, they are not let out. I rather fancy the black is the original one.

The sheep and lambs are the best of the farm stock, no peculiar breed but fine large-grown animals, singularly free from rot. The pigs are black and lanky, principally remarkable for an air of humour.

The cart-horses are very tolerable, though light, and there are signs of the farmers taking some trouble in horse-breeding. Comfortably-fed brood-mares in comparison to their starved cows, and many young cart-horses. We saw one of their stallions in the road, low at the tail, high on the shoulder, springy legs, particularly the ankle joints, high crest with a mop of hair over its ears and a tapering neck. Too young-looking a horse to have made its mark, but a type which seemed generally aimed at amongst the young cart-horses. Doubtless a light type of horse is more suitable to the steep but good roads and abrupt turnings.

The local gentry do not seem to do much driving. We saw one or two good horses, but from the nature of the country there is no hunting whatever, and the gentlemen's seats are mostly near the water, and probably yachts are more in fashion than thoroughbreds.

The local ponies are miserable, Exmoor does not penetrate so far. The donkeys small and sturdy. I saw no mules. Lastly their poultry is excellent and often pure strains. From the frequent sale advertisements of prize sittings of eggs in the local paper, I opine that prize poultry is rather a hobby in the west. I certainly saw the very largest Cochin cock I ever set eyes on in a backyard at Penryn.

Of dogs we noted the great number of clumber spaniels, but I think these good-tempered animals are kept for the pleasure of their company, for there is no game. I saw not a single rabbit on the drive to the Lizard, though some burrows in the dykes, usually with signs of recent spade grubbing, so I suppose poor bunny is treated as vermin.

The cats: anyone who notices animals will be aware that they differ greatly in different parts of the country, are here very fine, and many Persians in unlikely places.

With regard to farming, the thing that strikes one is the sparsity of population and farm steadings. I wish I had counted how many we passed in that drive of twenty miles. I fancy a good many of the laboriously enclosed meadows are almost worthless, there seemed to be a very small head of cattle and sheep on a great expanse of country.

Certain parts like the Goonhilly Moors, a great tract between Helstone and the Lizard, are absolutely worthless, miles of gorse and Cornish heath, and one vast track, burnt black either in mischief or some faint hope of grass.

It is said in the guide-book that wonderful crops of barley are grown near the Lizard. I saw no such signs whatever, but perhaps the moist steamy summer climate produces wonders. That the soil is not so good as it looks, I judged decidedly from the great numbers of rooks. Also the cottages in that part are heavily thatched.

They have an awful habit at Lizard Town of making footpaths along the tops of the dykes about a foot wide. I don't know what happens if two people meet, or there is a gale. The only thing I liked about them was the multitude of daisies on the sunny side of the wall as one looked down. Also

a yellow clover twining between the locks with a deep red spot on its trefoil.

Lizard head is worth having seen (I should not care about a second visit). The most curious thing about it is the stream of vessels passing. They run up a string of flags to signal to the Lighthouse and Telegraph Station, and for this purpose, come in much closer than one would have expected considering the nature of the coast.

The rocks themselves are not to compare with Holyhead for grandeur, and my father and I not having steady heads, found the place extremely unpleasant. I should not think the actual height equals two-thirds compared to the cliffs at the Stack lighthouse, but there you go uphill to the very edge, which together with a good railing - gives a much greater feeling of security, and at the same time a finer effect than a slope of burnt grass at an angle of 45.

For the most part there is no foliage at all here, the Coastguard's path winding like a steep track along the slope, which with sudden drops and ruts, falls into a chaos of jagged black rocks. It is a most cruel-looking coast, horrid black teeth sticking up three-quarters of a mile from land. There is a Lifeboat Station close below the Lighthouse. I wonder how they can ever pilot it out between the rocks.

It is said there have been no shipwrecks at the Lizard for two years, since they have had a good fog-horn, as I understand the great danger of this coast arises as much from fogs as rocks, the damp heat causing sea mists.

The only story of shipwrecks which I gathered, was more curious than frightful, as reported by Mrs Bulley, a respectable woman at one of the stonecutter's yards.

She said when she lived at Cadgwith, once she saw a brig early in the morning, which had come too near in shore just before dawn. It was such a day as this said she, cloudless blue sky and not a ripple. All the country people were on the cliffs watching.

The crew had rowed away in their boat, the beautiful ship had every sail set but there was not a breath of wind, and she came drifting on with the tide right into the cove, and then all at once without a sign of warning, went down in deep water close to the shore on a hidden rock. There was no one on board.

The Lighthouse which is a large barrack-like place, the Signal Station and stone cutting, seem to form the staple of Lizard Town; a somewhat

dreary collection of cottages, of course utterly bare of trees.

There are nine or ten little booths for the sale of Serpentine goods, all very moderate in price, honest in workmanship and bad in pattern. They have one design, the old Cornish water jar, which they repeat over and over again, but unluckily without any true comprehension of its really elegant shape.

I never was more painfully struck with the complete absence of *Eye* in the average English workman, but these good people take such an honest conscientious pride in their work that it is quite ungracious to criticize it, and after all, this spontaneous village industry is far healthier and more vital than certain that could be named in the north, which carry out handsome foreign patterns from extraneous sources, as a parrot might repeat the alphabet.

The best piece of work I saw was an inlaid table slat, I consider stone mosaic is hideous perversion and chopping up of a naturally harmonious and beautiful substance, one pattern sins as much as another, and with this reservation, the work in question was well done.

I was amused to enquire after Mr Brett, who is well remembered at Lizard Town, though he has not been there of late years. One old stone-cutter told us with pride that Mr Brett had sat for hours in his shed on Saturday afternoons, painting a *stuffed* cormorant.

We did not go to Kynance, perhaps we should have found it more interesting than the Lizard. We only saw one hawk, a sparrow hawk, during this long expedition. They seem singularly scarce, and perhaps for that reason, little birds are proportionately numerous. I think it is one of the pleasantest features of Falmouth to hear them singing in the thick vegetation close to the sea. The blackbirds woke us up in the hotel garden, and we were favoured with the autumn song of the robin - in April.

There is much thick brushwood on the slopes of Pendennis (part of it was unluckily burnt one night). It affords secure nesting places for a great variety of birds; thrushes, sand-larks and pipits, wagtails, yellow-hammer, green and brown linnets, chaffinches, warblers, and prettiest of all, the little wheatear.

Below the Castle on the slope of shingle and sand amongst the rocks, another branch of natural history absorbs attention, for the beach in parts is literally composed of shells.

Their variety is doubtless due to the warm sea. I don't know if we found any that were really rare, but some of the commonest sorts are the prettiest, and I know no objects whose beauties are more truly a joy for ever. I picked up such a large bag full, I was quite ashamed of myself, but there was a gentleman in spectacles to keep me in countenance. Also a decent old man who came down and ate dulse like a cow, looking much confused when observed. There were seldom above a dozen people on the whole stretch of beach. I may here repeat that I think it unsafe for children or bathing, it shelves so suddenly.

One or two windy nights threw us more and more shells and strange seaweed. I found forty-nine cowries and four little blue-caps in an hour the last morning; and then on April 12th., as if we were not sufficiently comfortable, we went off like fools to Plymouth.

The weather turned cold the very day, which may have aggravated the change which came over the spirit of our dream. The dirtiness of the Grand Hotel at Plymouth was however distinctly tangible, and the waiters only exceeded in nastiness by the recollection of a nightmare in Wales.

EXETER

We hurried away next morning to Exeter, so it is hardly fair to record an unfavourable impression of Plymouth, except I may safely say I was disappointed with the Hoe. It is exactly like the grounds of the Naval Exhibition, broad asphalt promenades, cigar kiosks, and even the Lighthouse all complete.

I believe the latter is really the old Eddystone, not a sham, but it looks one, stuck on a grass-plot. At the foot of the Hoe is a frightful iron pier covered with advertisements of soap.

The Sound, though doubtless wider, is not to compare with Falmouth Roads, which had spoiled us for beauty, and I could not realize the distance and consequent length of the Breakwater. I think we ought to have gone out to it and round to Devonport by water, but we could *not* stand the hotel.

The natives are rough, and there is a superabundance of new brick streets and repellent granite forts about the Hoe. We went out in a row-boat after tea, with a tired boatman who had been up the river on a job with *dynamite*. I don't know how many tons, but I remember he had caught two tons of

herring in one night, and seventeen dozen of mackerel close to the steps, and a Conger eel that weighed 148lb.!

The sun went down before we got round Drake's Island; the moon came up over one of the Hill Batteries and in the other direction we could see the occasional twinkle of the revolving Eddystone light. The water was of oily smoothness and reflected the ship's lights red and green, in long wavering streaks. It was very cold and I wondered if my bed was clean, what do chamber maids do with a dry mangle in the kitchen closet? I have a not unmixed memory of Plymouth.

I am very fond of Exeter. Even on a great Railway like the Great Western, it retains its primitive self-contained air of importance.

Macaulay never bestowed a more appropriate epitaph than the 'Metropolis of the West'. The lower parts of the town are somewhat squalid, but the High Street and adjacent neighbourhoods are animated in the extreme, and display most excellent shops.

The Cathedral Towers rise solemn and peacefully, casting a shadow of respectable antiquity over the bustling town. (I regret to state they light bonfires in the Close on the 5th. November, the Exeter rabble are notorious.)

In the Close are many gabled old houses, with quaint sundials and carving. We strolled about peeping down the entries into little pebbled garden courts, a patch of sunlight framed in an ancient doorway. The sun came out again while we were at Exeter, and the world looked fresher for the rain. Flower-women were selling Lent-lilies at every corner, and the prettiest Italian girl I ever saw going about with a tambourine, while her dusky companion ground a jingling piano organ, somewhat incongruous with cathedral bells.

The pear trees were white as snow in the Deanery garden, the lilac touched with green, and the air full of the smell of hyacinths, blowing to the pious and immortal memory of Dutch William of Orange who came in triumph into this sweet old-fashioned capital of the West more than two-hundred years ago.

We came home on April 14th through a snowstorm, and our old Spot died two days later - Sic transit.

HEATH PARK, BIRNAM, PERTSHIRE

Tuesday, July 26th. Left London with East Coast and Forth Bridge, 7.30, King's Cross. Stopped only at Grantham, York, Newcastle, Berwick (?), and a wayside station before reaching Edinburgh, at a repulsively chilly unearthly hour.

I am not sentimental, but I know no view more weird and beautiful than that from the high-level bridge over the Tyne in the night. The red lights on Bamburgh and the Fame Islands, and the first tinge of dawn on the steep little flagged roofs of Durham equally striking, are seen in the same night journey, but going south.

The light came in this instance near Berwick and was broad daylight, but cold and damp when we stopped through some delay near Dunbar, opposite a sleeping station garden full of rose bushes weighed down with wet.

The Bass and North Berwick Bay presented a curious and beautiful effect through layers of cloud against a silver sea and sky, but by the time we crossed the Forth Bridge the clouds had spread into a mist, hiding the view down the Forth. The bridge itself lost nothing in height, enveloped in shifting fog.

I kept awake for the cold, flat expanse of Loch Leven with its strange heavy hills, and then slept till Perth. I did not see an interesting hedgehog near Cockbumspath. Last time we passed in the early morning it was gobbling up little spring cabbages in a promising little railway garden. I could not help laughing at the business-like manner in which it was hurrying from cabbage to cabbage, a mouthful in each, quite close to a signal box.

Benjamin Bunny travelled in a covered basket in the wash-place; took him out of the basket near Dunbar, but proved scared and bit the family. Not such a philosophical traveller as poor Spot. It is the first time for ten years we have travelled without him, and coming back to the district where we had him first, I thought it rather pathetic.

He used to be very much in evidence — it would be unkind to say in the way, - just before starting, jumping about the carpetless floors with his heavy chain and getting between the men's legs until safely hoisted on to the top of the railway bus in front of the luggage. He smiled benignly between his curls, and usually captivated the driver. He had a passion for carriage exercise. I suppose it was the dignity of the thing which pleased him, for he looked profoundly miserable after the first half hour. The

difficulty was to prevent his riding off in omnibuses, like any other gentleman.

His funniest exploit occurred once when he was in the High Street with Cox, when, seeing a footman throw open the door of a carriage, he jumped in with great presence of mind in front of some ladies.

Wednesday, July 27th. Reached Perth about seven o'clock in the morning, and washed in uncommonly cold water. Got the *Scotsman* and also copy of preceding day's issue with caustic comments on Carnegie's strike.

Scotch papers are refreshingly acrimonious and spiteful provided you agree with them. I sometimes wonder, considering the metaphysical abstruse turn of Scotch intellect, that the articles provided by their political journalists should be brilliant rather than profound. They make *The Times* leaders appear ponderous in comparison. Exceedingly well written and doubtless well informed, or they could not be so versatile in argument, but they concern themselves more with the cut and thrust arguments of party politics, than with fundamental principles and the evolution of politics. They reserve their powers of metaphysical dissection for philosophy and the Kirk, wherein perhaps they are wise, certainly practical, but it leaves the Scotch open to the accusation of being politicians first and patriots afterwards.

I believe setting aside the great question of religion, the Scotch people as a mass (that is to say Low-landers and Towns-people, as distinguished from the Celtic Highlanders), have never been seriously moved by any political wave since the days of Bruce. Scotch history as written, is a record of intrigue and party politics, creditable or the reverse when the Union was bought and sold.

Conspiracies and rebellions, Darien, Glencoe and the Porteous riots, make lively reading and doubtless all things work together for a result and end, but the only two important factors in Scotch history have been religion and money - (in the sense of commercial growth since the Union). Even in religion they are highly aggressive, in fact ill-natured sceptics might suppose it is the life of the Kirk.

I believe if the Ulster convention had been Sectarian instead of comprehensive, it would have gained rather than lost weight as a case in Scotch opinion, where every fighting man is either Free Church,

Established or Roman Catholic. The moral of this is that it is important that Mr Gladstone should continue to put his foot in it, with regard to Disestablishment. It does not much matter which side he takes provided he is irritating his opponents and transparently dishonest.

There was an extraordinary miscellaneous scramble in the first-class restaurant-room at Perth. A hard, hairy Scotcher opposite doing it thoroughly in five courses, porridge, salmon-cutlets, chops, ham and eggs and marmalade. Under my chair a black retriever and on my left a large man in knickerbockers, facing a particularly repulsive Scotch mother and young baby feeding on sops. All the company extremely dirty and the attendants inattentive.

I don't think the new station at Perth is an improvement at all, except in handsomeness. I remember the old first-class waiting room with a rather greedy relish as a child. It was one of the rare occasions when one was allowed to eat ham and eggs. From the arrangement of the local trains in those days, we had several hours in Perth, a leisurely interval in the middle of the remove.

There used to be a large dingy-coloured panel of the Royal Arms, in the old refreshment room which I looked upon with awe. The company was quaint and highly flavoured. I remember one objectionable old gentleman with a bald head and greasy wisps of hair, tied on the top thereof in a knot. The only familiar survival in the new station is little Martin.

Arrived at Birnam station about eight. We took possession of Heath Park, which in spite of its fine name, is a Villa, well-built, but in disrepair, standing in one acre of ground.

It is situated at what an auctioneer's clerk would call 'a convenient remove' from the station, mainly up a steep bank and over a hedge. There is a fine view, however, over the top of the station. The trains prove to be a source of constant amusement. Papa is constantly running out, and looks out of the bedroom window in the night.

Thursday, July 28th. Finished unpacking and settled into the Villa.

I think myself that a house that is too small is more comfortable than one a great deal too large. The stables are minute.

There is a lane at the back, and a group of cottages and sheds, tenanted by Miss Hutton, her ancient brother Willy Hutton the joiner, who is said to be a reprobate but stone deaf, numerous lodgers, a scrambling family, two

cows and a tame jackdaw. Where they all pack away I don't know. The jackdaw comes to us.

The villas on either hand are discreetly hidden by trees. On the left there are English lodgers, on the right Mr McInroy of Lude, a fine old gentleman in a kilt, whom we can hear through the bushes scolding his family.

Sunday, July 31st. Went to Cathedral and heard Mr Rutherford, his doctrine is barbarous, but a good fluent speaker for those that agree with him. The Precentor is a curiosity.

Monday, August 1st. Went out with the pony, first to see Kitty MacDonald, our old washerwoman, afterwards up the Braan road. Kitty is eighty-three, but waken, and delightfully merry.

She became confidential and told me the history which I already knew, of her reasons for leaving Kincaigie. She lived there for sixteen years after her Dalguise cottage fell in, but last summer an old man of equally discreet years settled in the other end of the bigging and she would not stay!

She did not tell me two other circumstances, that her neighbours teased her for a witch, nor about the immense fires which she kept up day and night for the last few weeks. She had got the attics quite full of sticks, and did not want to leave them for the old man. She is a comical, round little old woman, as brown as a berry and wears a multitude of petticoats and a white mutch. Her memory goes back for seventy years and I really believe she is prepared to enumerate the articles of her first wash in the year 71.

Thursday, August 4th. I may say that I lost half a day. The hen-quail got out of the window which was unsettling, besides that, I had eaten too many gooseberries the previous day. The cock is certainly tamer without her, a startling little fat bird, but I was disturbed to think of cats. There is a black one in particular belonging to Miss Hutton, which brought in three rabbits on one evening. She is afraid it will end in a rabbit-snare, which is rather rich. It has been seen on its hind legs peeping in at the rabbit hutch, also dogs.

It is not a safe place for Benjamin Bouncer. I walk him about with a leather strap. He is the object of many odd comments from that amusing person McDougall, 'Eh, see him, he's basking!' (on his back in the sand), 'Are you aware that rabbit will eat sweeties? see how busy he is!' He is

constantly giving it peppermints which I suspect are pilfered from his sister-in-law Miss Duff.

Friday, August 5th. Pony to Inver, mamma and I went to pay Kitty 7/6 for knitting stockings. I never saw any one so delighted with the possession of coin. She shook it up in her hand and fairly chuckled.

I afterwards went a bit along the Stanley road. Afternoon, mamma and I went to tea at Mrs Culbard's, the doctor's, through a pouring shower.

Mrs Culbard is a somewhat elegant, slight, elderly lady, of plaintively amiable friendliness, but perfectly incoherent in her conversation. She is very chatty, but her anecdotes have neither head nor tail. Miss Culbard I like, she is a practical stout person, with rather a sweet quiet Scotch face. Goes about with a stick, slightly lame, in consequence of a terrible accident eight years ago, when she went through the ice on Polney Loch, and held on for an incredible time while they fetched ropes from Dunkeld.

Her brother is just like her, but even more stout, a good tempered but curious object in knickerbockers. His wife was rather a nightmare, looks older than he, much powdered, and high heeled shoes, I should imagine American, or a *mésalliance*.

There were five or six other ladies, but they came in late. Miss Culbard told a good story, the talk being on the absurd names of flowers, about an old Scotch lady who was putting up her roses against a flower shop. Her friends made kind enquiries and she replied in great distress that 'Sir Gordon Richardson had got the mildew, and Mrs George Dickson was covered with little beasties!' (meaning green flies).

Monday, August 8th. Hopelessly wet, which was the more provoking as Bostock & Wombwell's Menagerie was advertised to be at Dunkeld for one day only. I had no desire to see the performance because of the lion-taming, which I object to, but if there is any show I like, it is a circus. We went down in the wet in the evening and found the thirteen or fourteen vans drawn up in the town square, and covered with a tarpaulin, with several satellite peep shows. In front of one, a vulgar, noisy proprietor was inviting the public to pay tuppence and see the man with a beard six yards long.

I had rather not. There was a considerable crowd of dirty natives outside, but having mounted a step ladder on to a pasteboard stage, we found there was no other audience but ourselves.

The animals were splendid, so much healthier and fresher looking than most at the Gardens; Bertram thought the lions, twelve in number, were rather light in the limbs, doubtless by being tame bred, but in my opinion their sleekness made up for it. There was a magnificent lion in a division by himself, and divided by a partition, a lioness and two very little cubs, playing like kittens.

At either end of the small van, a polar and a brown bear. They had a very complete variety of beasts, and the only single animal which looked out of condition or unhappy, was one of the pair of performing elephants, who was deplorably ill with a cold. The keeper, a big black-haired fellow seemed much concerned, and invited her 'Nancy, poor old girl,' to take part of his supper, but she dropped it and stood with her trunk crumpled up on the bar 'like a sick worm'. The poor thing died three days later at Coupar Angus. They are hopeless if they receive the slightest injury or illness, as they simply mope till they die.

In ridiculous contrast was a little Jack donkey of the very smallest proportions, who was marching about loose under the noses of the lions, stealing hay.

Tuesday, August 9th. Drove round by Stenton and Caputh Bridge with the pony. Murthly Castle in spite of its magnificent appearance has never been inhabited. It was left unfinished by a former Laird, and when the late Sir Douglas Stewart succeeded, the old sinner cut out every beam which was to support the floors and sold them. It would be a puzzle to get out the ends which remain in the walls, and still a worse one to get in fresh ones.

There are innumerable stories of his meanness, he was absolutely impecunious when he came into the estate, but he left scrapings to the amount of £250,000. He made a rule to add five shillings to his income every day, mostly by squeezing the coppers. It is said he once went to a shoemaker with two very old pairs of boots, the worst pair of the two was to be cut up and used to patch the other pair.

Mr Stewart Fotheringham is unmarried, an object of interest to the titled families of the county. The next laird is a shoemaker or baker, I forget which, in Aberfeldy.

Wednesday, August 10th. Photographed in the morning, with the assistance of McDougall, who distinguished himself by chivvying up 'wee

duckies', but on putting on his spectacles to inspect the result, unkindly said he couldn't make head or tail o't, there were eight duckies instead of just seven. However, he said it was splendid, and said 'gosh' in a low tone at appropriate intervals, which is almost as mysterious as the 'seelah' of Mr Peter Marshall.

He told papa when he was a little boy (his father was Lord Fife's head forester), he was following the plough when the share turned up a nest of four little black things, to the terror of the ploughman who exclaimed 'Eh laddie what are they?' McDougall being an observant little boy, replied that he had seen a picture of them in a book, and they were called rabbits.

Donald McLeish the gamekeeper at Kinnaird can remember the first that appeared in this neighbourhood, they turned up on St Comb's farm. The peculiar thing in McDougall's story was the alarm of the ploughman, for they cannot have been so utterly unlike the familiar hare, which, at all events the blue one, is indigenous in the Highlands.

He told another curious story of a fox which he trapped in a snare. When he came in sight of it, it was sitting up with the wire round its neck, but on his going round behind it with the intention of shooting it, it flopped down 'dead'. It actually allowed him to open its eyes and mouth with his fingers, pull it about and carry it home in his game-bag, only dropping the disguise when shut up in an empty room.

It lived six years in a kennel and fed upon porridge. It was so sly, it had a habit of saving a portion of porridge within reach of his chain, then pretending sleep, and pouncing on the hens, which it took into the kennel 'feathers and all'. Lord Fife allowed it to catch as many as it could.

Tuesday, August 16th. Went to see Mrs McIntosh in the afternoon, much amused with the old mother, stone deaf and unable to leave her chair, but very affable and merry. She sat in her arm-chair beside the kitchen fire, and opposite on the other side the hearth sat two black and tan dachshunds belonging to Miss Grace, very precious and tied to the dresser with a bit of string.

Afterwards went along with the pony nearly to Guay. Met the Tinker caravans with baskets as we came back. What dirty shockheaded little rascals, but as merry as grigs on a fine day.

As to the lowest stratum of tinkers and tramps they are perfect savages, mean spirited and trembling in sight of the county policeman. You see very

old ones, and when once seasoned, they are tough.

I met a fine looking old woman on the Stanley road the other day whom I remember, not changed in the slightest during the last fifteen years, but the younger members of the gangs are much thinner by comparison, which prevents their increasing to the proportion of a plague, although prolific.

I should think they are very seldom tamed off the tramp. I remember one instance. I wonder what was the result of that little idyll, perhaps as well we do not know. There used to be a rather pretty modest-spoken girl who came round every summer with a company who sold baskets, her granny was blind. One year she did not appear with them, and we were told she had married a young fisherman on the west coast, and settled down.

I remember one set who possessed a *cuddy* which attracted almost as much attention as an elephant with a travelling circus.

When we got our 'Benny' from Lancashire (!) in 73, there were many persons in the village who had never seen one before, and regarded her with as much curiosity as their fathers had bestowed on the other long-eared gentry. I read a story once that a certain arab setting eyes for the first time on an ass, exclaimed, 'Behold the father of all hares!'

Wednesday, August 17th. Photographed the rabbits and the tame gulls with much trouble.

Thursday, August 18th. It did rain.

Friday, August 19th. Drove as far as the Inch farm, morning. Afternoon laid up, sick headache.

Saturday, August 20th. Still somewhat indisposed. After breakfast taking Mr Benjamin Bunny to pasture at the edge of the cabbage bed with his leather dog-lead, I heard a rustling, and out came a little wild rabbit to talk to him, it crept half across the cabbage bed and then sat up on its hind legs, apparently grunting. I replied, but the stupid Benjamin did nothing but stuff cabbage. The little animal evidently a female, and of a shabby appearance, nibbling, advanced to about three straps length on the other side of my rabbit, its face twitching with excitement and admiration for the beautiful Benjamin, who at length caught sight of it round a cabbage, and immediately bolted. He probably took it for Miss Hutton's cat.

It would certainly have come up and smelt him had he sat still, and his behaviour was the more provoking because he had been walking about on his hind legs the previous day begging for two nasty dead ones on the kitchen door. It was one of the most curious performances I ever saw, the rabbit was undoubtedly wild when the stampede took place, and I was not in the least concealed.

After lunch went to the flower-show which was flat. It was held in what the Scotch call a Marquee. I understand that on the previous night they danced. McDougall said because they were just moribund, a curious reason for dancing.

The show-season is so much overdone now that they cannot get a paying attendance. It was very dull after the crowded noisy show in the Town Hall in the old times, with Charlie Macintosh and another fiddler knitting their brows and fiddling as if for dear life on a rickety planking over the staircase.

Neither was there any poultry, nor butter, nor honey, afterwards I went back to the house. Been rather exhausted with strong medicine.

Mamma went into Dunkeld with the pony, and, coming out of Miss Anderson's shop, caught her heel and came down. She cut her elbow badly, to the bone. Went with her to Dr Culbard, who was kind and very fat and snuffy. I did not distinguish myself, indeed retired precipitately into the garden, and had some difficulty in avoiding whisky. However, we all had tea by the way of a compromise, Dr Culbard tucking in his table-napkin by way of a bib, and cutting a great slice of bread and apple jelly.

I felt much ashamed of myself, but upon my word I felt faint at the flower show; we will put it down to castor oil and seidlitz powder. How mamma managed to cut open her arm without even scrubbing her dress sleeve I cannot imagine.

Sunday, August 21st. Went into garden immediately after breakfast, but saw nothing of the wild rabbit except its tracks. Benjamin's mind has at last comprehended gooseberries, he stands up and picks them off the bush, but has such a comical little mouth, it is a sort of bob cherry business.

Wrote picture-letters to the little Moores. There was a squirrel in the laburnum under the window mobbed by about thirty sparrows and some chaffinches, its fierce excited little movements reminded me of a monkey, but it did not get a spring at them.

Mamma's arm sore and uncomfortable, but not bruised. Her arms are very fat, and I incline to think the sharp blow between the edge of the step and the elbow bone caused the flesh to crack as it were.

Monday, August 22nd. Drove to Guay with the pony. Saw a beautiful cock capercailzie in the top of a fir tree.

Tuesday, August 23rd. Very hot. Went to Mrs McIntosh's to try and photograph Charlie Lumm's fox at Calley, but with very little advantage except that I was touched with the kindness of Mrs McIntosh. She let the pony stand in their stall, gave me a glass of milk, and tramped up the wood with me to the under-keeper's cottage.

The wood is very beautiful at the bottom of Craigie-Barns, such tall Scotch firs, and the game keeper's cottage with its bright old-fashioned flowers and a row of bee hives. The fox proved a tyke, tearing round and round the tree, in the absence of Charlie Lumm, but as things turned out, it did not signify.

Coming down we passed the Eel Stew, with high post railings where her Grace's supply of eels are preserved, having been trapped in the Lochs. Her Grace will have two or three cooked for supper every evening almost, when she is at home, at which information I was much amazed. How the sprightly yet dignified Anne Atholl has survived to be an old lady on such a diet I cannot think, and in this one (solitary) instance there can be no question of Deguillies eating up her substance, for as Mrs McIntosh said, one would as soon eat a serpent.

I was able, being of catholic opinion in such matters, (though I would not go the length of my great grandfather old Abraham Crompton, who used to pick off live snails along a certain ivy wall), I was able to candidly agree to this widespread Scotch prejudice - indeed I should rather prefer the serpent if it is correct that the kitchen-maid has to drive a nail through the eel's head into the dresser before she can skin it.

Down in the meadow we passed the pretty dappled Ayrshire, and came upon the truant Charlie Lumm sitting on a railing with two others smoking their pipes. In the kitchen the old granny was safely sitting in her chair, a little weary of being left alone. She was feeling the heat, poor old granny, perfectly deaf but placid and patient. The two little bitches Diana and Dora lay in their box beside the hearth.

Mrs McIntosh is getting stout and old herself, her hair much grizzled, but still abundant and wavy. She must have been a handsome woman in her youth, of a masculine type of beauty. Mr McIntosh too, though fast turning into a little old man with a stoop, was, as I first remember him, a singularly beautiful type of highlander, small of stature, but lithe and active as a deer, with eyes like a hawk's. The intense sharpness of his glance is still striking, although the left eye is discoloured; I have sometimes thought it is partly caused by something almost amounting to a cast, due to much looking along the barrel of his gun. McIntosh's scrutiny, though probably keen, is in no wise inquisitive in appearance. He is a shy reserved man, with the unsettled wildish look of one who has lived much in the woods.

His wife must be a head taller than he, a great big woman, yet I believe she has never been well since the first year of her marriage. In the same way though, they have always been well to pass, and Robert McIntosh respected, and a man of mark and authority all over the district, yet some people think she has not been happy. There is a pathetic trace of tears amidst her affection for old friends, mingling oddly with strong-minded common sense. For the rest, an upright patient character, self-contained and self-reliant in homely wisdom, and kind and very motherly towards young people, albeit she hath one son, Johnny, and he a pickle run to seed.

I shall be sorry for Mrs McIntosh when the old mother dies.

Thursday, August 25th. Birnam Games. I did not go. Spent great part of the day standing on two garden benches and a buffet, all three of us, and McDougall looking over the yew hedge. It is an enviable and interesting point of view.

It came to a large proportion of the seven thousand spectators poking away through the small railway station, stragglers getting over the white station palings, seven feet high. Mr Kinnaird told papa privately he hoped it would be wet, however they were got off safely. It was a gloriously fine day between wet ones.

Watching the people go away there were very few intoxicated, but I was sorry to see three-quarters of those few, wee young boys. The games are singularly more decently conducted than formerly, when drink was sold in the grounds, and great Highlanders were brawling and lying about by the dozen. I remember a long red knife and two savages washing their bloody

heads in the river, but no one paid any particular heed. The police body were only needed to prevent the *laddies* from dodging through the railings.

These McInroys of Lude next door are rather an entertainment, they are so mortally afraid of making our acquaintance. Now we ourselves are most standoffish and unsociable amongst promiscuous neighbours, 'wouldn't speak to them for words', so that this turn of the tables is an acceptable joke.

Old Mr McInroy became insolvent, under Trust, as the Scotch say, for several years back, and presumably receives a very small proportion of the £1,500 which represents three months Let of Lude. There are five daughters, a terrier, a younger son in retirement, and the eldest son and heir, a morose red-haired person in white flannel trousers, who has 'let it be known' - I do not exactly know how, except that everybody knows everything here - that he intends to do nothing. He spends the whole day wandering to and from the Recreation Ground with a tennis racquet, doesn't play, but sits on a bank, visibly waiting for his father's demise. He is a great nuisance to meet round corners, but reduces the embarrassment to a minimum by scowling constantly at his toes.

As to Mrs McInroy, a slim, tall old lady in a crinoline and profuse ringlets, her demeanour, when unfortunately clashing with mamma in the green-grocer's shop, resembles that of a startled hen.

Old Mr McInroy in a kilt, constantly scolding and 'never ask you to do anything again as long as I live' — presents an appearance of greater vitality than his expectant heir. I suspect him of setting the terrier at Brass Bands.

Monday, August 29th. Drove as far as Dalmarnock, meeting the train at startling close quarters near the Toll Bar.

Papa and McDougall went to Killiecrankie. Another of the latter's anecdotes - this time on digestive power of birds. He saw a heron catch four large trout, and shot it while the tail of the last fish still protruded from its mouth. He opened it at once and found that the three first fish were already messed up and unrecognisable, as was also the head of the fourth fish, though its tail had not had time to be swallowed. I can believe a good deal as to the gastric juices of a heron, I once had the misfortune to participate in the skinning of a fine specimen.

The weather for the last few days was cold with a bitterly keen wind. I suffered much from pains in my head. I felt it when in the hotel in June. The air is rather too fresh for me.

Wednesday, August 31st. Wet in the morning but cleared. Drove out with the pony, who was rather over-fresh having been in since Monday morning.

Went to see old Kitty with some worsted. Perhaps the Kincraigie folk had some ground for saying she was a witch, for, when we came up to her little cottage, there was a little toad sitting in the middle of the little flat, grey stone inside the doorsill. When we knocked it hopped away under the closet door, and the little old body came out in her light slippers, winking and blinking.

She had been taking a nap after dinner, empty bowls which had apparently contained porridge or potatoes and milk on a chair, and her big Bible on the table at her elbow 'Ou, aye, its a lang waak to the Kirk, hutzle, hutzle.'

Afterwards we drove up to the Rumbling Bridge, which was a fine sight, the water thundering down and foam splashing on to the bridge like heavy rain.

As we returned we overtook about fifty dogs, the property of Barclay Field, dragging six keepers, in straps preceded by a cart. The pony flatly refused to pass them, I rather sympathised with him. I do not on the average care for dogs - especially other peoples. What can be the pleasure of owning fifty brutes, kept in a pen, fed upon porridge, and walked out by a drove with a long whip. I think a well-bred pointer is one of the most repulsive looking animals in existence.

Thursday, September 1st. Again showery. Saw Bessie Cleghorn at the station, and was amused to ask after her mother, who, when lately here, took leave elaborately because she was going to Stirling to stay with her son George — if she was spared. She insisted so much on the latter proviso that we were profanely amused, but it seems she was right, for when she got as far as Perth, she did not feel 'at all the thing'

'in her stomach', to be precise, also 'missed the connection', which I took for a complication of the disorder, but referred to trains, so she came back.

I should like to hear Cleghorn's comments after having taken leave of 'mother' for three weeks. Bessie stumping about on her one leg and crutches, always smiling and never feels the cold nor nothing. I remember when she was growing up and had ten toes, she used to keep company with the son of old David Wood, shoemaker and entomologist. However, she may not have missed much, for, though still a bachelor, he is the grumpiest man in the parish.

I shall never forget old Mr Wood coming to Dalguise one hot Monday afternoon in search of 'worms', and producing a present out of his hat of about two dozen buff-tip caterpillars, collected on the road. They ought to have been in a red cotton pocket handkerchief, but they had got loose amongst his venerable grey locks. He is still living and much the same to look at, but what McDougall calls 'a wee bit dumpy', rather past.

So is the Birnam post-master, Mr Lowe, whose name affords an exquisite pun to the little boys, chalking up an 'S' before it. He actually objected to take a half-crown the other day in payment of one shilling and seven-pence, because the change, which he counts on his fingers, 'is such a bother'.

There have been a family of tinkers about, in the most *dégagé* costume which can be imagined possible in a civilized country, the infants were dressed in shawls and pocket handkerchiefs. They appeared very cheerful.

Saturday, September 3rd. Drove round Loch of the Lowes in a gale of wind, but must be very sweet on a summer day. How partial rain is amongst the hills! The farmers between Craiglush and Butterstone were piling their hay into the comical tall cocks of the country, quite dry, but at Birnam we had been soaked.

Tuesday, September 6th. A lovely hot autumn day, burning sun and heavy dew on the grass in the shadows. The bracken and potatoes are nipped in exposed situations. A day like this somewhat reconciles one to the climate, which I had begun to misdoubt. A strong admonition to chilblains on the 1st. Sept is no joke.

There was a streak of dappled white clouds right across from east to west, from hill to hill, mare's tail, Mother Holda's yam hung out to bleach in the sun and wind; McDougall said they call it Aaron's beard, it means a shower - but the *carry* very high.

I went to Inver to photograph old Kitty and that graceless person Tomby the dog. I don't know when I laughed so, and Kitty nearly rocked off her stone. Her great anxiety was to properly arrange the *soke* sideways, to display the shape. By good luck it was finished except about three rows.

Another old neighbour came past whom she totally ignored, but gave me her history in an undertone before she was fairly passed. Also the story of the governess at Kinnaird 'from Roosha', who drew her picture, 'was it like', she never saw it, which puzzled me, but she persisted; and explanation was quaint, she drew the old woman's back, looking out at a window, so that Kitty, who properly considers a portrait should concern itself with the front side, does not know whether the face is like or not! A *Through the Looking Glass* fashion of considering a picture.

I herewith at 10.45 p in enter a formal protest against old Mr Willy Hutton in the lane. By daylight he is a charming old fellow, stone-deaf and speaks close to you in a whisper, with his head on side, emphasising his remarks with the forefinger. But when it comes to locking out the old reprobate in the middle of the night, I feel inclined to throw my boots at him. He addresses in a tone of hilarity which subsides into a child-like protest and implory to 'let me in'. 'Open that door', repeated at long intervals, like waiting for the next crow of the midnight cock. Then the rain commences, the storms arise, and the old villain begins to howl. He finally catches it.

Friday, September 9th. Went to Mrs McIntosh's again and took six photographs of the fox, and also her Grace's dachshunds, which behaved as badly as plebeian dogs. On the previous day Bertram had gone to Dalguise with McIntosh who allowed him to pull out a salmon to his great delight. On the same day Barclay Field was reported to take fifteen at Stobhall. They post down from Drumour in state, changing their horses at Birnam, but on Wednesday came into collision with Mr Reid, the baker's cart, at Ladywell.

Now the moral of this incident is the small amount of damage produced by an apparently frightful carriage accident. My private experienced opinion is that the great point to be remembered is that a vehicle really tilts over comparatively slowly, and that instead of trying to save yourself by spreading your hands, you should twist round and throw up your feet. This

theory, however, rather implies a top position. I have not the very slightest desire to try it a second time from underneath!

The Drumour *Pole* caught Reid's ancient bay, which bolted down the hill towards home, took the curves successfully, but jumped into the hedge at the bottom, where the Amulree road joins the main road at right angles.

There was a spray of lentil beans and green sugar-bottle glass, and a great scatter of tin canisters at the catastrophe. The harness came to pieces, but Sam'le was only slightly cut. How the youth kept his seat down the steep cutting under the railway is a mystery, and shows the unexpectedly mild results which sometimes attend accidents.

It was as well he happened to carry no passengers, (no, he had two, but they fell off early in the proceedings). Reid's cart is generally a cross between a Noah's Ark and a basket-caravan.

Our somewhat morbid interest in this accident arises from the flighty disposition of our black mare, a most beautiful animal without a single spot of white, no vice, but irrepressible spirits. She is perfectly quiet in London, but in the country takes intense interest in the most unlikely and commonplace objects such as mile-stones, and the square ends of walls. When fresh, her progress is a course of bob-curtseys from side to side of the road.

The paving of the main roads here is the best I ever saw, real macadam, laid with a steam-roller. We have unluckily a very steep narrow lane to get down first, under the railway, and hanging over the Inchewan Burn. To make matters worse, the Bum is the favourite playing ground of the whole population of children.

They are delightful little people except the large size of small boy, who invented a charming game of 'bolting the pony' under the railway arch. Considering the nature of the ground, I cannot imagine a more diabolical proceeding. We invited the police, a mild yellow-haired person, who carries a pair of white cotton gloves which he never puts on. He failed to catch 'the laddies', who replied to the defiance with tin cans; but a judicious application of the whip had most salutary effect, and they now sit in a row on the new railings singing a sort of chorus like little cock robins 'Dirty horse, dirty horse.'

Sunday, September nth. Went to Cathedral. Met old Kitty toddling along by herself to Little Dunkeld with Bible and Hymn-book, wrapped up in a

piece of white paper. She was neatly dressed in black, with a crêpe bonnet. Doubtless ancient mourning bought at great cost for some bygone funeral, for she is the last of her race since 76, a quaint mortification that her *dress-clothes* should be black.

Heard a long, very long, but able discussion from Mr Rutherford, on the promise to Abraham (Genesis 15), and by deduction, faith. I listened with considerable interest, not to the matter, which was worthy, but to the line of thought, a frank admission of the almost staggering difficulty of accepting many Articles of the Creed which embraces the latter-day Christian, and exhorted his hearers to close their eyes and have faith.

He took up his text ingeniously, and I thought in the hands of a more powerful preacher it would have been a very beautiful illustration. The Patriarch Abraham exhorted to consider the mystery of the stars, everything is a mystery, O Lord increase our faith. I should think the absorbing task of a Scotch minister is to keep his congregation out of metaphysics.

I was a little surprised to hear such an admission in a Scotch pulpit, but five minutes later the discourse was old-fashioned enough, quaintly discussing chapter and text in the most literate historical sense. It is interesting and curious to note the continuous old-world line of thought in the Presbyterian church.

If the fierceness of the persecuted covenanters has evolved into rather spiteful personalities and disputes, somewhat trivial to an outsider, they still love the old stem texts. If you borrow a Bible, it falls open at Isaiah, and one must remember the covenanters fought not so much for doctrine as Church Government, and there remains a certain 'dourness' which suggests that the principal change in the situation is simply the absence of that persecution which maketh a wise man mad - and leads to retaliation.

The Scotch Hymnal is a colourless medley. The real national church music is the metrical versions of the psalms. Southern taste pronounces it utterly barbarous, and it must be admitted that the sweet rhythm of the authorised translation has been eradicated with something like intentional spite, but I cannot bring myself to look with completely cold disrespect on the verses which Scott preferred on his death bed, and which strengthened the covenanters to meet victory or death at Drumclog and Rullion Green.

The portion of the Cathedral where public worship is held is walled out of the old building in an arbitrary ugly fashion. It is very plain inside, and down below intensely cold. We generally sit in the west gallery, the high old

pews distressingly covered with hieroglyphics. They are open under the seat, and *non non quam* descends a peppermint, hop, hop, hop, from tier to tier.

One looks down on the dusty tops of the sounding board, a rickety canopy carved somewhat to resemble the crown of St Giles Cathedral, but its effect is marred by being tipped forward as though it might fall on Mr Rutherford, earnest, pale and foxy-haired, with a pointed beard and decent Geneva bands.

Perched just below him (the pulpit is very high), is the Precentor, a fine big man with a bullet-head, chubby red face, retroussé nose and a voice like a bulk. He is the Birnam schoolmaster. He pitches all the tunes too high, and it seems the etiquette that he begins a note before the congregation, and prolongs the last note after them in a long buzz.

Facing the pulpit is the Duchess's pew, covered in a way that always reminds me inappositely of a grand-stand. The Duchess is away from home, but the servants are ranged in order. Over the front stands the Atholl coat of arms, its two wild men and savage feudal motto— 'Forth, Fortune, and fill the Fetters' — about as appropriate in a modern Kirk as the gigantic broken figure of the black wolf of Badenoch in the vestibule.

They keep up one old custom, I mean locking the doors during service. One may hear the rasping of the key during the final prayer. I wonder what happens if anyone faints, not that I imagine a native capable of such an indiscretion.

The bottle-nosed Dr Dickson was down below in staring plaid trousers, and a perfectly new pair of tan driving gloves.

Monday, September 12th. Drove round the Loch of the Lowes with the pony in drizzling rain. There was a great flock of mallards on Butterstone, I should think fifty. They come out at night into the barley, and they must eat eighteen shillings worth a night.

Ducks and fallow deer are the most mischievous game for crops (rabbits I confess reluctantly, strengthened by observation of the revered Benjamin, are not game at all, but absolute vermin as regards eating). I remember Robert Low, a farmer at Dalguise, shooting a fallow in a fit of exasperation. He came and told, and there was the beast like a dead calf amongst the oats. They have been at a patch of potatoes close to the line between here and Inver.

Before the railway was made, people said it would frighten all game out of the valley, but it has not the slightest effect upon it, except that extinct animal the brown hare, which had a trick of using the line as a highway like the other natives, and when it met a train sometimes lost its life through indecision, as cats do in London.

I remember a partridge's nest with an incredible number of eggs, in the hollow between the two sleepers in the goods siding at Dalguise, where trucks were constantly shunted over the bird's head. It is common to see roe deer from the train, they lift their heads and then go on feeding. There are many in the wood at the back judging by the tracks, and yesterday I flushed a pair of beautiful woodcocks on the spring head where we get our water at the edge of the wood.

Now there is a public path up this wood which people trek up to the top of Birnam Hill, and they trespass everywhere, which leads me to doubt whether, if the new ideas of access to mountains become law, whether they will after all do much harm in the way of scaring game. I consider it an unjust intrusion, of course, and will give a great handle to poachers. Its direct interference with sportsmen would be packing the grouse and making deer-stalking very exasperating, but as far as miscellaneous game is concerned, the tourists here go practically wherever they like now, and the wild life becomes tamer through familiarity.

Tuesday, September 13th. To Perth with papa, the first time I have been on the railway since we have been here, which I consider shabby. I enjoyed it extremely. It was very showery and the corn all drowned, a sad sight on the fine rolling land about Luncarty and Strathord.

I notice how much the practice of dishorning cattle has come on of late years. There has been some litigation about it. I fancy there is as much to be said for and against, and liable to abuse as many other customs.

From an aesthetic point of view, not obvious to farmers, it is perfectly frightful when applied to anything cross-bred with Ayrshire, as are most of the local cattle.

A natural *hummel* as are all the best bred *Doddies* has an immensely heavy broad head, so much so that a stranger will constantly mistake a *Doddy* cow couchant for a young bull — but the Ayrshire has a high narrow forehead, which in old cows gives a scared wild appearance, even when garnished with long sharp horns. But remove the horns, and the result is an

idiotic beast with great flapping ears, and much the same silly type of countenance as that ugliest of animals, the red deer hind.

I wonder where these good Ayrshire cows come from, for the bulls which are turned out are all Polled Angus or short-horn, and the cows all Ayrshire. The bulls swarm and have battles royal. Every farmer has one even if he hath but six cows. I cannot think it a good plan, for a small farmer cannot afford a good bull. He keeps it till it is as big as the other bullocks, kills it and rears another.

Perth was uncommonly cold and draggled. My new boots which hurt, conveniently got wet through shortly, and papa stood me another pair, two pairs in one year, 'Oh Gemini,' but this latest pair are very comfortable.

Had a large lunch for ten-pence, 'Cookies', 'Bridies' and lemonade at Woods, two nice merry lasses, who advised us to the shoemakers, whose name by a coincidence was also Wood. I was looking at the younger one's hair, how quickly fashions spread, the loose mane and the side-wisps coiled on the top of the head instead of tied with a ribbon or plaited.

I did not hear one whistle of that odious song, there is just one boy has it at Birnam, Glasgow is badly infected, fashion and habit is as curious in contagion as the influenza.

Perth in the new parts is a well-built town, plenty of good reddish stone, and the side streets very wide and deserted, paved with cobbles, and much grass grown like the streets of Edinburgh.

We went along the North Inch, admiring the little gardens full of flowers. Passed a very large hideous new Free Church, a barbarous mixture of gothic and castellated architecture. We saw a second large Free Church.

The shops are good, especially the drapers. There are a great many cats. The wynds and lower back parts of the city are most noisome, indeed the Scotch are a filthy people, their main idea of the use of a running stream is to carry off what they call *refuse*.

Every burn that passes a farm has its jaw-hole, serving as an ashpit. At Dunkeld the town-rubbish is shot below the Bridge, and at Perth we were shocked at the volume of black fluid pouring out of several large sewer arches.

The beautiful white gulls pounce on the garbage and are remarkably tame. An old man was throwing them bits of bread for which they darted, screaming, dropping it and soaring again.

The railings are extremely rickety, people are constantly drowned, but there is a sluttish carelessness of life. Witness the universal habit of walking on the line. There have been two run over between here and Blair this summer, but the Fiscal looks at them and they are put underground without more ado.

From Perth Bridge we looked over at the river coming down in spate, at the corner of the South Inch below us, a knot of men and a brown and white dog pulled out a dead sheep, but, upon consideration, launched it again with a boat-hook.

The Museum was shut. I looked in at the shop windows at the photographs of Perth. Miss Julia Neilson, probably on tour, Mr Balfour, sundry Law Lords, and often the Duke of Clarence with poor Princess May. Poor lady, an attractive face, but I doubt if very correct features, the eyes and nose too sharp, the mouth large, not so pretty as her mother is represented to have been, and with the same tendency to stoutness, but her photographs do not do her appearance justice.

Thursday, September 15th. Being too showery to photograph, papa went to Perth again, picked up the China and called on the Millais', encamped with old Mrs Gray. Their house is rebuilt.

There happened the same day to come out 'An Interview' with Sir John in *Black and White*. I have read several such. It strikes me they must give rather an erroneous idea of the victim, I do not believe he could say all that fine language on end to save his life. It is just possible the sentiments might have been extracted piecemeal with a corkscrew. I should think he is a character who will be described in some future day by biographers in puzzling contradiction, like Dr Johnson. Some looking only at the noisy, coarse, selfish side, which I am afraid exists, and others who have received real kindness from him, will go to the other extreme.

He made a rather touching remark accompanied by strong language, that he could not bear to go near Birnam for the same reason that we felt about Dalguise, he was so distressed at having to leave Murthly.

Wednesday, September 21st. Papa and McDougall to Killin. A cloudless, frosty autumn day. Drove with the pony after breakfast to Bally Cock Farm. We waded up the sandy track behind Mr Peter Stewart with a load of corn, and when we got up found I had come to the wrong house, and had to send the pony down to the bottom to climb the corresponding knoll, I, getting

across a back way through middens, piloted by Mr Peter who had by this time recognized me.

He turned back at a broken dyke, but I was guided by shrieks in advance, and presently round one of the cottages appeared a tabby cat in full flight with a rabbit skin, and Bella, head-over-heels in pursuit, armed with a mop. She did not see me, but presently coming back in triumph, broke out into a splutter of welcome using my Christian name in her excitement. Very much amused I was, and nearly bitten by a prospective victim of the camera.

The pony carriage at this moment emerged from the opposite side of the Steading, calling forth another torrent of broad Scotch, which so bewildered the groom that instead of putting the pony into the byre, he took the concern up an inclined plane of an archaeological character, landing on a level with the chimneys, whence it was got down with some difficulty. I was relieved to see it stowed away in the byre where Mr Pulinger remained peeping out in a state of surprise.

Except for its peculiar position perched on the sand-hill, there is nothing very remarkable about Bally Cock Farm, though very old. It is a nice old kitchen with some modern conveniences added.

Miss May Stewart was making scones on a girdle at the great open fire, with half a tree at the back of the logs. Dusting and turning the big round flags, talking all the time in a loud clear voice and using the rolling-pin with such pretty slim hands for a farmer's daughter, I might have photographed her for the *Queen of Hearts* had there been more light.

The fire had burnt for four and twenty years. The old brown cupboard had stood in yon corner for one hundred and fifty years. Her father, old Bally Cock, was born in the adjoining cottage, he was a fine-looking old man.

Miss Stewart's hair is very grey, prematurely like her brother Peter, but still very good looking and vivacious. They are a remarkably handsome family except the red-haired Bella. Here were two more Marjories, a little child Madge, and another cousin Marjorie Stewart. Black eyes, black hair, a white skin, short petticoats, very tall, a little stiff, the finest looking young woman I have seen for a long time.

She was working in the farm and came up with one of the horses. I think I understand the feeling of that common person Mr Pepys, it gives me a thorough pleasure of a platonic kind to consider a beautiful face. I took two photographs of Miss Stewart with the dog Jocky and little Madge. She

abandoned the scones and was determined to ‘brush her hair’, which being explained was a brooch made of a white Ptarmigan’s foot mounted with silver.

Then Bella took me back to the other farm, dragging little Madge in one hand, and the *machine* in the other, talking all the time at express speed. Her uncle Jack began in Gaelic, but pulled up and shook hands as did Mr Peter formally, whom I had already seen. The people here when you say ‘how do you do’, work out the question and return it in an old-fashioned honest manner, you have to allow for it before tumbling into general conversation. I took two carts and horses and numerous people in a state of giggle, who came out better than might have been expected. There was some competition, little Madge wanted to be taken with a ‘piggy’, but was reminded that she had been ‘done once’. I was vexed to spoil a plate which I had meant to devote to the pretty Marjorie, but she deserves a better workman.

Miss Stewart’s scones were very good and the company very merry. The visit was a great success but I was a little huffed afterwards to find out that both Bella and her Auntie May are likely to be soon married from the old house.

As for Bella who has been engaged a long time, it is a good match, and the man who gets her will be lucky, red hair, thumping boots, good tempered, cracking laugh and all — but it does seem rather an unkind irony of fate that the lassie who is admitted to make the best butter in the district, should go to live in Clerkenwell. He is an Inspector of Police who has got on, and is considered very promising. I wonder if she will lose her freshness, and forget how to say *Rohallion* with several Q’s in it and two syllables.

As to Miss May’s sweetheart, I was too much disgusted to ask, but the only wonder is how she has contrived to remain so long single. Her brother Mr John Stewart who has grown stout, and explained more than once that he had a cold in his head, certainly appeared a ‘wee bit dumpie’; but one would have thought that having got past an age when she would be likely to have children, and being the mistress of a prosperous home, she might as well keep home for Mr Peter as any other man.

This tirade reads rather spiteful, and completely ignores the romance of affection, but it has spoiled a pretty picture. I should think Mr John and Peter Stewart’s view of the situation is equally prosaic, two elderly obstinate

bachelors exceedingly shy: they may search the country before they find another such pretty, brisk housekeeper.

Thursday, September 22nd. Very fine harvest-day again in the afternoon. Drove with the mare up the Braan valley, past Drumour, in beautiful mellow sunlight slanting against the hill-sides and stooks of corn. Already in the middle of September the sun reaches a very slight elevation over the level of the hill-tops, so that the western slopes of the valleys are chilly and damp. The leaves are beginning to turn.

Friday, September 23rd. Drive up the Braan again with the pony and camera, intending to take General Wade's Bridge above Kennacoil. The morning began with frost and white mist, which gradually rolled up the slopes, the sun blinking out over the beautiful valley amongst the hills, but the vapours were too heavy, and towards night closed into heavy rain.

Monday, September 26th. Drove in the afternoon with the pony to Butterglen, then turned to the left towards Riechip under the impression the road was flat, whereas it goes over the hill at the back of Cardney. There is a farm right on the top, and little fields of oats.

I got out when the pull began, but the road went up and up. Could not see Loch Ordie. Went up a slight hill on the left, and should have had a splendid view but for dull clouds of rain over the Carse of Gowrie. The pony was in a lather but came down the hill in fine style, and only moderately apprehensive, the road being very soft with mud. It is surprising how well he has kept on his feet this year.

Last night, between eleven and twelve, we thought we heard the special train taking the Duke of Sutherland on his long, last journey. Some people can see no sentiment or beauty in a railway, simply a monstrosity and a matter of dividends. To my mind there is scarcely a more splendid beast in the world than a large locomotive: if it loses something of mystery through being the work of man, it surely gains in a corresponding degree the pride of possession. I cannot imagine a finer sight than the Express, with two engines, rushing down this incline at the edge of dusk.

The strongly marked character and peculiarities of the Iron Duke will make him remembered in social history. Reading the interesting obituary

notice in the *Scotsman*, I was struck with the mingling of the old and the new.

As his career as a public spirited generous autocrat has been a success, it is emphatically an exception which proves the new rule. No landowner without great extraneous resources could carry out beneficence on this vast scale, for it brings in neither a reasonable percentage nor very sincere gratitude. The days of a successful patriotic undertaking like the Bridgewater Canal are out of date.

The Scotch dote upon funerals and mourning, but I have not seen a scrap of crêpe about the Highland Railway. The unfortunate ending of the Duke's life would probably make little difference in Scotland in the way of dropping him out of favour. It is my opinion that, under a thin veneer of intelligence and gentility, they are all savages, highly descended of course, and the more savage the more hoity-toity, but, making certain slight allowance for circumstances, there are no Class divisions whatever.

I suppose the future *Deus ex machina* is the County Council. There was another death in the same number of the *Scotsman*, which snaps an almost incredible line with the past. Lady Elphinstone, a daughter of Johnson's 'Queenie Thrale'.

Thursday, September 29th. Drove up the Braan to the sixth milestone. A very beautiful valley to my mind. I prefer a pastoral landscape backed by mountains. I have often been laughed at for thinking Esthwaite Water the most beautiful of the Lakes. It really strikes me that some scenery is almost theatrical, or ultra-romantic.

Saturday, October 1st. I feel obliged to rest the Grey, but it was an aggravatingly fine morning compared with the preceding. I trudged up the road at the back with the hand camera, in hopes of getting a harmless shot at the pretty roe-deer.

The previous Thursday afternoon, being unprovided with the machine, I saw first a buck which bounced out of the fern 'cursing and swearing' as the local report hath it, like a collie dog with a sore throat. It walked leisurely up the road grunting and repeatedly uttering its hoarse indignant bark.

I thought it had not gone far, and following cautiously, got another sight of it when it ran off. It had but poor horns and was as red as a fox.

Finding this deer-stalking a pleasing excitement, I went on up the road, stepping from clump to clump of moss, and taking an observation with every step. I was rewarded by the sight of the hind quarters of a roe feeding in a patch where the fern had been cut. It was a good way up on my left, but its head behind a tree.

I stalked it with delightful success, getting across a hollow and up again, when suddenly I trod upon a stick: the roe's head being behind a tree I had time to become rigid before it looked up, and out came two hinds, lippity, lippity, like rabbits, startled by the noise, but not much frightened, and completely vague as to the point whence it came.

They came straight at me and stopped in full view. The front one, perhaps in the line of the wind, walked up the wood suspiciously, though without seeing me.

It is singular how defective the eyes, or more probably the minds of wild animals are for a stationary object. The slightest movement - but if you are motionless they will come close up, certainly not without seeing, but perhaps without focusing their observer.

I often consider what an important factor the arrangement of the eyes must be in determining the amount of intellect in different animals. If a man examines any object intently, he stares straight at it, seeing it at once, and equally (as regards scope), with both eyes, but in a considerable proportion of animals, the two spheres of sight do not overlap at all, and in certain species, such as bats and rabbits, there is an absolute gap between the two planes of vision.

Such a state of affairs would be a strain upon a human intellect, and, unless animal minds are more comprehensive than ours, they must either concentrate their attention on one eye at a time, or get a very superficial impression from both, the latter is probably the case. When preoccupied with feeding, they rely on their ears. It would follow logically that those whose eyes are most sideways would rely most on their ears, an interesting subject to work out. The overlapping in human sight is say $15^{\circ}+15^{\circ}$ out of 60° .

Whatever may have been the explanation of its behaviour, the hind was very pretty and curious, running about in the fern like a rabbit. It was much plagued with midges, (so was I), totally unprovided with tail which the fallows are always wagging. It flapped its ears and scratched itself with its tiny hind feet.

When it went back to feed I crept up nearer, but overdid it at last, and it looked up, with a mouthful of wild sage. The plant hung out like a lettuce-leaf in a rabbit's mouth, and it would munch a moment and then stare, and munch again. When its mouthful was finished, it stretched its neck straight out and uttered a long single bleat, which it repeated presently, pumping up the sound from its flanks to judge by the way it heaved, then it took a header over the bank of fern disappearing into the wood with a twinkle of red and white.

In the afternoon I went with mamma to Craiglush and Polney, but it was dull.

Sunday, October 2nd. Wet, very *weet*. Much concerned with the toothache and swollen face of Benjamin Bouncer, whose mouth is so small I cannot see in, but as far as I can feel there is no breakage. This comes of peppermints and comfits.

I have been quite indignant with papa and McDougall, though to be sure he is a fascinating little beggar, but unfortunately has not the sense to suck the *minties* when obtained.

Monday, October 3rd. In the afternoon mamma and I drove all the way to Tullypowrie to see Sarah McDonald, through showers and wind, over roads cut and dappled with footmarks of hundreds of Highland sheep.

We met three great flocks of the little creatures, woolly white, freshly washed, bleating and pressing to the side of the road, where they snatch a mouthful as they pass. They are coming down from the hills, already for a week past capped with snow, pacing towards the great sheep-fair at Perth on Wednesday and Thursday, where they will sell at the ruinous price of five and three pence apiece.

Behind these walks the shepherd in his best clothes, or the farmer himself, slow work. A flock we meet at Ballinluig at two o'clock is turned on to the warren near St Comb's when we come back at five. The sagacity of the collies in sorting out their property is marvellously reliable. I saw a large flock turned into the same field with the butcher's sheep for the night. Vast numbers have gone down by train. They are not much bigger than rabbits.

Hereabouts there are a good many cross-bred, very ugly, having all the ungainliness of Leicesters, without much of their imposing size.

We had a weary-looking thin pair of post-horses, but they proved fresh, and went, one ambling at a butcher's trot and the other cantering. We went to Guay and Ballinluig, but came back by Grandtully Bridge and Kinnaird, to the obvious mystification of the poor nags, who lost their points in the confused cross-roads near the Bridge, and by their sulky ears and shuffling gait, showed they were of opinion that we had not turned home. I was quite sorry for them. The white, who was more intelligent, took an observation on the high ground near Balnaguard and set off, but the other did not recognize the road till we had passed Kinnaird. They showed a certain discrimination in their mistake, for the girder bridges at Ballinluig and Grandtully are almost similar.

The Tay was in flood, lying out on the meadows where the herds of dappled cattle were reflected in the shallow water. The corn all out, a sad sight to see. It is a beautiful Strath between Logierait and Aberfeldy, more so than the narrow valley below, with its almost artificially beautiful woods and excellent deserted roads. Rich land, scattered clumps of fine timber and a fringe of natural wood at the edge of the moor, if less romantic, is more pleasing in the long run.

We passed Duncan clipping a hedge just before we turned in at the steep sandy drive to Pitleoch, and he did not put in a further opinion, which I did not regret having observed him adequately in June, for he is deaf. He is still very tall but has gone into an old man, thin, wiry and silent, pleasantly civil in manner, but deaf. He was a queer old object in June, in a flannel shirt, queer loose short knickerbockers, more like drawers, worsted stockings drawn up over his knees and brogues, low shoes with the upper leather cut all in a piece and fastened over his instep with two buckle straps. He looked as if he were half-dressed, a mild inoffensive old savage.

Sarah was flitting in and out of the cottage a long way up, taking observations with an old brass telescope. There is one little bit of road she watches for hours for the baker's cart.

Truly a habitation in the mountains of the moon. It is an exquisite view, closed in the distant west by the snowy point of Ben Lawers. We had to intrude close past the back of Pitleoch House, coming to a standstill at the stable, the end of all things, where a good-tempered stable boy was bribed to smuggle away the lean horses in the rambling old buildings, once tenanted by ten potter's pigs.

Sarah was fiddling about in the wet grass, very tall and upright, showing a worn and eager face at one end, and a pair of buttoned town boots at the other. She always reminds me somehow of a broom stick, a very pathetic one, poor Sarah.

She was in much better spirits than last time, when she seemed so overcome with the unaccustomed sight that she could only stare at us and mop her face. She explained naively that she had thought of so many things after we had gone, and proceeded to put questions again, which already she had unconsciously heard answered.

She had had some lodgers from Fife, an absorbing event in their little world, and of no slight importance financially. I am afraid Duncan can earn very little now, and it is a poor cottage, and there is a certain soreness in having had to leave Tullymet.

Sarah is not so much altered, but very old. The same blinking eyes looking over her chin, and the same tone of voice, especially when she manages a laugh. There was a Scotch clip here and there, but the accent was English, and Lancashire at that, over the hills at the edge of the Derbyshire peak.

She has never been home or seen a relation since she married Duncan in 72, and when we came to her in June, we were the first visible travellers from her old outside world that had reached her since our other visit eight years ago— ‘when you have a house there would be nobody to look after Duncan - and the hens’ — there will be few left to visit if the delay lasts much longer.

Her sister, old Hannah is still alive, but must be very old. She was like a mumbling shrivelled old mummy when my grandmother died. Betty was the eldest sister, they must have been connected with the Leeches in service for a great while back, but I don't think they ever worked in Leech's Mill.

Sarah was kitchen maid, and then my mother's cook. We were at Tullymet for one summer 70, and she came back from London to marry the gamekeeper. I remember being taken up into the attic as a child to finger her lilac silk dress. He was a fine looking man, and she had £200 of savings. I am glad to say she has this yet, my father being one trustee, but I should think the income is very bare.

I never heard anything unsatisfactory of the gracious Duncan, but he has become slow, and he looks like a tough sort of old man who might last for

ever on a little meal. They have no family. She became a Catholic, after a fashion, when she married him.

If Sarah ever showed any reserve when she was gamekeeper's wife at Tullymet, it is visited on her now in her inferior rank, but the situation has probably always been beyond her control. The Scotch are friendly to a friendly English family with ready money, but an unprotected stranger is a stranger to the bitter end - although they take him in. The loneliness must be all the more appalling when every one is cousins and a Clan.

Thursday, October 6th. What an aggravating old person Mr Lowe the post master is! You go down in a hurry with two or three small affairs, say a postal order and three stamps. He says in a forbidding manner 'Let us do one thing first; *haveyougotapenny?*' He works out the change on his fingers, and after all has to carry on the halfpence to the next transaction, which you work out for him as he has collapsed into a state of imbecility. 'I *think* that's right' says he, regarding you sideways with evident suspicion.

He is a fat, hunched old fellow, with little piggy eyes, a thick voice and wears a smoking-cap with a yellow tassel, and he has immense hands with which he slowly fumbles about for the stamps, which he keeps amongst the stationery in empty writing-paper boxes. He puts on wrong postage 'Shall we say tuppence?' (!) and will sauce anybody who is unprovided with small change; he wants reporting.

I drove to Inver in the morning to see old Kitty. I felt a little selfreproachful when she said 'I was yeamin to see ye.' To tell the truth I wanted the photograph to blow over. We avoided the subject successfully. I had a great laugh with Mrs McDougall before going up. 'There's a poke here' indicating the front of her bodice, 'and a poke here (at the back) and a lump o'hair. Oh thooms wrang. Neist time I'm hae on a wrapped, th'face is no clean. Oo aye it'll be,' I don't know whether it would be in the fire, but I durst hardly look round the shelves, the old woman is so sharp.

It is a peculiarity of amateur portraits that they always enrage the victims. I have known people to cease to be on speaking terms!

Old Kitty bore no malice, but was most gossipy when she had got over a regret that the house was no weel redd up.

We talked about the worsted she was knitting and hand-spinning. She rolled off her chair and began to search high and low, finding it finally in the bed, whence she seems to produce most of her little property. It was a

bag containing balls of wool, one of them, of course, unbleached yellow, spun by her more than forty years ago. It was of two strands and not bad for evenness, and very tough. I broke off a bit and kept it, whereat she laughed like a child. She 'turnt' the wheel, a very large two-handed, like the Irish still use, I fancy.

After another search she brought out a linen garment. Her mother she said with evident pride, was an excellent spinner and taught her to work well, they bought forty pounds (?) o'tow, it was very dear. This was part of the piece they spun together sixty years since. I did not like to ask whether the thing, a chemise, had been in use ever since, but it is likely, and seemed not worn in the slightest.

This hand-woven unbleached (for linen is linen, I believe the bleaching chemicals are the mischief), will last for ever. There were some lumps, but on the whole fine, strong cloth, infinitely superior to anything they make in Langdale. People will not, cannot settle down to waste their eyes on such work now. Old Kitty was strongly of this opinion 'we could not sell it under six shillings a yard' and six shillings then meant the worth of sixteen shillings nowadays.

I told her about our linen napkins with Prince Charlie's initials, but could not get a rise. Either Kitty is no Jacobite, or will not let on before an Englisher. She has a wonderful memory and declares she remembers things that happened when she was between three and four years old. Very quiet things I should fancy, up in the hills at the back of Ballinloan.

She evidently has lively recollection of the old crofter farms which clustered round the heads of the glens amongst the hills. There is only one modern cottage, standing on the site of the hamlet where she was born, which is a typical example of the places you come upon at the edge of the hill.

Generally, near the head of a large burn, a few mounds of large stones overgrown with nettles (there may not be another nettle for miles round, it must be a toughly ancestral plant, witness the Roman of the camps) - enclosing patches of vivid green, and on the neighbouring slopes strange ridges like wave-marks, where the turf and stout heather has grown over what was once ploughed land.

There is sometimes a solitary robin haunting the dwarfed thorns, and nearly always an uncanny blue hare on the lone hearthstone. Such silent mournful spots have appealed to the sentimental and unreasoning

susceptibilities of poets since the time when Goldsmith wrote his pensive 'Lament', and on the nerves of Radical politicians they are as red as a bull.

I thought old Kitty's shrewd sentence was worth the whole blather of a crofter delegation - 'There was less tea drunk then.'

The simple fact is that people, even the Scotch who are still tolerable savages, (witness one of the football team on Saturday, who being objected to in hobnailed boots, offered to play in his stockings), cannot with the modern ideas of decency and comfort subsist like rabbits.

This old woman living all alone, the last of her race, might be expected to look back with sentimental love to the past, but the circumstance most insistent in her memory appeared to be 'the stinting' which she endured and which stunted her growth as a girl.

Her father had a small croft at Easter Dalguise, *Swans House*, which stands on the corner of our potato patch. She had five brothers and two sisters, she being the youngest. Her father died soon after she was born. When she was seven years old she went to 'my uncle Prince', who had a farm a mile up the water from Ballinloan, as a herd, and remained with him eight years, herding the cattle on the hills.

The crofters appear to have had the right to herd their cattle and sheep on the hills at the back of the valleys. (How did that right disappear, by the way?)

As I understand, they did not graze in common, but had their own marches.

Kitty must have had a frugal life always, but she dwelt on this early part as a time of positive privation. Apart from the hardship, she spoke with affection of the idyllic shepherd life in summer on the hills. They milked the ewes then, a thing a crofter would hardly condescend to now.

What did they live on?, just meat and a little milk. 'Aye thae were potaties but no mony; aye neeps' (rather doubtful). The staple evidently porridge. 'They wad kill a sheep sometimes, or a stirk' (impassively), one of the events she has remembered for eighty years. She mentioned pigs as a source of satisfactory profit.

They were content to wear the coarse worsted of their own flocks, their scanty stock of hand-spun linen lasted practically a lifetime, and there was less tea drunk then! Plenty of whisky probably, but there was a reason for its being cheap at the back of Ballinloan.

I remember another deserted village higher up the Pitleoch Burn that we used to walk to from Dalguise, where there was an immense still like a stone bottle or oven, the neck level with the surface of the ground. For the matter of that, I believe something stronger than water came out of the burn above Easter Dalguise. There was a very large still discovered at Balnaguard thirty years ago perhaps, the entrance under the hearthstone of a cottage.

According to old Kitty, Strath Braan was populous once, 'hundreds'. I could not get an exact idea, but they emigrated in a covey as McDougall would say, to North America, 'My uncle Prince's descendants are prosperous in California', she had had a letter last week. One old cousin survives in Edinburgh, ninety-four and deaf, and failed, but cherished by the Minister's family whom she has served for forty-six years. You will scarcely find a single family in this neighbourhood who have not relations over the sea.

The old crofter farms will never return. When one considers the scanty, draggled crops grown in the bottoms of the windy valleys, it is madness to dream of ploughing up the heather. 'Then there'll be some bad meal,' said Kitty, when I told her Duncan Cameron had run up his kit-rigs regardless of the rain.

That farming does not pay is a platitude. Bella Dewar informed me they had got a substantial reduction of rent from the impecunious Mr Durrent Stuart. We could not live, we made no profit, and Mabel putting to it (from capital) to pay the rent? As to allotments, they were a matter of course when we went to Dalguise twenty years ago, and nearly everybody has a cow.

In the matter of small farms, there is the case of Robert Love, who has the fourth farm at Dalguise, I don't know the acreage, but three cows, a 'two-horse farm' and mares out even then with carting coals. He is giving up next year when the lease runs out. He endeavoured once to borrow £40 from my farm I remember.

As far as I have discovered there is no soreness about the emigration, but the pride and pleasure over sons and cousins who have 'done weel' and remembered the old folks at home.

Friday, October 7th. News in the *Scotsman* of Lord Tennyson's death, a truly great patriot when treason is little thought of. What a pity it was not

Mr Gladstone. In the same copy of *The Times* appeared the last of the Duke of Argyll's trenchant letters.

Before the King is buried there is talk of his successor. I should say Mr Lewis Morris has not improved his chances by the wretched stuff he has contributed to *The Times*, though he has contrived to publish the fact of his intimacy with Lord Tennyson. Whether he gets it or not, I expect to hear some echoes of a lively storm, my father being intimate with the choleric Welshman. Imagine the spiteful wrath of 'that beast' George Saintsbury and the *Saturday Review*.

Alfred Austin's 'Ode' is very fine, but if anything, almost annoying in the success of his Imitation. The 16th stanza contradicts the first, and yet it is only plagiarism after all. Coventry Patmore and Locker are the only poets who are not mentioned in the running. Swinburne is the man if it were not for certain unfortunate circumstances.

If they cannot give it to the only poet who is a personality, not an echo, I hope it will go to a literateur rather than a poetaster. I think Sir Theodore Martin is the likeliest. Another way out of the difficulty would be to give it to Miss Ingelow or Miss Rossetti, which would be comparative peace between two competitors instead of a crowd, and not altogether inappropriate at the end of our good Queen's reign.

Wednesday, October 12th. I went to see Miss Jessie Anderson, which I should have done before, and sat three-quarters-of-an-hour, and see no reason why I might not have sat indefinitely had she not got a choking in her throat.

There was very little in the shop compared to old times, in fact she only opens it irregularly as an excuse for seeing old friends. I was ushered into the back parlour over a hot fire, and hospitably pressed to take a cup of tea at 11.20, but well meant.

My views on Scotch education will always be clouded with the recollection of a flock of white pigeons on a balcony half seen half hidden with flapping sheets and clothes lines, and the usual obstructions of a little back window. In the same way shall I associate Lord Rosebery with a glow of heat and a painted feather fan.

Now Miss Anderson is a singular character, considerably beyond me when it comes to analysis. I consider she is mad, at all events very flighty since the influenza. At the same time if she can be kept off metaphysics (she

had just got to the dangerous word 'psychological' when her cough began), she is a person of observation and intellect, and stored with anecdote, but her stories come tumbling out in such a muddle of broad Scotch and theology, that one feels as if one was standing on one's head.

The poor thing has been much troubled by ill-health and the loss of her dear sister Mary, a very charming person, with more firmness, and a convinced Unitarian, which is the reason of her surviving sister's real affection for us. Now religion, more especially doctrinal, is a subject I will not and cannot discuss: and such a mixture, the most advanced rational views held conjointly with a beautiful childlike piety and a personal belief in visions.

I have an unconquerable aversion to listening to accounts in the first person of supposed supernatural visitations. I didn't enjoy my visit to Miss Anderson in June. It annoys me from the opposite ends of my character at the same time.

But keep Miss Anderson from this twilight land and her views of earthly life and politics are both amusing and clever, and I have also heard her tell a good ghost story, not in the first person. I should not like to accuse her of inventing it, though it is of rather a conventional type, and it is odd no one was unkind enough to whisper it when we lived at Tullymet.

Many years ago the family of Dick had an old attached servant named Mistress McNaughten, who was left in charge at Tullymet, Sir Robert Dick, the then proprietor, being with his regiment in India. The housekeeper sitting by herself sewing in the little room between the dining-room and the room at the back of the hall (I remember the room well, a horse-hair sofa that I used to crawl underneath), heard one of the doors open, and saw her master come in and slowly cross the room.

She spoke to him in great surprise, but he only looked at her mournfully after the manner of a ghost, and went out at the other door. In due time came the news that Sir Robert Dick had fallen in battle. Poor Mistress McNaughten, surely with some confusion of cause and effect, was never 'settled in her mind' after the shock.

According to the terms of her master's will she was never to be turned away, but she did not get on comfortably with his successor, and, after haunting the house like a ghost herself for several years, she went over to her relations in New Zealand. Her fate pursued her, she wandered into the

Bush where her body was found after many days. Such was the sad end of Mistress McNaughten.

In the matter of politics, Miss Anderson opined that Mr Gladstone is a Jesuit, which I was able to say I had heard before! She has no belief in that over-rated young man Lord Rosebery, and gave some anecdote which I will not set down, being vague, of shabbiness on his part to the navvies at the Forth Bridge, when they wanted a cricket ground.

She detests Lord Rosebery because of his behaviour to Mr Duncan's daughter. When old Mrs Duncan was at Kinnaird she was very intimate with Miss Anderson. I remember the nice old lady, always bundled up in a white china crêpe shawl, giving me, a very small child unable to read, a copy of 'The Lady of the Lake' in polished wooden binding. She thought everything of Lord Rosebery, she used to quote Tennyson because of his reading it, 'Oh, Miss Anderson,' she would say, 'you should hear Lord Rosebery recite *The Grandmother*,' and then she would walk about the shop saying pieces - 'and he was staying there, he was engaged to her' — the story as I have heard it, and do not in the least doubt, was that his precious Lordship broke the matter short when Miss Duncan's father refused to settle £400,000 on his daughter.

He had private reasons for not being able to do that as he failed disgracefully within a few months, but it is distinctly to be understood that Lord Rosebery, at the time of breaking off, was not aware of this approaching fraudulent bankruptcy as an excuse for declining to ally himself with the Duncans.

According to Miss Anderson, the Rothschilds were staying at Fisher's Hotel at that time, and he never left the neighbourhood till he had engaged himself to Miss Hannah Rothschild. I can indistinctly remember Miss Duncan, she was a tall, beautiful girl with light hair.

I was able to assure Miss Anderson that papa also detested Lord Rosebery. One ground of his dislike rather comical. Now, if my papa has a fault, he is rather voluble in conversation, and though not such a dragon as Edwin Lawrence, he is oppressively well informed. One day at Sir John Millais', my father being photographing, overheard Lord Rosebery and another gentleman, whom he afterwards learnt to be Mr Buckle, Editor of *The Times*, in the course of conversation make some glaring mis-statement, not of a controversial nature, but of fact.

My father could not stand it and set them right. He has something in common with his hero Lord Macaulay, for whom Sydney Smith suggested a purgatory of dumbness while someone shouted wrong historical dates into his ear. I don't know whether Mr Buckle said anything, but Lord Rosebery, supposing my father to be an ordinary working photographer, received the correction as a positive insult, and there was a scrimmage.

In excuse of his rudeness I am afraid it must be admitted that photographers are a low class. Did not Charlie Lamm mention with surprise that he had seen McDougall of Inver walking with one? Perhaps in consequence, and also on account of his intimacy with the Duncans, papa was not favourably impressed with the Countess either, when he afterwards saw her at the Studio.

Miss Anderson's family belonged to the Congregationalists I think, or Baptists, staid Sectarians who tolerated no inquiry of thought. One Sunday when reading their Church Magazine, which contained a list of persons expelled for heresy, she saw at the bottom, Jessy Anderson 'for gross heresy'. She had never heard the word before, and looked it up in the dictionary. I asked her if she was at all reflected on in Dunkeld, and was sorry as soon as said, but she was much amused and said her neighbours had found she was harmless, and kind to the poor.

She takes worthy interest in the ploughman and gives indiscriminately to tinkers, so we leave her with the gypsy's benison, well earned— 'May God bless ye - and the de'il miss ye!'

Thursday, October 13th. Account of Lord Tennyson's funeral. I should think no man ever had a more beautifully complete end. It has made a deep impression. There is only one person living whose death would cause the same universal, uncontradicted grief, may it be long distant, I mean the Queen. Or in a less degree, the Princess of Wales or Princess May.

Mr James Payne touching the subject with questioning taste in the *Illustrated*, says Tennyson was one of the three greatest men, the other two being Bismarck and Gladstone. I once in print read a statement of the same sort which had the advantage of not being contradictable, namely, that these three were the only celebrities surviving whose obituary notices would overflow a page of *The Times*. I suppose new stars will arise.

Sunday, October 16th. Up the road some flakes of snow, much crackling of withered leaves, no deer. Gathering moss on the way down did hear a noise which on a lawful day I should have attributed to the Gas Works, but being the Sabbath, concluded it must be the Red King or a rabbit snoring.

Monday, October 17th. Up above Ballinloan to photograph. Clear blue sky, cold wind and frost. Tried 'east the burn', like the side of a house, gates and the back buildings of a farm. Went in cautiously being afraid of collies, but could find no soul 'forbye baudrons'.

Knocking at the kitchen door interrupted the clatter of forks, and brought out a girl with ringlets and a dirty face. A conversation with 'Wully' invisible in the inner kitchen, in which the carriage was referred to as 'the machine', led to a determination to turn back if possible. I prudently went down on foot, that pony is an admirable person, and met the farmer coming up, a tall, sandy, toothless old fellow with a broad grin, riding a hay-cart mare with a halter and no saddle.

He advised 'west the burn'. I drove half a mile up to the Ford, and then walked on a good way through the heather, within sight of the old ruins at Salachill. The road is a mere track now, with enormously deep ruts, but from the indication of large stones and some cutting, I take it to be the actual old road made by General Wade.

I had a most enjoyable walk, disturbing many grouse. Saw two shepherds as I came back, dodged the burn till they were well up the hill. Singular how blind people are if they are not expecting to see anything. The sun was burning hot, and coming home a wind like ice, which is the way to get a splitting headache.

Saturday, October 29th. Was warmer and much rain, the paths washed out and great puddles of transparent water on the platform, splashing over one's heels if one stepped in it. The ditch at the edge of the wood turning into a torrent choked with fallen leaves, rushed across the road and down into Miss Carrington's front door.

Old Willie Hutton was to be seen scraping and puddling with a shovel. It is convenient if he happens to be all right when wanted, for the last fortnight he had been almost continually all wrong. I suppose people away have given him money. Papa refused to pay him on account, leaving it with Mr Kinnaird to be paid when he was sober.

He makes such a fool of himself, taking off his hat and bowing to the ground, it is a wonder he has not been run over before now. At times I suspect he is locked up to judge by the noise and the epitaphs he bestows on his sister.

He must be an aggravating relation to own. He is said to have been perverted by some English workmen who were employed some years ago building at Miss Carrington's. The idea of Englishmen teaching a Scotchman to drink whisky struck me as rather rich.

The Chapel in Miss Carrington's house is a secret known to every single person in the place. I don't know why I'm sure. I think my gossip must have been under a misapprehension.

The priest sleeps in the Chapel because it is not lawful to have a regular chapel in the house, which I don't believe, but it is such a small house it may well be convenient to keep both in one room.

There are a good few Catholics scattered about the countryside, considered in proportion to the other inhabitants. They are much apart, and the priests looked on askance as Jesuits.

Miss Carrington, who is described as being much under the control of the priest and a Catholic maid-servant, wanted to hire a room in Dunkeld but was refused by the Duchess, her object being to provide a meeting-place for the priests, savage Irish from Perth and Glasgow, who camp in the oak woods and peel the bark from the saplings for tan.

The youngest Miss Carrington I suppose is not a Catholic, as she plays the organ at the English Church. There was another who is silly, so since her parent's death she has been retired into an asylum, and her sisters are building the chapel with her money according to current report.

Went down to Mr Mackenzie's to see some splendid photographs taken by Mr Sutcliffe of Whitby. He sent up a book for us to look at, of dried ferns and moss ingeniously arranged by Charlie Macintosh, the postman. I have been trying all summer to speak with that learned but extremely shy man, it seemed stupid to take home the drawings without having shown them to him.

Accordingly by appointment he came, with his soft hat, a walking stick, a little bundle, and very dirty boots, at five o'clock to the minute. He was quite painfully shy and uncouth at first, as though he was trying to swallow a muffin, and rolling his eyes about and mumbling.

He was certainly pleased with my drawings, and his judgement speaking to their accuracy in minute botanical points gave me infinitely more pleasure than that of critics who assume more, and know less than poor Charlie. He is a perfect dragon of erudition, and not gardener's Latin either.

He had not been doing much amongst the moss lately he said modestly, he was 'studying slimes', fresh water algae. I asked him to sit down, his head being somewhere in the chandelier. I would not make fun of him for worlds, but he reminded me so much of a damaged lamp post. He warmed up to his favourite subject, his comments terse and to the point, and conscientiously accurate as befitted a correspondent of the scholarly Mr Barclay of Glamis.

When we discussed funguses he became quite excited and spoke with quite poetical feeling about their exquisite colours. He promised to send me some through the post, though I very much fear he will never have sufficient assurance to post them, but his mouth evidently watered at the chance of securing drawings, he had even tried himself in a small way, also drawing them, and dived into the hall abruptly, bringing back a sort of pocket-book tied up with string.

Now of all hopeless things to draw, I should think the very worst is a fine fat fungus, and of course they had lost their colour, but by dint of slicing, scraping and sections, they were surprisingly passable, and as the work of a one-handed man, a real monument of perseverance.

I happened by lucky intuition to have drawn several rare species. One with white spikes on the lower side he had discovered this summer for the first time in a wood at Murthly, and another, like a spluttered candle, he had found just once in the grass at the roadside near Inver tunnel. He had had opportunity of study without end in his long, damp walks. I suppose when no one was in sight, which would be the case in four-fifths of his fifteen daily miles.

When one met him, a more scared startled scarecrow it would be difficult to imagine. Very tall and thin, stooping with a weak chest, one arm swinging and the walking-stick much too short, hanging to the stump with a loop, a long wisp of whisker blowing over either shoulder, a drip from his hat and his nose, watery eyes fixed on the puddles or anywhere, rather than any other traveller's face.

He was sometimes overheard to whistle, but never could be induced to say more than 'humph' as to the weather. There were times alas of

cloudiness, but that you may say about ninety-nine out of the hundred inhabitants of any Highland Parish, and old hundredth, John the Minister.

It used to be an amusement to hop from puddle to puddle on the strides of Charlie's hob-nailed boots. I forget how many thousand miles he walked, some mathematical person reckoned it up. His successor has a tricycle: it will save his legs, but modern habits and machines are not calculated to bring out individuality or the study of Natural History.

Country postmen, at all events in Scotland, are almost always men of intelligence with some special study. Probably the result of much solitary thinking and observation. David Wood, Charlie's successor, is an entomologist and grows pansies.

Sunday, October 30th. I am ashamed to say I photographed in the wood. Perhaps it may have been atoned by an act of mercy after breakfast. When I was walking out Benjamin I saw Miss Hutton's black cat jumping on something up the wood. I thought it was too far off to interfere, but as it seemed leisurely I went up in time to rescue a poor little rabbit, fast in a snare.

The cat had not hurt it, but I had great difficulty in slackening the noose round its neck. I warmed it at the fire, relieved it from a number of fleas, and it came round. It was such a little poor creature compared to mine. They are regular vermin, but one cannot stand by to see a thing mauled about from one's friendship for the race. Papa in his indignation pulled up the snare. I fancy our actions were much more illegal than Miss Hutton's.

After dinner I was half amused, half shocked, to see her little niece Maggie hunting everywhere for the wire. I just had enough sense not to show the stranger to Benjamin Bounce, but the smell of its fur on my dress was quite enough to upset the ill-regulated passions of that excitable buck rabbit.

Whether he thought I had a rival in my pocket, or like a princess in a fairy tale was myself metamorphosed into a white rabbit I cannot say, but I had to lock him up.

Rabbits are creatures of warm volatile temperament but shallow and absurdly transparent. It is this naturalness, one touch of nature, that I find so delightful in Mr Benjamin Bunny, though I frankly admit his vulgarity. At one moment amiably sentimental to the verge of silliness, at the next, the upsetting of a jug or tea-cup which he immediately takes upon himself, will

convert him into a demon, throwing himself on his back, scratching and spluttering.

If I can lay hold of him without being bitten, within half a minute he is licking my hands as though nothing has happened.

He is an abject coward, but believes in bluster, could stare our old dog out of countenance, chase a cat that has turned tail.

Benjamin once fell into an aquarium head first, and sat in the water which he could not get out of, pretending to eat a piece of string. Nothing like putting a face upon circumstances.

Monday, October 31st. Coming up by the coach-builder and under the railway for the last time, I watched a dipper or water-ousel diving in the stream. A handsome fellow, and curious to see a bird apparently of the thrush tribe and with unwebbed feet, take to the water like a diving duck.

It dived always up-stream in a rapid pool, did not use wings or feet as paddles, but I thought remained in the water as long as the force of its jump, opposed to the current, kept it suspended in one place. I dare say in a still pool it might have run on the bottom, I saw it bring out a worm. They have a sweet, low song and are said to poach much fish-spawn.

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1893

LONDON

Positively I will again keep a diary, I foresee larks, contingent on the opening of Parliament.

Tuesday, January 31st. A procession of unemployed, dogged and chivied by the police on the Embankment. Mr Gladstone drove to the House in an open carriage with Mrs Gladstone. What a vain old bird he is, and with what an appetite for tickling the Mob (as long as they are not in a procession).

One cannot imagine Lord Salisbury showing himself off. He carries a proper self-respect to rather the other extreme. His cold indifference to mere vulgar popularity is set down as cynicism to a greater extent than is deserved, for he is a kind and just Landlord in Hertfordshire.

Sunday, February 5th. I went to the Pagets somewhat guilty. This comes of borrowing other people's pets. Miss Paget has an infinite number of guinea-pigs. First I borrowed and drew Mr Chopps. I returned him safely. Then in an evil hour I borrowed a very particular guinea-pig with a long white ruff, known as Queen Elizabeth. This PIG - offspring of Titwillow the Second, descendant of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and distantly related to a still more illustrious animal named the Light of Asia - this wretched pig took to eating blotting paper, pasteboard, string and other curious substances, and expired in the night.

I suspected something was wrong and intended to take it back. My feelings may be imagined when I found it extended a damp - very damp disagreeable body. Miss Paget proved peaceable, I gave her the drawing.

Miss Rosalind Paget is something of a ghoul, in fact very much. After the cholera scare she had her box packed awaiting a telegram from the London Hospital where one-thousand isolated beds were prepared. It was very brave and noble, but she is quite candidly disappointed.

She and another nurse went to see *King Lear* and were edified and excited. They said it was such an 'admirable study of senile paralysis'. It

made Miss Nina Paget nearly ill, which in a devout disciple I thought was a warning to a nervous person like myself.

Irving made some people laugh. The Shakespearian Miss Rosalind is a comical example of a misfitting name, except that to be sure she would make a very passable gentleman.

Friday, March 3rd. I was at the Paget's one day last week. There was a stately lady calling, with polished manners. Lady Bligh (?), with a stately inclination of the head and surprise that anyone should take the trouble to 'dress' - did not Fanny Burney slip out of the parlour because she was not 'dressed' - in order to be presented to Princess Christian.

Passing to politics, Lady Bligh admitted she was in low spirits, but - 'I am *told* that is unnecessary.' Mrs Paget who appeared to be slightly flighty that afternoon on the subject of Mr Gladstone, launched into a discussion as to what would have happened if Mrs Gladstone had not got over the influenza, and being further excited by strong tea, such sentences as 'a young man with whom my father would not have allowed me to dance' etc., but having heard scandal of that sort before, I thought it prudent to retire to the guinea-pigs.

There are not wanting persons who doubt whether the apostle of the Nonconformist conscience has always been respectable himself. Lady Bligh (?) honoured me with a bow as she went out. I was rather pleased with her, it does one good to see such old-fashioned *ton* and withal she seemed a sensible person.

Miss Paget mentioned a curious thing in connection with the newest fad of the County Council - Model Lodging Houses for men, where free breakfasts are provided, and all the newest conveniences, for a nominal rent. She says the charity organization East End Branches have actually thirty cases of deserted wives and families whose husbands had gone to live in the model dwellings.

I think there may be some exaggeration about the round number - thirty - but it may have a tithe of that number.

It is a curious commentary on the Council's political economy, Miss Paget is a member of the Hammersmith Branch, likely to be well informed, though not impartial to the two Councils.

TORQUAY

Tuesday, March 14th. We set off to Devonshire and Cornwall, the Osborne Hotel, Torquay. I didn't much want to go. I did not take to what I had seen of Torquay, and it is possible to see too much of Ada Smallfield.

I sniffed my bedroom on arrival, and for a few hours felt a certain grim satisfaction when my forebodings were maintained, but it is possible to have too much Natural History in a bed.

I did not undress after the first night, but I was obliged to lie on it because there were only two chairs and one of them was broken. It is very uncomfortable to sleep with Keating's powder in the hair. What is to be thought of people who recommend near relations to an hotel where there are bugs?

I also saw a very extraordinary creature for all the world like a hairy caterpillar but it hopped, perhaps it had some connection with a fine Tom cat which - but let us draw a veil under the soothing influence of these nocturnal discoveries, plus a very dirty table-cloth and insufficient food (always excepting the smell thereof which was super-abundant).

I listened to the voluminous local information of Miss Ada Smallfield with ill-disguised acerbity. She has a bowl of sea anemones nearly all of which she has *got* at Torquay. I found out afterwards she had bought them at the fishmongers. It is very indiscreet to act the cicerone so industriously.

I would not, flatly, go to the top of Dedry's Gap, and I didn't. There are only three almond trees in Torquay, I have seen them all and they are small ones. It is a very large town and of no interest as such. The suburbs of villas and gardens are pretty, but not so much so as Roehampton, and very steep walking.

I went one singular suburban drive with mamma, Miss Harrison and Miss Smallfield, past Anstey's Cove, curiously pretty but rather too much of a show place, and through a most dreary suburb named St Mary Church to Babbacombe whence there is a wonderful coast view like a balloon or the top of the Monument, the leading interest down below being the site of the Babbacombe murder.

I was so disgusted with my drive that I privately incited papa to going into Kent's Hole next morning by way of a revival. We slunk out after breakfast, Miss Smallfield who was not an early bird was seen to throw open a window on the third floor, but we got away through the bushes.

We afterwards lost our way which was a judgement. Indeed, I can imagine no more unlikely or unromantic situation for a cavern. It is in a

suburb of Torquay, half way up a tangled bluff, with villas and gardens overhanging the top of a muddy orchard and some filthily dirty cows in the ravine below. I was pretty much exhausted when we found it, but by dint of eating cinnamon and the excitement of going into a cave, recovered. We had walked overfast for fear of pursuit.

The dilapidated wooden door was flush into the bank. Outside an artificial plateau or spoil-bank of slate, overgrown. A donkey-cart was encamped and the donkey grazing, the owner a mild, lighthaired young man was sawing planks.

Papa inquired if there was anybody here? to which he replied with asperity '7 am,' put on his coat and prepared to unlock the cavern. The donkey was apparently trustworthy, at least it was there when we came out.

The proprietor (I have already forgotten his name, which I regret, for he amused me), hung a notice-board on a nail outside the door, to the effect that the guide is at present inside the cavern, and scrubbed out certain derisive remarks which had been scratched on the portal during his last descent.

He locked again as soon as we were inside. His act of possession was very funny. I implored him to take a good supply of matches. There was a quantity of gingerbeer in a nice cool place, also an umbrella stand. I shall not go into details about the cave, which is well described in a pamphlet, and only remark it is very easy to explore and only moderately damp. Papa got dirty enough in all conscience, slipping off a board into the sticky red clay. I was puzzled by one feature which I took to be geological, but was in fact the dripping of innumerable candles.

When we had done the longest branch, perhaps one-eighth of a mile into the hill, and came back in sight of the door up above us, there was a shuffling of feet and voices audible, and the guide admitted another party, a lady and some children and a spaniel like Spot.

I don't know when I laughed so. The children were bad enough, but the dog was an anxiety, nothing but 'Jack, Jack, Jack.' At one point it disappeared and was presently heard to sneeze feebly in the hyaena's den. Considering the existence of trap doors to a lower cavern, I hope that nice dog did not come to a bad end.

It was a funny sight to see the little old-fashioned boy and his sister, each with a dripping candle, on tip-toe on a block of stalagmite, solemnly examining the skull of a cave-bear embedded in the low roof.

Papa who had been in the Peak Cavern was not much impressed, but I who had never been in a cave was extremely interested. I was surprised afterwards to have been so little awestruck. I expected to have met the ghost of a hippopotamus, but felt no creepiness at all.

The age of the cavern is so vast that it passes the comprehension of an ordinary mind, and I brought away a less vivid impression of geological antiquity than that of historical, dating back to the insignificant period of 1690, when O. F. Ireland chipped his name. There it stands, sharply cut and apparently scarcely coated with glaze, and within a few yards is a stalagmite, five feet high. The cave then came before the stalagmite.

FALMOUTH

Friday, March 17th to the end of April. Went to Falmouth on 17th. Comfort to get a clean bed, and the people civil, remembering us from last year, including Mr Winter the head waiter who was endeavouring to rear the very smallest size of *buttons*, 'Where is that boy?' I distinctly saw him with his fingers in the marmalade one night after tea, also standing on one leg examining his shoe over his back during table d'hôte.

Mr Smith, the driver, was also obliging, and we had some delightful drives and steamer trips. The weather was splendid, and some of us were tempted to do more than we could manage. The sea was rather rough at first and broke the shells, but I got some I had not found before.

The queerest aquatic thing I saw was a submarine perambulator. We were photographing at the Helford river when up came a little stumpy boy and said 'Hullo!' Papa made a suitable reply, and the youth announced 'My name is John William Wandle.' He went on to talk very fast and thick. The children speak a dialect not understandable of strangers.

Five or six of them, the eldest not above ten, had let a bassinette perambulator over a steep bank into the sea, and there it stood naturally on its wheels amongst the sea weed down below the clear green water. We could not make out what had become of the baby, but it was not in the perambulator. There seemed to be no excitement, so I suppose it would be left when the tide receded, but it would be damp sitting.

1894

HARESCOMBE GRANGE, STROUD

I went to Harescombe on Tuesday the 12th of June. I used to go to my grandmother's, and once I went for a week to Manchester, but I had not been away independently for five years. It was an event.

It was so much of an event in the eyes of my relations that they made it appear an undertaking to me, and I began to think I would rather not go. I had a sick headache most inopportunistly, though whether cause or effect I could not say, but it would have decided the fate of my invitation but for Caroline, who carried me off.

I travelled with her from Paddington. She had a second-class return. There was no one else in the compartment. There was dust and a smell of beanfields. She had a cough, we talked. We ranged over universal subjects and became indiscreet before reaching Swindon, also very hoarse, and had several flat differences of opinion.

She had on a hat with rosebuds in it, and a benevolent elderly guard took a most kindly interest in her. I thought she had seen him before, but she hadn't.

We tumbled out at Stroud with our parcels. Caroline's luggage was found to comprehend numerous bandboxes, big and bulged. She resigned them to fate, but judiciously distributed sixpences, and we got into a very large open fly, after she had examined the horse, a black hearse horse with a tail, very slow but fat. Caroline disapproved of starved horses.

Stroud is all up and down hill, a straggling country town, devoted to brewers and some dye works. We soon got out on to a steep country road, pervaded by a smell of beanfields and mown hay.

Down in the valley we saw several grey stone mills with gables and little round windows, the mark of the Flemish weavers who settled here in the days of the Duke of Alva. Few, if any, are working now, unless as saw-mills, but in some there is the mark of the machinery and there is Sam Fluck in Harescombe.

Caroline jumped out at the beginning of the hill up to Pitchcombe, I was not sorry to sit still and watch her walk. She had on a dark-red dress which never appeared again, with rather a neat jacket and a skirt not too long. How

she did walk up the hill! As upright as a bolt, with longish firm steps, and yet within the length like a soldier who has been drilled. She questioned the driver about his horse half way up the long hill, and jumped in again at the top without stopping the carriage.

They were carting hay in a queer long cart at the farm below Edge Common, then there were roses and gardens, and all at once the view.

The house is just over the top of the hill, and we were at the lodge as I was just beginning to grow uncomfortable. There was no one at the door, Caroline out at the wrong side in a minute, and directly afterwards Mrs Hutton.

I think we looked at each other with some curiosity: I can only say I liked her so well from the first, I can only hope she was pleased. She is like Caroline without the Hutton part of Caroline's nature, to put it the wrong way round. I don't think I ever became so completely fond of any one in so short a time.

An extremely sweet, placid temper, incapable of being ruffled, rather silent or shyly reserved, but with a most merry enjoyment at anything humorous, observant of things in general, and apparently very learned in her own lines, with tact amongst her own family and benevolent interest towards strangers. Capable of directing, yet unquestioning under direction, able to talk and able to be silent, always amiable and never dull. I cannot imagine a disposition more sweet.

It is well in this world to discover there can exist a young woman, clever, brilliantly attractive and perfectly well principled, although knowing her own mind, but I cannot help thinking I would sink the whole lump of independence to have anyone so deservedly fond of me as Mr Hutton is of *Sophy*.

When I have said that I have spoken of the only flaw that I can find in Caroline. Latter day fate ordains that many women shall be unmarried and self-contained, nor should I personally dream to complain, but I hold an old-fashioned notion that a happy marriage is the crown of a woman's life, and that it is unwise on the part of a nice-looking young lady to proclaim a pronounced dislike of babies and all child cousins. Almost as unadvised as the remark of Miss Ida Webb, overheard at a garden party, who hoped she would have a large family, it would be so interesting to bring them up.

Altogether I share the curiosity of Mr Knightley in wondering what will become of 'Emma'. It would seem unlikely that she could escape

matrimony. Did she not belong to a family of old maids: mankind may be thankful that she is too honest to make them her game. She is so completely self-possessed as to be a little unobservant of feeling in others, and may do mischief unwittingly like a kitten. It will be an amusing spectacle if she should be lured herself. I shall then remember with even more amusement, the little jump and merry '*me* thank goodness,' when I wound up an analytical discussion of the passions, by suggesting that Caroline had clearly never been caught.

There was a neighbour, a Mrs Lucy, came to tea, rather a handsome old lady with a deep voice and very deaf. She was taking leave of the neighbourhood, and gave a humorous account of her future residence in Tunbridge Wells, very waggish, but probably forced. She had just sold her Brougham to an inn-keeper at Gloucester who said it would do for a Mourning-coach if it were done up.

Mr Hutton came in and embraced Caroline, and regarded me critically through his spectacles. He had on large gaiters and seemed hungry. He addressed monosyllables to Mrs Lucy, and gave evidence of deafness.

I had heard of him by universal report as an austere man. I had to take his arm in to dinner, not much encouraged by his scrutiny of my puff-sleeves. His quizzical habit is made more noticeable by the little wrinkles round his eyes and frowning through his spectacles, but it is not apparent only; for next day there came to tea a Mrs Dickinson, rather nice looking, of whom he did not take especial notice, but after she left described everything she had on.

I was luckily prepared for his saying grace. Caroline flopped down, one of those things which Mrs Hutton does not observe. I was a little shocked with Caroline, but on one night Mr Hutton, being in conversation, sat down himself and suddenly remembered during the gravy. He says grace only at dinner, and prayers only on Sunday night. Goes to church once on Sunday, reads the lessons and sleeps regularly during the sermon, and afterwards discusses the historical aspects of the Athanasian Creed with an open mind.

Whether Mrs Hutton's placidity is so deep-seated as to enable her to listen with inward as well as outward composure I could not quite determine. She is Church, very mildly so, but devout. Poor Mary is next in piety, alternatively shaken up by Caroline, and falling back upon Kingdom Come. There is no kindness in putting doubts in the mind of one who is for this world unfortunate.

Mr Hutton is, I imagine, entirely unemotional, utilitarian and practical in his religion. He considers the Creed of St Athanasius was an admirable fighting invention and is now a document of historical interest.

I never talked about religion before, and have too little command of English to make much of an argument. Caroline kept returning to the charge, and got more courage when I discovered that with all her cleverness she could not understand why I enjoyed the service in Gloucester Cathedral.

I did not profess to care about music, and I did not believe in the Church service, and I could not hear a word they said, and why was I uncomfortable in the crypt?, and there was Caroline on into the night in her dressing-gown with her hair about her ears, her honest grey eyes round in the candle light, all in a splutter, with metaphysics, political economy, and trying to understand. I don't understand metaphysics, but I thought Caroline was transparent.

Then we got under the Venetian blind to watch the fires in the forest, coal villages amongst the woods, and then looked across to Stockend Woods under the shadow of Haresfield Beacon. Caroline talked of labourers, their miserable wages of eleven shillings a week, their unsanitary cottages, their appalling families and improvidence. All with feeling and sense, and a refreshing unconsciousness of the world's obstinacy and difficulties, always with common sense and courage. Such a funny mixture of old-fashioned wisdom and the unreasoning fearlessness of a child, 'like one that in a lonely road doth walk in fear and dread'.

Caroline is the very anti of that: on the solitary green roads over the hills, or in the London streets, she is absolutely fearless, strong in innocence as in triple-mail. She is perhaps rather young in experience, twenty-three, to be trusted so much alone, but she has in many respects a strong self-reliant disposition and plenty of commonsense, and certainly in the neighbourhood of Stroud, 'Hutton of Harescombe' backed by the Police, may well be a name to inspire respect.

Mr Hutton spent the following day, Wed. 13th., in chivying a family of gypsies, females, assisted by a constable named Dobbs, and communicating by telegraph with other policemen.

I should think he knows the name of every policeman in the county. One named Curley was highly commended for the capture of a male gypsy, whom he was taking for seven days at Gloucester Jail for begging. The offence of present interlopers was refusing to show Hawker's Licences,

refusal to tell their name *Biron Royal*, and one stout female standing against the shaft to conceal the same, but Mr Hutton riding round astutely from behind the cart read it. Also they had three pups eight months old without a licence, and defiantly refused to buy one.

Dobbs suggested the Summons might be taken out and be ready for them when next they came on their round. 'We know your Common, we shan't go to your Common.' All of which Mr Hutton described at lunch with much dry complacency, and went to the Common, at the edge of dark, and seemed quite disappointed that they were not there. The very mention of gypsies excited him.

One day certain black objects appeared on the crest of the opposite hill, but proved to be cattle. I was reminded of Miss Copperfield and the donkey-boys.

A day or two later there was a diversion, Mr Seddon reported that certain squatters had had a drinking bout on Sunday in a cottage at Stockend. It was a question whether coin had passed and whether it could be proved. Even Mr Hutton's ingenuity was baffled.

In spite of this general supervision he is not a very active magistrate, it is more a matter of meddling in small things. Called in one day to whip a naughty boy at the request of the youth's father, he whipped him on the legs, but at the third cut he unluckily wriggled away. He extracts shillings from boys who set fire to the Common, and hands the money over to Mr Seddon the clergyman.

He is much in the habit of telling stories in a deliciously dry manner of the county-court judge days. 'The scripture saith that all things have an end, but I was beginning to doubt it during Mr so and so's speech.' His family laugh dutifully at his jokes, and the girls take him to task for carving badly, and contradict him unmercifully.

Mrs Hutton listens most affectionately, and drinks Lithia water at dinner. Mr Hutton takes magnesia. Sometimes Jones gets the bottles mixed, then Mr Hutton gets up cautiously to exchange the bottles, and he removes his plate and the dishes, and in every way spares the stout red-faced Jones.

He will not ring for a servant in any consideration. He is indulgent to his tenants and very affectionate in a way amongst his family. Testy occasionally over small matters, but a kind master.

I began by being much afraid of him, and was under cross-examination the whole time, but I soon came to the conclusion he is one of the kindest of

old gentlemen, and certainly a character. He called me 'my dear' on Friday, and kissed me with the rest of the family when he went away.

I could not help speculating how many lies I had told him, for he required sudden answers to unexpected questions, and moreover they had to be shouted. He was, I suppose from habit, exceedingly inquisitive. One question which nearly upset me was whether my mother brushed her own hair. This was levied at her servants, Lancashire servants, the history and duties of each of our domestics, and had we a maid? Now I fortunately did not say so, but my mother's hair takes off.

He is much in the habit of quoting Shakespeare, and expects people to be acquainted with what he quotes, also sentimental poetry, and law. It is not very respectful to dissect one's host, but I certainly think he applied the process to me.

I went out in the morning with Caroline into the copse at the back of the house, a steep wooded bank. It had been wet overnight and we got dirty to our heart's content.

I was extremely interested with the badger's marks and their claw-walks, worn bare and slippery underneath the nettles and brush, but could judge they were made by a large stumpy animal, and the size of their footsteps is quite startling in an English wood.

Caroline said that she had never succeeded in seeing one during the fifteen years that they have lived at Harescombe, yet we saw their tracks in a lane a mile from the Earths. The latter are curious, struck out by the hind legs like a rabbit's hole, but a square piled-up bank like the spoil-banks in front of a coalpit. We found some curious snails, and poked about delightfully.

After tea we went down to Harescombe, down some very steep fields, so steep that Caroline pulled me up again with a walking stick. There is a very little old church at the bottom with a curious belfry and a handsome Saxon font, rescued from a ditch.

The thing that struck me most was the number of elaborately carved gravestones in the long grass, and the little scratched figure of a Jackman in trunk hose with a halberd, which some idle person had scratched on the door lintel, and on the opposite stone the head and long neck of a medieval lady with her hair in side-cushions like Cinderella's proud sister.

There was a great iron sanctuary-ring on the oak door. A few yards further on in an orchard, under gigantic Perry pear trees, were some mounds

in the deep green turf, all that is left of a stronghold of the de Bohuns. There was the remains of a moat, but we could not go into the meadow because of a great roan bull feeding quietly with some fine cows.

We passed one of the old mills where the wheel is still standing, passed the honeysuckle and rose-covered cottage of Sam Fluck the descendant of the Flemish weavers, up a muddy lane under high hedges and elm trees, where little Perry pears fall off into the black mud, and pretty cottage children ducked sudden curtseys to Miss Hutton, past two cross-beamed cottages, to a large farm where there were turkey-poults, and a lean cat who made friends with Caroline to the amusement of two of the farm labourers straggling home.

I thought the young men were rather fine looking, and some of the young women pretty, but they wear badly, poor wages, and I should say unhealthy in the combes. Cases of goitre occur.

We got as far as Hayes Farm the object of our walk, a very large old gabled limestone building, with stone mullioned windows and picturesque chimneys.

The farmhouses in this neighbourhood seem all to have been built about the same time, the latter part of the sixteenth century, and are surprisingly large. Many of them have the feature of a terrace, or at all events a terrace-wall with steps to the gate in the centre.

At Hayes Farm there were red snapdragons growing up the side between the stones. There was a striking scathed oak tree in the field beyond, but I was getting anxious about the hill between us and home. It was a lovely peaceful evening, such long shadows from the elm trees on the grass.

I wrote this much, soon after I came home, but being busy, laid it aside and can now only piece out from a rough note, which I am sorry for, for a diary, however private, brings back distinctly the memory of what in this case seemed like a most pleasant dream.

LENNEL, COLDSTREAM

Tuesday, July 17th. Came to Lennel, Coldstream, on Tues. July 17th. 94. Left King's Cross ten in morning, got in about seven, after much slow shunting at Tweedmouth.

The house large, rambling, roundabout, and not over clean according to the servants, but sanitation good, and standing high.

A perfectly awful garden full of broken bottles, rats and piebald rabbits, but much honeysuckle, briar and Lancaster roses among the weeds, and a splendid view over the valley to the Cheviot Hills. My father groaned intolerably about the untidiness for several days. If I can form an independent opinion I am disposed to like the place, and it is delicious fresh air.

Sunday, July 22nd. Very hot. Sat on a wall all afternoon and sketched the river. I think it is a very beautiful stream and grows upon one. There is no impressive volume of water like the Tay, but it winds about in a sweet fashion, setting the meadows now on the north, now on the south and reflecting cliffs and trees in the deeper reaches. All along the field edges there are strips of pebbles, many coloured, and a shelf of sandbank under the turf where sandmartins burrow. There are stockades of planks here and there, and the tangled grass in the trees shows what the flood can do in its time.

At present it is very low, a mere ripple of water over the Ford below Lennel village. The Scotch riders are said to have crossed that point to drive the English cattle, it is almost too peaceful now to accord with salmon nets.

I was so fortunate as to see them take a grilse. It was very exciting but not a fair fight for the fish. We sat on the north bank in the dusk and watched them drag up two boats from the next station, a shieling with a yard staked for the wet nets. They dragged the flat-bottomed, sharp-prowed boats up the stream, an old fellow in waders going in to push at the ford. Three other men, one with a club-foot.

One man composed himself at the top of a rough wooden ladder, the other three lit their pipes and sat on the bank some thirty yards higher near the boat. The man on the ladder watches the shallows intently. How he can keep his mind on it I wonder, the present take being only two or three fish during a night.

They fish by moonlight. It does not, of course, pay, but the gamekeeper said he had seen twenty salmon at a haul. In this instance there was a doubtful cry of 'boat' within five minutes, and at a second louder cry the men rushed at the boat, and the watcher came down headlong. The old fellow rowed out quickly, the net gliding out over the stern of the boat. When half way across he turned down.

The salmon follows the stream at the south side, and as soon as the old man had met and passed it there was a shout of 'home', and he pulled frantically ashore. The net was dragged in on the shingle considerably below the point where the salmon was surrounded, but they seemed under no apprehension of losing it, though it splashed. It is not sport, but after all less cruel than the gaff. It was a silver grilse about 4lb. It was caught on Monday, not the sabbath, but they are sufficiently near the border to scare crows with a gun on Sunday.

Monday, July 23rd. Photographed in the afternoon, excessively hot. Pretty sheep in the meadows, very tame, but I believe the property of Mr Lilicoe the butcher. What a curious reflection it is, that every lamb which is born, is born to have its throat cut. In the meantime they lie in the sun under the sandbank and sneeze defiantly at the camera.

Friday, July 27th. Discovery of bugs in back premises, an event which overshadoweth all things else, but I believe I went for a drive up the Duns road.

Wednesday, August 1st. Started with papa to go towards Swinton, very lowering and obliged to turn back. The roads are singularly quiet and well kept. At one point we overtook a troop of farm-labourers, perhaps twenty men and half a dozen women, coming away from hoeing turnips.

Some of the men are immensely tall stout fellows. The women are dark and on the whole good-looking. A type with dark eyes, sunburnt complexions and white teeth. Their dress in the fields is in this wise peculiar, that it is impossible to say without peeping under their sun-bonnets and pink handkerchiefs whether it is an old woman or a young girl. My father was rather taken aback, on passing the time of day to one whom we overtook, to see her turn round the face of a child.

There is a funny specimen in the village, apparently the property of lodgers, a pretty little imp of eight or nine with yellow curls, in the neatest of little blue and pink combination knickerbockers riding a bicycle. A very tippity-twitchit. It is indeed the thin edge of the wedge if children grow up to them. I herewith record my conviction that we are at the edge of the reign of knickerbockers, a very different matter to the bloomer mania which excited Mr Punch.

The weak point of that fad, and of the divided skirts, was the endeavour to assert that they 'didn't show', and ought to be worn universally and on all occasions. To wear knickerbockers with more or less overskirt, frankly as a gymnastic costume, for cycling or other more or less masculine amusement is a different matter, and whether desirable or not has a definite reason, and I shall be much surprised if, within a very few years, a lady cannot appear in them without exciting hostile comment.

The only specimen I noticed before leaving town, on a bicycle in the High Street, did not look so queer as might have been expected. On the other hand I heard reported a stout middle-aged lady in green trousers with straps under her boots. Also the pioneers of the movement parade in procession smoking cigars. There is no custom that is not liable to abuse, but if females go in for gymnastics, wherein I include the stiles of this country, they should wear the costume. In my opinion they make all the difference in the world in the comfort of scrambling, but are hot.

Tuesday, August 7th. To Alnwick with papa, much interested with the journey through the Cheviots, North Britain, Kirknewton the point for hills, Yeavinger Bell. Also rather good collection of stuffed birds in signalbox.

The Bowmont is a fine stream. The stream at Wooler and others in that part are horrid, torrent-beds of bare stones. Very fine, wild country at Edlingham, a ruined town near station and fine crags. Very steep line in loops. Remarkably good stations, whence they cultivate tomatoes in plots in the waiting room.

Alnwick itself some very old houses, wide cobbled streets and Market-place. Castle very large, and resembling Carlton Jail, so very bare as seen from park. The entrance striking with its black, dark gateway, and the odd statues on the battlements in quaint threatening attitudes.

There was a most absurd elderly lady got in at Wooler, a little off her balance, but luckily accompanied by a stout country maid 'Jane'. I was sorry for Jane, she was so extremely embarrassed and kept bringing things out of her bag and fiddling to break the flow of the old lady's indiscreet conversation.

She seemed a clever, amiable old lady, and when she spoke to the Stationmaster or papa (at which point Jane's face was a study), she spoke very pleasantly, but her prattle to herself, or Jane, caused papa to look out of the window occasionally. It was unfortunately too gossipy to be of interest,

except the description of a blizzard in New York when she had her petticoats blown off.

She had reddish hair, was arrayed in a bundle of crêpe and bombasine, but had well appointed luggage and kept her feet jealously on her *dispatch box*. She appeared incapable of holding her tongue or her limbs, which I rather disliked when there was a tunnel.

Thursday, August 9th. Thurs. 9th was devoted to violent showers and the Coldstream Sports, which proved most amusing, but I did not go after dinner luckily, for there was a thunderstorm and torrents of rain, which bogged the heavy oats woefully.

In the morning there was a Regatta, in the pool above Coldstream Bridge. First for youths swimming, very shivery, and then the small boys, which caused shrieks and shrill shouts from the younger spectators. The two leading boys got mixed up and began to claw each other, coming in last.

Obstruction seemed to be the great object also in the boat-races, six or seven heats, two or three boats each time. The skill consisted in running the opponent on to the shingle opposite the marshbank's column, and if possible getting the prow of his boat against your stern, so that the more he rows the faster you are propelled.

The boats sometimes got locked nose-to-nose when rounding the barrel, and the competitors occasionally dropped their oars to push and shove. When it comes to propelling with your oar against the opponent's broad back there is a certain probability of temper, but the fun to the spectators is uproarious.

I thought the match was unfair in one respect, as a certain blue-painted new boat won about five times in six, but possibly that may have been part of the game if the fishermen reward the boats of their respective stations. Mr Turnbull and family walked about in state. The racing was confined to the fishermen and tradespeople. One race in which an elderly, bald tailor rowed away from two shoemaker's apprentices caused much excitement. The old men's race was rowed *down* the course only, and won by Mr Scott whose age I did not hear, but he was a great-grandfather, a fine old fellow.

The company was very broad Scotch and very amusing, not in the very least degree rough at this stage, there being a large sprinkling of comfortable old farmers with their stout wives in bonnets in the height of

good temper, just delightful to view', and auntie Grizzy and Miss Charlotte strangely rigged out, and commending the weather till it absolutely rained.

The babies sat at the top of the cliff and there were dog-fights, the leading warrior being an awful terrier from the Newcastle Arms with a head as large as a wild boar. The farm-family whom I sat beside had a fox-terrier Snip, which Miss Nicky choked periodically with the hoop-handle of her umbrella. She and a nice fat girl sat flat on the edge of the cliff, to the terror of the elder part of the family who were too far back, standing perched on the wall, to see the nature of the slope, 'Eh woman, be careful, it makes my head skirl to luik at ye!'

It was as well the old farmer should stand back, for he fairly danced on his perch shrieking 'It's a fool! its a fool!' when the boats collided. There was a stampede to the wall on the arrival of the Kelsie Band, nine trumpets and two drums, who played The Bonnie Woods of Craigelee very sweetly, and five other tunes.

I was also amused with two holiday mill-hands, one of whom would aye live in the country, and thought Caw'sram was a bonny place, 'I think it aye bonnie every time I see't' - but the other lass said 'It was no to compear wie Newcastle where we hey a park wi seats! and theatres', whereon the other lassie, very quietly, 'she never went into one'. Blessed are they that are contented.

I know few more striking views than from the High-Level Bridge at Newcastle on a starlight night - or a glimpse of moonlight through the smoke, for the stars are down below along the quays.

Saturday, August nth. We drove to Ford, up and down through Crookham, much puzzled by the inability of Northumbrians to pronounce the letter 'R'. It is remarkable what a real division the Border is here, the people talk broader Scotch at Coldstream than at Dunkeld, and yet at their railway station, Cornhill, a mile south of the Bridge, they are English, queer English to understand, but emphatically not Scotch, nor in prejudices and religion. I am told the exception is Wark, which speaks Scotch for some reason.

Ford village exasperated me in a way that was somewhat silly, but I hope never to see another village where they do not keep cocks and hens. I am not clear whether children are allowed except in perambulators and under control, but there was a peacock stalking about.

The walks are laid with red dust, the little grassplot shaved and trimmed, the trees trimmed, the door steps whitened. I do not know whether the inhabitants are permitted to empty out soapsuds from the back windows, but I wonder anyone can be induced to live there. If I did, I should let loose a parcel of sighs.

If they had been Almshouses it would have been very quaint, but applied to a live north country village it provoked feelings of the Radical in my mind. I did not think the taste was absolutely perfect either, for instance, the stone moulding of a Smithy door in the shape of a horse-shoe. Now a cat-hole in a barn is properly round, but when applied to a door intended for the use of horse or man, it shows a lack of that appreciation of the fitness of things which is the soul of artistic taste.

Thursday, August 16th. Up a long, straight road towards Mindrum, turning near Downham Station. I got behind a flock of lambs, and was delayed going up till an impatient baker came up and insisted on a passage. Large rolled stones in a hedgerow near East Learmouth.

I thought, looking up at some of the larger, overshadowing *Druths*, here larger and tumultuous and the lane crossing under their lea, I had a sudden imagination of the towering, resistless ice, piled as high as the clouds above me, grinding over the top of the Cheviots, swaying round it as the current sways round a stone under water.

Whether it is that one has not previously considered geology, or that there is a sense of awful power in the track of the ice, I don't know, but I think the view looking from the spurs of the Cheviots across the wide strath to the Lammermoors is magnificent. Some people call the hills lumpy, but to see a mass like Dunslaw rounded as though a lump of clay, is more impressive than a Highland crag which has come down by frost and the laws of gravitation.

Saturday, August 18th. Went again to the wood near Hatchednize suspecting funguses from the climate, and was rewarded, what should be an ideal heavenly dream of the toadstool eaters.

The wood is insignificant on to the road, a few yards of beeches and old brush, but spreads at the back of the fields into an undreamed wilderness full of black firs. There was a sort of grass track, or I should have been

afraid of losing my bearing amongst the green fogginess and tangle. There were wild privet bushes and much tangle.

The fungus starred the ground apparently in thousands, a dozen sorts in sight at once, and such specimens, which I have noted before in this neighbourhood. I found upwards of twenty sorts in a few minutes, *Cortinarius* and the handsome *Lactarius deliciosus* being conspicuous, and joy of joys, the spiky *Gomphidius glutinosus*, a round, slimy, purple head among the moss, which I took up carefully with my old cheese-knife, and turning over saw the slimy veil. There is extreme complacency in finding a totally new species for the first time.

Tuesday, September 4th. In the afternoon a long, delightful but withal anxious voyage over the table-land above Wark and Carham. Went up by West Learmouth, noting a number of sea-fowl and a heron standing up to his thighs in a pool. Turned up to the left after passing the queer, solitary little penfold with its greys, I immediately came upon a long, solitary stretch of road.

The road could not be said to be bad, apart from grass, and we toiled on manfully, up a most fearful hill to Pressen, where I discovered I had gone wrong if I had any intention of getting into the Mindrum road. I felt disinclined to go back down the hill, and moreover a stream at its foot was rather deeper than at first expected.

We forded about four streams, and there were most magnificent views, but I don't like the sort of road which becomes indeterminately broad on the boulder of a hill, it is a direct invitation to the steed to turn round, but happily appealed in vain to the immaculate Nelly who descended the mountains of the harvest moon with singular gravity and caution, and spun merrily home along the flat, high road.

A shock-headed reaper, a lad with a red head and a reaping-hook twisted round with straw, was sitting under a hedge. I asked if it was the road to Carham, and he replied in a shy mild voice that it was a fine day, and, after repeated enquiries, that he didn't know.

I was not a little amused to hear such soft sweet talking from such an unpromising appearance.

I understand that there is a habit here of bargaining with the tramping reapers at so much an acre of corn, a good plan for the farmer when weather is uncertain. I heard of a dispute between the farmer's offer of sixteen

shillings and the reaper's demand of twenty-one shillings, I don't know what was the final rate or how many men were on the job. The large farms are probably independent of tramp labour.

When we got near Wark Common we met a troop of labourers going to a field. They seem almost always to walk separately and very silently, the men in front. They stared a good deal, the lasses with mild enquiring eyes, like cows. They are uncommonly handsome, as far as can be seen, in their curious headgear, invariably a pink, check-handkerchief round the face and shoulders like a nun's wimple, and black, straw, mushroom hats lined with red, which throws a pink shadow on the face, though I suspect the complexion needs no external help. They all wear blue aprons and very short petticoats.

I got over a narrow, steep bridge near Sunilaws station, and was relieved by the sight of the well-known postman with Coldstream on the bands. The road came down opposite Carham Hall. All along to Wark the high road was littered with barley-corn in sluttish plenty, corn is not worth gleaning except with a horse-rake. What fields and fields of barley on the solitary uplands!

The sun came out very warm and pleasing as I was driving home. The prettiest sight was the coneys at Wark, the timid people who live in the hedge on the side of the kaim and scoop out the white river gravel. They were sitting all along the bridge in the evening sunlight, fifty or sixty of them, a garrison in keeping with the Castle.

Monday, September 10th. To Berwick, very hot, almost too brightly glaring. We went after dinner, which is not a good thing, as there is less stirring among the fishers, and on this day, the tide being down, the seaweed smelled in the sun.

Mamma and I went down to the beach, getting astray on the grassy ramparts up above where there were washerwomen spreading out clothes, and people sitting on the grass in the hot glow. Down on the beach the smell of the seaweed soon drove us away.

It was cloudless, and the harbour like burnished gold looking back from the breakwater, and some abominable persons in a boat shooting gulls. The birds were provokingly tame or stupid, wheeling round and round. I saw a flock of little snipe startled by the gun, but the shooting was neither gastronomic nor scientific, but at large, as fast as he could load, and a black

retriever tearing across the mud. I have seldom felt more thoroughly irritated.

I was glad to get back to Berwick station and a cup of tea. We seem fated to dawdle away a good deal of time in that somewhat dilapidated erection, but a station on the main line is never uninteresting. A train was waiting, and I looked vaguely up and down for Caroline Hutton who was probably travelling by the East Coast, and moreover this train was going south when it went.

I never saw anything more beautiful than the golden haze over the sea, and the bridges and little red roofs. Inland, the cornfields and woods steeped in gold which grew softer and dimmer as we approached Cornhill, and great flocks of starlings, like a cloud, whirred up from the stubble and slid along the tops of the woods.

Tuesday, September 11th. I must confess to having been in an excessively bad temper being rather tired and very much vexed that I could not have the Hutton girls. There is only one spare bedroom, and that so dirty that no one will sleep therein (*experto crede*), but the sting of my annoyance was the knowledge that this was regarded as a convenient excuse. I am afraid that it would have resulted in rubs, but I would so very much have liked to have Caroline, and I am afraid they rather expected to be asked.

I was also today much provoked because my mother will not order the carriage in the morning or make up her mind, and if I say I should like to go out after lunch I am keeping her in, and if she does not go and I have missed the chance of a long drive, it is provoking.

Wednesday, September 12th. When passing Twizel in the train I saw an absurd sight, a black cat and a hedgehog in a field. The cat was retreating, lifting its paws up, but turned and again approached the enemy with its tail on end. I should very much have liked to see the next round. It was a very large hedgehog and quite unconcerned.

Thursday, September 20th. Some of the small children in the village with great solemnity reported this strange circumstance— 'That Bob Turnbull had found a baby in the Rockingwell (a dipping cliff two miles down the river), a very little one, and he'd taken it home and kept it!' I should like to know whether this euphonious legend was a spontaneous invention of Mr

Turnbull's, or a last flickering gleam of the worship of the Scandinavian goddess Friga Holda of the Well, Frau Holt, the gracious house-mother, good wife of the spinning-wheel, and the gossamer threads that she hangs on the rose bushes on autumn mornings and bleaches on the grass. Hers by right is the round Catherine window at Dryburgh Abbey, taken over by the monks to the service of their ascetic saints, whose reign has come and gone in this land of sheep.

Are not the little white lambs that lie round the sun mother Holda's flocks? as the wild grey clouds that race before the west wind are the Horses of Woden and Thor, in realms that still reverence the stork and the ladybird, and where childhood clings to the cult of Red Riding-hood and Puss-in-boots?

Tuesday, September 25th. Papa and I to Smailholm Tower, having telegraphed for a carriage to be ready at Kelso station, and this time there was no hitch, only our nerves were rather startled by the sight of some cattle up the railway bank between Sprouston and Kelso.

I had not time to count them, but there were perhaps eight or ten, half-grown two-year olds, the leader a white bull with horns, plunging wildly to get back through the hedge where its fellows were lowing to the trespassers. We spoke to a porter at Kelso who seemed moderately concerned and looked along the line in an incapable manner. It was a shuttle-train. I have heard no report of accident either to the train or the cattle.

The drive all the way to the turning was the same as that to Dryburgh, outside the Floors' wall. We turned up a steep, sandy side road with a slip of fir wood, and right through the farmyard and corn-ricks of Sandyknowe, where the farm labourers stared gravely as is their custom, and the driver took us up a very rough track where the horses shied, close opposite the town.

There is a large dam overgrown with weed with farm ducks on it, and at the upper end an amphitheatre of rocks, and on the neck, perched on an isolated boulder, the Tower. It is much the best view of it because both brook and tower are seen end on, which adds to the height.

It is in singularly perfect preservation, but barbarously bare, (not so pretty as Edlingham for instance), but, as a specimen of a real Border fortress in original state and situation, it is most striking. The curtain-wall

and out-buildings are down, but the tower itself and the surrounding moor must be singularly unchanged in their barren desolation.

Two crows were eyeing us over the ridge of the roof, but disappeared. I noticed their litter of straw and wisp of sheep's wool from a window-sill at a giddy height. We had some very greasy pies in a paper bag, which I was requested to carry and conceal from these birds.

Up the staircase round and round, very dark, and then an opening in the third floor which was gone, and only a few modern planks here and there, then round and round again on to the level of the garrets, and a giddy long way down to the floor of the hall. The opening on to the roof, where one could have stood safely with a wall breast-high, was at the opposite side, and between was a stone shelf about a yard and a half wide, being the roof of the passage and closet below.

It was perfectly safe, but the yawning chasm on the left down to the stone floor of the hall was too much for my head. I went half across to a window, but was glad to slide back along the wall feeling sick. I should very much have liked to go out, but being by myself, and a black stair behind me, have seldom had such a turn.

There was a similar ledge and outlet to the south side of the roof at the other end of the hall, but inaccessible, the intervening floor being gone, as was likewise a door on the second floor to a closet or stair, for the same reason. The few loose, modern rafters look as though some one thought of putting in the floors again. I should have extremely liked to go out but I durst not.

The view is of course not very different from the windows, and, to say the truth, rather disappointed me. It is vast but not clearly marked. The Cheviots are too far off, and the same may be said of the woods of Merton, indeed the woods and fields are rather indistinguishable, and I could not make out the Tweed. It is only fair to say it was not perfectly clear.

I came down and found my father very hot, photographing every view but the right one, the sun being wrong. I posted away to the end overlooking Eildons, through a curious valley of rocks. The plateau ends very determinately: down below were corn carts creeping about like flies. I came back along the south slope, the turf very dry, short-cropped, but came across a flower that pleased me, *Dianthus deltoides*.

It was almost too dry for funguses, but much white *Hygrophorus* and some gigantic red ones, also a *Cortinarius*, brittle and graceful on bleached

horsedung in the bog. My father hotter than ever, and rather huffed about the mutton-pies and some straps which he could not carry. A boy was throwing stones at the ducks and an old woman staring at us from the farm, whence the hum of the thrashing engine was audible. I waited about and found *Annularia charcarhas*.

Went with my father up the first flight, but he was so concerned about his descent that he would scarcely look round, and positively refused to go higher. I posted off to the north across a peat moss marked with old cuttings. An easy supply of fuel, but do not know where they got their water, the pond seemed fairly outside, besides being to a greater extent a modern artificial dam.

The ground boggy but dry, too dry for funguses. I found three little scarlet *Peziza aurantia*. I just got up the slope across the bog as the carriage appeared.

The high ground shades off more indefinitely to the north. There was a farm-track. It was sharp, frosty air driving back, and into Kelso we met flocks of sheep. We had tea, very refreshing at the Cross Keys, but had to wait a long time while he spread the table, and then drove home with our own conveyance.

Thursday, September 27th. Had thought of Jedburgh, but papa was tired. Went with the pony in the morning up the steep road to Coldstream Mains, passing a flock of sheep and the shepherd with a steel crook. Wondered if he holds by the fleece, the short-sheep have no horns.

Just over the hill I met the farm-horses, five or six pairs coming from the plough, such great sleek bays, I should have liked to photograph them.

At the corner, a great flock of starlings flew up and kept in front of me, passing from tree to tree in the hedgerow whistling and spluttering uninterruptedly. The starling is a joyous bird, he sings base and treble with the same breath, and claps as well. I delighted to see them manoeuvring in a great pack, turning sharply to right or left like a well-drilled regiment. They all seem to alight at a moment in the branches, and all their heads in the same direction. I never see any white ones.

There is a rook always all summer at a point in the road opposite Wark, with a dash of white, i e each elbow when the wings are spread. Once or twice I have seen others with it, but it is generally alone, always at the same place. We see a great flock every morning streaming over the house towards

Ladykirk. Sometimes so low that we hear the rustling of their wings and a queer husky croak. I think it is the old birds who are asthmatical, I wonder how old they are, whether any of the rooks at Pallinsburn saw Flodden?

Monday, October 1st. Went to Coldstream to shops.

I came home the lower side road from Homebank. The air so warm and mild and spring-like, mildness one feels sometimes in the end of the year. The Cheviots so blue and peaceful, not a breath of wind, but high up the *carry* was topped and drawn-out in gossamer threads, in unpoetical word 'Aaron's beard'. The rabbits sat out at the edge of the woods in the sunlight.

I shall not have many more drives this autumn here. The autumn is a time that makes one think there is no time like the present, and the present is very pleasant. Let me record my hearty thanks to Mistress Nelly, who is as near perfection as a lass or pony can be. There may not be much style, but commend me to a horse which will stand still, go any distance, face the steepest road and never stumble once the whole season, and take an amusing and intelligent interest in geography.

Tuesday, October 2nd. Another delicious autumn day, crisp hoarfrost, rising up in mist under the reach of the warm slanting sunbeams. I wanted to go to Mindrum to photograph, but chose a shorter distance to the Willow Burn in deference both to my own endurance and the pony's, having been out late the previous afternoon.

I had no cause for disappointment except the unavailing regret of a last sight of the pretty stream, sliding so silently under the great burdock leaves. The streams here have no joyous boisterous rush like Highland burns, but there is a happy peacefulness about them, especially the solitary Bowmont. Such gentle solitude, no howling wilderness, but corn, cattle and sheep, rich and prosperous and well attended beyond the seeming capacity of scattered herds and farm-labourers.

I am sure, driving for miles among these lonely cornfields and deep silent woods, and on the grassy slopes of the still more quiet hills, I have thought the whole countryside belonged to the fairies, and that they come out of the woods by moonlight into the fields and on to the dewy grass beside the streams. There are not many hedgehogs, which are fairy beasts, but there are the green sour ringlets whereon the ewe not bites, and how

without the aid of the fairy-folk of fosterland could there be so little mildew in the corn?

Wednesday, October 3rd. We went up to Branxton, still misty and the light wrong, but I enjoyed it. We went through on the stubble at the back of the church, the next field to the Piper's Hill. To my great pleasure I picked up a very thin, rusted strip of iron about the size of the palm of my hand. My father said it had come off a midden with the manure. It might indifferently be an old kettle or a fragment of armour, but I was quite satisfied. I went a long way across the stubble staring intently. I had a sore eye unluckily. Any bone would be stained red in that ferrugineous soil. I roused a great, brown hare. I did not get over into the Piper's Hill as there was grass after barley, the bare stubble being oats.

I have it all in theory in my mind, if imaginary no matter, it is ingenious. That the English did not come straight over the middle of Pallisburn, because there is even yet a swamp. They formed at the back of this swampy ground, that the Centre and Right crossed at the Cornhill side, but the Left by Crookham, where the Lancashire bow-men turned the fate of the latter by getting close to the Scotch Right among the involved, steep druths above Crookham, (3 min.), and shooting up at them.

The druths there are so short-sided and steep, that unless the men rushed down into the gullies the bowmen would get close below them. I think Lord Stanley turned the flank of the Scotch Centre by coming along about on the level of the upper part of the road from Crookham, that is to say, on the church ridge, not the higher level of Branxton Hill Farm. Had he been on the higher ridge he would have turned Lord Home, the Left wing, too.

This goes to prove that the King *was* killed as far forward as the Piper's Hill. Lord Home I take to have been higher up between Branxton and Monylaws, the Centre originally on Branxton Hill ridge, but by the King's impetuosity getting down forward, and liable to be taken in the flank.

It was particularly peaceful and sunny, someone playing the harmonium in the ugly little church. We spoke again to the short-petti-coated old woman. She had some vague knowledge of the discovery of bone in a pit in the south west side of the church some years ago, but denied that anything was ever found during ploughing.

Monday, October 8th. Misty but warm, and a glimpse of blue sky. Bertram hoped to get bats out of a willow, but they had been scared away. The village children gave him one, rather large, I think Pipistrelle, which he put in a small wooden box fastened by two nails.

The very next morning that horrid old jack jay, being left alone to bathe in a wash basin, opened the box and destroyed the poor creature. I fancy he found it ill-flavoured, but he pulled out its arms and legs in a disgusting fashion.

Last week I had the misfortune to lose the toad, but trust that he is enjoying himself as nothing was found below. He got off from the first floor window-sill. I was sorry to lose him as I had had him more than a year and very tame, turning sharply round for food when I put my hand near him.

Then, that there is writing on both the sashes in the round bedroom, which I noticed by chance standing on the broad ladder, 'Daniel Calder, Painter from Edinburgh, July 8th. 1821', written in round copy-book hand, in pencil. I suppose the house had not been painted since, nor I may add 'washed'.

There was a stirring-up of the annoyance the last week, owing to the Hamiltons desiring Mr Gray to clean those rooms in which 'some persons supposed that they had seen bugs'. An innuendo which was effectually silenced by papa's diary. Aug. 8th two, etc. Aug. 11th another, etc. One of the creatures was found in a book being read by Sarah, whether sermons I must enquire, but I never wish again to see such a funny mixture of uncleanness and godliness. However, it was such a large, scrambling house, that being once pretty well assured by experience that there were none in the front part we really were not seriously inconvenienced.

Wednesday, October 10th. On this last morning, Wednesday the 10th., having finished packing up my fossils in a little box, I went down to the river and proceeded to get more. Very aggravating at the end, besides the autumn funguses.

There was mist and a gleam of blue sky through the hazy clouds, no wind, but a faint autumn breath of dead leaves. Autumn is the pleasantest season of the year, none the less pleasant for being the end, as the last breath of sweets is sweetest last.

I found a very curious fossil, but the Tweed smelled so nasty from the village sewage, that, after filling my little tin case with water-plants, I was

glad to sit on the twisted roots of the large sycamore looking down the river under the black shadowy leaves, very tired and peaceful. The autumn colours were bright in the woods lower down. I never saw it look prettier.

I was very sorry indeed to come away, with a feeling of not having half worked through the district, but I have done a good summer's work. The funguses will come up again and the fossils will keep. I hope I may go back again some day when I am an old woman, unless I happen to become a fossil myself, which would save trouble. The fatigue and petty annoyance of a removal rather painfully obtrude the advantages enjoyed by disembodied spirits.

It is not a country which will change for the worse by overbuilding, for the population is not increasing, and the state of the old castles is due not to the ravages of time but to quarrying, they will alter very little now, except an occasional stone sprung out by frost.

We were somewhat nettled during the last week by the activity of that idle person Mr Hopkirk, the gardener, who made a frantic effort to get the place straight for his own employer after our departure. I have seen him lie flat on his face in a gravel walk, to weed with a little knife. Another thing he did was to leave the strawberry nets on the ground for weeks, till overgrown by a forest of weeds. I thought he would never have got them off, but he did by a superhuman effort.

It is somewhat trying to pass a season of enjoyment in the company of persons who are constantly on the outlook for matters of complaint. I and Elizabeth the housemaid were the only persons who were thoroughly pleased, whereof I take to be the moral that Elizabeth and I had better go there some day for a holiday, to lodgings.

In my opinion it is a country where only man is vile, and it is the most thinly populated that I have ever been in, the ratio being about one cottage every two miles. I imagine it may be dull country for foot-walking, being spread out over a great extent, and hedges; but for driving it is perfect. I made out fifteen drives besides some crossroads on which I never went at all.

My photography was not very satisfactory, but I made about forty careful drawings of funguses, and collected some interesting fossils, one of which I find labelled at the Museum, *Arancarioxylon* from Lennel Braes, a lucky find since I know nothing about it.

For the rest I read sundry old novels, in good old calf binding contemporary with the house, Galt's *Annals of the Parish*; *The Heart of Midlothian*, by the author of *Waverley*; Moore's *Lalla Rookh* in a little thumb edition; the preposterous Southey and the matter-of-fact Crabbe, some of which I had read before. There are one or two fine descriptions in the *Curse of Kehama*, but it is utterly devoid of any sense of the absurd, or of the melody which when flavoured and toned by old prints and old binding gives a real charm to the tales of the veiled prophet.

For the rest I also learned four Acts of *Henry VIII* and ought to have learned all, but I can say this for my diligence, that every line was learnt in bed. The 4th. Act is associated with the company of a robin who came in at daylight attracted by sleepy flies, and sat on the curtain-pole or the wardrobe, bold and black-eyed. He only once sang. The swallows used to fly round the next room. Mice were also an amusement and extremely tame, picking up crumbs from the table.

There is a line in *The Tempest* about the green, sour ringlets, which I meant to investigate but left too late, with the white *Paxillus*. That the real reading is green sour, not sward, that Lord Bacon would know that there is actual acidity in the spore of the large *Paxillus* especially, which blue deadens the actual grass blades and merely sours the root too, but this requires observation.

I see no mystery in the enlarging ring myself. The funguses grow from the mycelium, not the spore direct, and the mycelium grows from that spore which falls outwards on unexhausted ground.

Then, that I know *Richard III* right through, *Henry VIth* four fifths, *Richard II* except three pages, *King John* four Acts, a good half the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, halfway through *The Merchant of Venice* and *Henry VIII*. Then that I learnt six more or less in a year. Never felt the least strained or should not have done it. It is a singular fact that I know them better when seasoned; the last two I always know worst.

1895

LONDON

A PRIVATE VIEW AT THE ACADEMY

My dear Esther, my aunt and I went to the private view this morning. I don't know to whom we owed the unusual favour of tickets, they were sent by the Council.

I suppose instigated by either Thornycroft or Mr Prince, for Sir J. Millais' would have been signed, and Mr Brett disclaimed the favour.

As to the pictures, we saw them splendidly, but for the company, unfortunately neither my aunt nor I knew who people were, except Mr and Mrs Gladstone, whom we met continually round corners.

If my uncle had been with us no doubt he could have 'named' a large proportion, however, I was well entertained, and I could not have had his information without the sauce or rather with sugar.

Personally I confess to appreciating once in a while the privilege of basking amongst the aristocracy, and it was so very select. My aunt pointed out one lady and gentleman as the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, which I'm positively certain they weren't. However, there were many pretty dresses and a few sweet faces, and I daresay some (at least) of the haggard gentlemen were Dukes, and the smart ones, lights of literature, and I judged them all up to my own satisfaction.

There was a delicious, refined odour diffused through the building, emanating not from the aristocracy, but from banks of lilies and azaleas which were arranged in the lecture-room and down the sides of the grand staircase, where two officials in strange scarlet cloaks, covered with tags, took the tickets.

I did not recognize a single Academician except Mr Brett, who looked very comical with a tile hat superadded to his velveteens, and very rampant as to the hair which ornaments his countenance. We saw no one else to speak to except 'my brother Abel' a Lancashire cotton worthy.

WEYMOUTH

Tuesday, April 9th. Came to Weymouth, April 9th. 95, Tuesday, by London and South Western from Waterloo, very tedious, the best way by Paddington, which though longer in mileage takes a shorter time and better carriages. Much surprised by the extent and dreariness of the New Forest, which was increased by the fact of the gorse having been browned or almost killed in the late severe winter. The state of the shrubs here, euonymus, bay and ilex, is deplorable.

We are staying at the Imperial Burdon Hotel, expensive but very comfortable, old-fashioned *and* clean, quiet, a civil waiter 'if *you* please, sir', and good cooking. The one drawback being fan-lights over the doors which makes it awkward to change photographic slides.

The town is a good size but very old-fashioned and empty, very few new houses, probably almost unchanged since Fanny Burney was crowded into an attic, and met Mrs Siddons walking on the sands and found her decidedly dull.

King George's visit appears to have been the last event of any importance, the other municipal excitement being the worship of Sir Henry Edwards the late member, of whom there is a very fearful statue on the parade. King George's Jubilee Monument is still worse, but comical, erected by the grateful inhabitants, and with a long rambling inscription which refers pathetically to the prisoners in France. The King holds a most gigantic sceptre and there is a crown as large as a clothes-basket. Much other furniture, a unicorn, and the most singular presentment of the British lion which ever I have seen.

There is a wide expanse of muddy sand, a bank of shingle, a parade where they turn the gas out at 9.30, and a long line of well-built old houses. Those about the harbour have little wooden bow-windows and projections and steep tiled roofs. There is an octagonal, ugly modern building, but the narrow winding harbour is decidedly picturesque.

A curious feature of the harbour is the swans, sailing amongst the ships and occasionally out to sea, almost out of sight. In the evening a pair may often be seen flying along towards Lodmoor or over to the Radipole breakwater. There are numerous cormorants and graceful, black-headed gulls wading in the marsh.

Friday, April 12th. We met troops of blue-jackets, most of them lads belonging to the training ship *Wanderer* lying at that time in Portland

Roads. There was no particular invasion of the town.

We drove in the afternoon to see Chalbury Ring, which we had some difficulty in finding as the driver had apparently never heard of it, and all the downs seem equally scored.

I thought we had a beautiful drive, the light was so beautiful on the Downs at the back of Chalbury Hill. The narrow, white, unbordered roads on a great expanse of turf give an impressive feeling of size and solitude, increased by the great earthworks on the solitary slopes. The most inexplicable are the terraces; they occur at the head of nearly every valley amongst the Downs, two or sometimes three broad steps on the slope at either side; some of them which resemble steps at the head of valleys may possibly be beaches.

Sunday, April 14th. Very horribly windy. In the afternoon sauntered about with papa, and sat a long time on a seat in the Dorchester Road looking at the Sunday-school children and the little gardens. Thought rather sadly what a strange thing it was for him to do. In the morning I picked up a strange little red fish which I painted.

Tuesday, April 16th. Morning, walked about, got out of the wind, and sat on a bench reading the papers, with some amazement at the reported treaty between China and Japan.

Drove to Abbotsbury afternoon, should have done better to go by rail had we known it was so near the station, at the other end. It is a very long drive, and the country, after the pattern of most country at the seaside, as nearly dull as country can be to an intelligent person, though not without a dreary poetry of solitude in certain effects of light and mist.

Wednesday, April 17th. Papa photographed in the harbour, then Persian cat, and a particularly fine child with a proud father in the Boatbuilder's yard. We went to the backwater and found the tide was out. Again after lunch the same disappointment, caused by some letting down of gates for repairs.

Afterwards took a row up from the ferry with a worthy of most reverend appearance, but stone-deaf, who explained that, when the tide went down too far for the landing steps, it was the deuce of a job. He also made relevant remarks upon potatoes, Beecham's pills and a body which he had

picked up in the backwater partially devoured by rats, *black* rats he said, but I conclude an epithet only. Saw an odd, yellow-black toad-like dead fish, but could not get it as the rain came on furiously. They were fishing for flounders, stirring up the mud with a bit of chain at the end of a pole. We sheltered in a saw-shed; examined the complicated machines.

I succeeded in finding two or three new sorts of shells which I knew of and wanted. I very much regret not having had an opportunity of going out dredging. My scientist's endeavours have been a failure, the only one thing I was set on doing was to photograph Chesil Bank. However, I saw enough to perceive that it is a very good place for fossils.

A quiet town and plenty of lodgings, the air and water most excellent. The Burdon Hotel we found most excellent, but extortionate, £20. 9. 0 for one week, three persons, a sitting room but no table d'hôte. This decided us not to stay the fortnight, so we moved to Salisbury. Odd names in Weymouth, *Jesty, Dominy, Meech, Kiddle, Barnicolt*.

SALISBURY

Thursday, April 18th. Salisbury, Thurs. 18th by very shaky rail over country which became pretty as we approached the Avon. Went to the White Hart, a good Inn, rather emphatically an inn with a powerful smell of beer and a noise of people going late to bed, but very clean and good attendance.

We were much delighted with Salisbury, especially the Close, with its fine elms, green meadows and old red-brick houses in gardens where the *Ribes* and *Pyrus japonica* are coming into flower, and the walls are covered with Cape jessamine. Several have steps and curious old ironwork in railings and gateways. I was much pleased with a sun-dial on the side of a house, 'life's but a walking shadow'.

The Cathedral is very beautiful, a thing of perfection externally. The inside rather painfully bare and plain. We had a curious illustration of the height of the roof, a pigeon flying wildly up and down during Service. A very beautiful organ, the fourth sweetest I have heard. The choir-boys wear white frills, we saw them playing football in the Close afterwards, and one round-faced cherub careering about the turf on a bicycle, the frills have a most curious effect.

The eggs also have frills at the White Hart. The house is old, but nothing like the five-hundred years which the Inn is said to have existed. The

presiding geniuses are certainly cats, especially a very black one with yellow eyes. They supply iced-water, and there is currant-bread at lunch. The cooking is not so handsome as the bill.

Friday, April 19th. After lunch, to Stonehenge, I think that I was more impressed by the Plain than by Stonehenge, where behold the ubiquitous game of golf, two other carriages and a camping-photographer; his pony was wandering about in a sack. More in keeping, a great flock of sheep and lambs, with bells, attended by a shepherd, drinking in a shallow pond near the Stones, but they wandered off over the grass roads before I could get my camera ready.

The Plain is anything but flat, and most of it is broken up in cultivation, but there are no hedges, and someways, open undulating land gives one a strange feeling of size. There seemed to be no cattle whatever, great flocks of sheep, but most of them still penned. The corn just beginning to show green, thousands of skylarks singing and running among the tussocks. Signs of hares which we did not see.

The first view of Stonehenge is disappointing, not because it is small, but because the place whereon it stands is so immense. The stones are large enough to satisfy anybody, but I had not the least idea that they were all crowded together in a grove, I do not think a larger space than our back garden. The number of mounds like gigantic mole-hills, and the straight Roman roads are almost as striking.

We passed fine Earthworks at Old Sarum and Amesbury. Came back by Lake House and the valley of the Avon. Very sweet. We drove a long way over the springy turf, most curious. It must be a fine place for funguses, gigantic fairy rings appeared on the slopes.

I had the misfortune to twist my ankle getting out of the carriage, not badly, but a singularly indiscreet choice of location, the middle of Salisbury Plain! I fell over a certain camera of papa's which I opportunely broke, a most inconveniently heavy article which he refuses to use, and which has been breaking my back since I took to that profession. Should I get a camera of my own it will not be a bad bargain. N.B. I did no particular damage, but it was the last straw of clumsiness. We had fortunately taken a long walk in the morning round the water meadows of the Avon.

We went by Crane Bridge, looking over at the great trout in the beautiful, clear, chalk stream. Further on we saw others, and the water was alive with

shoals of grayling and minnows. It was the first warm, mild feeling of spring, and we heard the cuckoo. It was hot dragging home along the road. I noticed when we were driving on the Downs we were coming with the wind, under the shadow of a cloud, and several times when we almost overtook the edge of the shadows I could feel and see the hot dither from the ground, where the sun had recently been ousted, an instance of the amount of heat refracted from the chalk.

I am afraid I shall never have a very reverent memory of Stonehenge by reason of certain shells which I found behind some nettles right under one of the standing stones. I thought they were uncommonly fine ones for such bare pasture, but failed to find a single live one, which was not surprising, for they were periwinkles. That part of the story is very fine so long as one finds it out for oneself.

Saturday, April 20th. On Sat my foot being painful I went round the town in a bathchair, and didn't like it. It was market-day and I had an unintelligible chair-man who stopped in the middle of streets to point out objects of interest, and I was too inexperienced as to powers of endurance of that species of draught-horse to venture to remonstrate.

The Poultry Cross, restored, is very curious. There is the site of the Blue Boar in the market square where Buckingham was beheaded by Richard III. We afterwards came round by the river and into collision with another *pram* containing a very dirty boy.

DENBIGH

Tuesday, May 28th. May 28th. Went to Gwynnynog near Denbigh to stay with the Burtons for one week, and very fortunately came home again unbroken.

I do not know what has possessed uncle Fred, he has taken to driving the carriage-horses, and such horses, of the very worst type of hansom. One of them is unsafe even for the coachman, having bolted twice in Manchester.

Uncle Fred is quietening into a little old man, deaf, placid, rather dateless, excessively obstinate, very mean as to ha'pence, unapproachably autocratic and sublimely unconscious of the fact that he cannot drive.

The coachman appeared to be a very nervous man and suavely moribund, but it was enough to frighten anybody. I trust he will overturn in

a dry ditch, and not injure Alice. I give up my aunt who, *sauf votre respect*, is tiresome, and as penny wise as he is, in keeping a beast which cannot be worth £20, and will end in smashing the carriage.

The whole establishment is not on the same footing of respectability and stinginess which, notwithstanding the real affection and respect which I have always felt for uncle Fred, was rather too much for my gravity.

It is very odd, a date on the back premises 1571, the front black and white, and the more modern garden-front, stone. Two large rooms, dining-room and music-room 1776, the most modern. Upstairs all up and down and uneven, low beams and long passages, some very fine chimney-pieces, and one room panelled.

It was the ancestral home of the Myddletons, who by a lavish prodigality were reduced to living in the kitchen. Uncle Fred dwelt upon their dissipation with unction, also the literary association of the house with Dr Johnson.

The present library consists of one Bible, Shakespeare, the Waverley Novels, Dickens, six standard poets, a set of the *Cornhill Magazine* and about a dozen odd volumes not including the dictionary.

However, he hath whitewashed and papered the house all over and furnished it in perfect taste. I never saw rooms more faultless in scheme of colour or Sheraton, more elegant without being flimsy. Moreover, he pays his way, and, if he keeps only four maids, they are the most obliging, merry servants ever met with, more especially Polly.

The table was better fed than usual, thanks to an unlimited supply of vegetables, and eggs at twenty to the shilling, but chickens exorbitant at three shillings each. Coal twelve shillings per ton. We had a fire twice in the gunroom on wet nights. The cartage was very heavy, and also they objected to the merchant who drove a team of donkeys and goaded the poor little beasts up a long hill.

I could not exactly determine what distinguished the Welsh type, but it is marked, particularly among the women and girls; something about the forehead, eyes, and the fall of the nose, and a rather vacant mouth, a perfect mouseface sometimes. They all wrinkle up their eyes as though in a strong light, the eyebrows usually arched, the forehead round and the nose long. Dark or blue eyes, red or black hair, an occasional fair, fat type, rather idiotic.

There appear to be many extremely old persons in spite of starved looks. The only well-grown man I saw was the Gamekeeper, a jovial lively party who went about with a big stick looking for poachers. They net the river, steal the scanty game and commit petty thefts in spite of the solemn warning of John Evans's notice boards, 'Who ever will be found taking watercress out of this pond shall be prosecuted'.

There are no shutters to the house for serious crime, but a farmer who overturned in his gig was picked up by the market people, but a considerable sum of loose money which rolled from his pockets was not forthcoming.

The race is said to be deteriorated by much intermarriage. The Denbigh Asylum seemed populous. I thought it very singular that the lunatics should walk in the Park and come up to the garden-railings. I saw a party of perhaps twenty, with keepers, which I at first took for a cricket match.

My aunt seemed to consider the old women amusing. One had appeared and stopped to tea in the servants' hall. There is a standing reward of five shillings for strayed ones, not worth the risk in my opinion. A man had knocked at the back door and much bewildered Polly by talking about Mr Gladstone. He fortunately took himself off and presently the keeper arrived in search of him.

Another individual, described as very dangerous and prepared to kill anybody, got into Miss Foster's garden, and being after dark could not be found, so a watch was set in the house, and the following morning he was found sitting among the potatoes, very damp.

These pleasing incidents were scattered over several years, but in my opinion they constitute a drawback to the neighbourhood. I should not care to live amongst the same natives either, it is an uncomfortable, suspicious state when so few can understand English. The climate also I did not like, extremely muggy and relaxing, though no doubt it was aggravated by the thunder.

It is rich, undulating country, woods and pastures, all up and down, the hills really high, but lumpy: not definitely fine landscape but beautiful in detail, especially the den below the house, where there is a little glaring-white cottage buried in wood, sacred to the memory of Dr Johnson. A winding path up the dell leads to an urn erected to that worthy's memory before his death, which seems to have provoked his commonsense.

A doctor in Denbigh seems to have done the same thing on his own account, perhaps because no one was likely to do it for him. He presented a little slip of garden to the town, and set up an obelisk and his statue exactly opposite his front door. His name was Pearce, he died a few weeks since and lay in state in a scarlet hunting coat. He would turn in his grave if he knew that my uncle had dug up a litter of foxes.

We had a picnic-tea at Dr Johnson's, provided by Polly, a very taking young woman, tall, thin and freckled. She made a most excellent treacle-pudding which, combined with the thunder, had disastrous effects upon Alice and me, and finally Polly herself, who took to her bed with two pills and a seidlitz-powder. I should doubt if the air suits young people.

I thought cousin Alice rather quiet. She solaced herself with a little old dog called Toby, a chestnut riding-mare, and interminable conferences with the coachman Gibbon, a good-looking nervous young man whose conversation appeared to be harmless and restricted to horses. Stable-talk in broad Lancashire always sounds quaint. They certainly are simple about horses.

One morning they put the little chestnut Pearl in the gig to go to Nant-y-Glyn. She certainly behaved very well, much to the congratulation of Alice and Gibbon as they didn't think she had been twenty times in harness, and only once that season. She had on a wrong bit and a large collar belonging to *Booties*, and at the first hill showed symptoms of lying down.

We went up an awful road with sharp corners and narrow bridges, but the coachman led her up and down, and she went beautifully on the flat. I believe it was very fine country, but I was sitting on the edge of the back-board prepared to roll off.

The garden is very large, two-thirds surrounded by a red-brick wall with many apricots, and an inner circle of old grey apple trees on wooden espaliers. It is very productive but not tidy, the prettiest kind of garden, where bright old fashioned flowers grow amongst the currant bushes.

Outside in the straggling park, beyond the great oak trees, were two large quarries where I found many fossils, corals, encrinites and a few shells. One of the latter of obstinate hardness led to an acquaintance with John Evans, who chipped it down most neatly and said it was very natural. He worked in a large shed between carpenter's chips and an anvil, a little wizened, warped Welshman who looked at things sideways with one eye and talked a

laboured foreign English. He also had been terrified by uncle Fred's driving, having gone to the mountain on the back seat of the trap.

WINDERMERE

Friday, July 26th. July 26th we came to Holehird, Windermere, where we tarried in the summer of 89 when I could hardly walk at all, for which be thankful. I am very much struck with the difference. I had never been on the hill behind the house, only once in the copse.

We found the pleasant old gardener dead and gone, and a bustling self-important personage in his place, who amused me but exasperated Bertram by giving him permission to pick raspberries. Mr Anthony Wilkinson ('by gum its wahrm'), very much alive, ('I -los - my second in - a - con — finement!') also one of the same carriage-horses, the worse for wear. We had rather wet weather, arriving on the heels of a thunderstorm.

Wednesday, July 31st. Went to Wray Castle July 31st., delighted to see old Foxcroft and Jane. The old man eighty-three, not a bit deaf, and funnier than ever, sitting in the sun in carpet-slippers. The house topsy-turvy after the tenancy of Mr Lumm who had left it, 'its filthy'.

One day a party arrived to look over Holehird which is on sale. Mr Edward Partington and family from Glossop. I was amused showing them round, but think father double-locked himself in retirement and indignation.

I had some good luck finding funguses in the rain.

Aunt Clara and Miss Gentile arrived, and the weather was atrocious. Aunt Clara heavy and out of spirits, Miss Gentile odious.

Wednesday, August 7th. My first great day of fossils Aug. 7th when I drove up Troutbeck, overtaking a young farmer with a string of horses. Left the pony in the road and walked up Nanny Lane leading to the foot path up Wansfell. I had to go high, nearly level with the quarries across the valley before I came to a part where the walls were crumbling stone.

I found many shells, and when I had turned to come down, spied something sticking up grey on the top of a wall. I took it for a sheep's horn till I had it in my hand. It is a very steep, wide lane between high walls, a wonderful view. I could see the glint of a window or glass across Lancaster Sands.

Thursday, August 8th. Drove with aunt Clara and Miss Gentile to Coniston and back by Tilberthwaite. Miss Gentile has as much sentiment as a broom-stick, and appeared principally interested by the situation of the Hotels, aunt Clara half asleep. The only place where she showed any animation was the turn of the valley towards Holme Ground.

There is a great wreckage of fir trees in the gap at the top of the hill above the Marshalls, down which we came faster than I approved. I seemed to remember every bush on the road, and through the opera glass, on the hill-side above Coniston Bank. Not that five years is long, but I had so much forgotten this in six. I think I must have been in very weak health when I was here before, though not conscious of it to complaining at the time.

I was very much struck with the ideal beauty of Coniston. It was a perfect day, but apart from weather it is in my opinion far the most beautiful of the larger Lakes. Esthwaite and Blelham being reckoned with the small. It is so compact and the ground and vegetation so varied. Close down to the Lake the wild flowers were lovely.

I parted with aunt Clara and the interminable Miss Gentile and posted along the dusty road in the hot sun, looked at the exact spot in the roadside where Billy Hamilton, the blind man used to stand, also I heard in the village that the good-tempered, amiable creature was dead, two years since.

Blind men are reputed to be saints, but they are generally sour. Billy must have absorbed the baking sunshine through his pores as he stood in the ditch. He came boldly up to the pony-carriage holding his hands like a scoop, and never failed to thank 'Mr Potter' by name, with broad grins. He also went about with a wheelbarrow collecting sticks, entering thickets with the immunity of the men of Thessaly; he fulfilled the pious service of supplying chips for the stove in Coniston Church.

I had a long talk with the postmistress, a lame girl on crutches. I went afterwards to see Miss Hanes in an old row of cottages above the Sky Hill — a little, thin, elderly woman with black hair and eyes, in spectacles, with a clean cottage and soapy hands.

I heard a long history of her daughter Jane, a girl to whom we took a great fancy, which seems to have been mutual unless butter entered into our conversation. I heard the history of Jane not marrying a coachman who took to drinking, and lost his place after the banns were put up; but the queer part

of it was the way the course of events was taken, not as a disappointment but as a positive success, in the very nick of time, and he had turned out so very badly since.

Then I turned to cats, caâts, a he 'cart', a black Persian named Sadi whom we had bestowed on Jane. I should fail to give an impression of old Mrs Hanes looking over her spectacles and gesticulating in the middle of the flagged kitchen, nor would the joke be perceived without previous knowledge of Sadi, whom I saw last as a splendid half-grown kitten of diabolical temperament. 'He wad stand on the table and clar ye,' she thought the world of that caat. Also he was 'moross' which I can well believe from what I saw of him.

When they took him to Liverpool he led them a dance, Jane wad be up ladders and over walls. Mrs Goodison thought the world of that caat. Mr Goodison didn't. It used to go to sleep in his arm chair and he was afraid to stir it. It was a trojan. It died of a consumption when it was only three.

I walked after lunch as far as Tent Lodge, and much regretted I could not go on to Coniston Bank to see Barnes and especially Mrs Barnes, a fine old Cumberland farmer's wife, homely and comely. We drove home by Yewdale and Skelwith.

Saturday, August 10th. In afternoon went with the pony up Troutbeck and put it up at the Mortal Man which looks a very little inn. Papa and I walked up Nanny Lane and got over a stile into the heather, sweet and heavy with honey. There was a thunder-haze, no view, but very peaceful, except that the stone walls were covered with flying-ants.

I did not find many fossils, but we had great pleasure watching a pair of buzzards sailing round and round over the top of Wansfell. There was an old shepherd half way up the side of Troutbeck, much bent and gesticulating with a stick. He watched the collie scouring round over stone walls, coming close past us without taking the slightest notice. Four or five sheep louped over a wall at least three feet high on our right and escaped the dog's observation, whereupon the ancient shepherd, a mere speck in the slanting sunlight down the great hillside, this aged Wordsworthian worthy, awoke the echoes with a flood of the most singularly bad language. He gesticulated and the dog ran round on the top of dykes, and some young cattle ran down with their tails in the air.

It is most curious how sound travels up either side of the steep Troutbeck valley, but in keeping to be greeted with the classical but not time-honoured phrase addressed by *La Pucelle* to invaders. We passed him sitting on a wall as we came down, a pleasant, smiling old fellow. We asked him which was Ill Bell and he leant over the wall, 'we'll perceive I'm rather hard of hearing', then heard that the prize-pup at Kelso Show was named 'Sandy Walker'.

Tuesday, August 13th. 11. 12 when aunt Clara left, and also the greater part of Tues. 13th was very wet. The German Emperor was expected to pass on Tues, but did not, owing to weather. Many took the trouble to go down, but I, not being keen, put off to the eleventh hour, and a man came past on horseback taking word to Troutbeck.

I had a long, beautiful drive in the afternoon going up by Pull Wyke to the barn gates. Then I remembered a pleasant lane down to Skelwith Bridge, and the woman at the inn assured me that the *sharries* came that way. All I can say is that we met a gig half way down, and could not have passed it had not it on two wheels been next the bank.

It was very beautiful under Black Fell but I was rather nervous. I walked up to see the Force which was in deafening flood, one of these foolish lambs in the meadow below the bridge knee deep.

We consumed three whole hours waiting to see the Emperor, not very well worth it. I had seen him in London. I think he is stouter.

I was not particularly excited. I think it is disgraceful to drive fine horses like that. First came a messenger riding a good roan belonging to Bowness, which we could hear snorting before they came in sight, man and horse both dead-beat. He reported that the Emperor would be up in ten minutes, but it was twenty.

The procession consisted of a mounted policeman with a drawn sword in a state approaching apoplexy, the red coats of the Quorn Hunt, four or five of Lord Lonsdale's carriages, several hires, and spare horses straggling after them. There were two horses with an outside rider to each carriage, splendid chestnuts, thoroughbred, floundering along and clinking their shoes.

They were not going fast when we saw them, having come all the way from Patterdale without even stopping at Kirkstone to water the horses, to the indignation of mine host, and an assembly of three or four hundred who had reckoned on this act of mercy. I think His Majesty deserved an

accident, and rather wonder he didn't have one considering the smallness of the little *Tiger* sitting on the box to work the brake.

The liveries were blue and yellow and the carriages much yellow, singularly ugly low tub, with leather top to shut up sideways. The Emperor, Lord Lonsdale and two ladies in the first, Lady Dudley etc in the second.

There was a considerable crowd and very small flags, German ones bad to get at short notice, but plenty of tricolours. Lord Lonsdale is red-headed and has a harum-scarum reputation, but, according to Mr Edmonstone, less 'stupid' than his predecessor whom he had seen 'beastly droonk' in the road on a Sunday morning.

Saturday, August 17th. Kirkstone in the coach with papa. Fetched back by carriage middle afternoon. Very pleasant, silent air on the hills, curious place. Began to have enough of it during afternoon. Three pairs of buzzards nesting unmolested on Red Screes in one quarry. Innkeeper said he could hear the young birds crying in the morning.

Coming down we stopped at the wonderful view over Troutbeck Tongue, and blue shadows creeping up the head of the den. The Troutbeck valley is exquisite when it is fine, which is but seldom.

Sunday, August 18th. Went to the Troutbeck Chapel - Rev. Parker. I wonder why Dissenting Ministers are so very unpresentable. The congregation were quite clean and had their hair cut. He preached on a long text on the Angel appearing to Manoah and his wife, better than I expected, though very homely.

The Congregationalists are more liberal than the Methodists and Baptists, and this shock-headed, earnest preacher got forth a rational, amiable interpretation, finding sermons in stones and heavenly messengers in every blessing, — yea - even in those afflictions which at first sight appear to be 'emissaries of Satan'. I thought the singing very sweet, two favourite hymns - *Oh early happy, lasting wish* - *We faintly hear, we dully see, in differing phrase we pray*, and a young woman behind me singing *Angels of the night* in a clear, firm voice. Lancashire folks sing through their teeth so to speak. I suppose very young, but quaintly earnest.

Friday, August 23rd. There was a hound-trail and sheep dogs in Troutbeck which I did not know of in time. I had, however, a lovely drive in

the afternoon to Blelham, curling and blue under the crisp, fresh breeze. The boggy ground was literally dry, and I waded through the sweet bog myrtle to look for the long-leaved sundew, which I remembered covering the black peat like a crimson carpet.

I found it near Scanty, past the season.

I went along the Causeway to the projecting knoll of firs where I found *Boletus badius*. I did not venture far into Randy Pike Wood because I could see a drove of cattle through the trees, and memories of a bull, which caused me to dodge them.

Saturday, August 24th. Went to see Ginnet's Circus at Ambleside and had a good laugh. I would go any distance to see a Caravan (barring lion-taming), it is the only species of entertainment I care for.

Mr Ginnet himself hath gone-off in appearance since I saw him last on the same spot ten years since, when he rode a young red-roan bull. He has subsided into a most disastrous long frock-coat and long, tight trousers with about a foot of damp at the bottom of them, and cracked a whip feebly. Were I inclined to weave a romance I might suspect that he had had reverses not unconnected with the bottle.

The Circus has fallen-off in the way of horses which represent capital, and stronger in the variety line. Probably a boisterous element introduced by growing lads. The neat little jockey had developed into a big, loutish, rough rider, very gentle however with the little child Millie Ginnet. She was exceedingly pretty and nice-mannered in her clothes, and indeed seemed too well clothed under her bathing-drawers, a marvellous little bundle, by no means painfully proficient.

The scornful Madame Ansonia was arrayed in blue and silver, and, alighting from her piebald, put on goloshes publicly in the ring. The fair-haired enchantress did not appear unless indeed she had shrivelled into Madame Fontainebleau, who displayed her remarkable dogs in an anxious cockney accent, and twinkled about in high-heeled French boots and chilly apparel. Tights do not shock me in a tent associated with damp grass, they suggest nothing less prosaic than rheumatics and a painfully drudging life.

Most people are vagabonds, but the rain washes away part of their sin, and the constant change of audience is better than leering at the same idle youths night after night. But for ignoring her company (and half the scarves

which she ought to jump), commend me to Madame Ansonia. She was a good looking young woman with dark hair and eyes.

The other madame (there were but two), displayed an old, very old iron-grey mare with a long, thin neck, and a long, thin tail which it swished in cadence with the music. I think it was the oldest horse I ever saw in a circus, and the best dancer, going through its piece with avidity just in front of the band, but so very, very old that I was apprehensive about its rising when it curtsied.

The other horses were the piebald, a steady property-horse with a broad back, two creams, not by any means a pair, and two ponies, the smaller Joey very clever in the way of temper. The most amusing thing was a race between these two, which Joey won by cutting across the turf-ring to the immense delight of the school-children who composed three-quarters of the audience.

Then any gentleman whatever was invited to ride, which they did with bashful courage and no success, the ponies going down on their knees and tumbling them right and left.

There was a great sale of sweets and the occasional variety of streams of rain through the tent, and the opening of umbrellas. The circus-dogs who mingled freely with the audience were demoralized by a fox terrier on the stalls, otherwise a rickety erection covered with carpet. One bench of school-children was overturned by Joey.

The most skilful performers were two men on parallel bars, and Herr Wartenburg the Barrel-King, who climbed on to a high seat and, having wiped it with a pocket handkerchief, laid himself on his velveteen back with his heels in the air, and danced wrong side up to the tune of *The Keelrow* against a cylinder, and then an immense barrel, I suppose inflated with gas. He danced his feet most gracefully, in little pointed shoes.

The performing-dogs turned back-somersaults with agility, and one small poodle dressed in clown's jacket and trousers skipped energetically on its hind legs, two persons turning the rope. A stray dog appeared in the ring but was chivvied out.

The entrance to this scene of joy was through some yards of stone fall thrown down on a dunghill, which afforded a gentle slope to the meadow below.

I regret to state that for the last week in August we had almost unceasing rain accompanied by storms of wind. I had plenty to do indoors, but our

time is running out.

Monday, September 2nd. Sept. 2 being very fine we went to Coniston. Rowed to Coniston Bank and saw Mrs Barnes in great trouble, and as she expressed it, 'topsy-turvy', Barnes having received notice and failed to find another situation.

It is not possible to give an opinion without knowing both sides, but unless he was very much to blame the case is hard. He has lived there twenty-eight years under three different masters, and now Mr Docksey who has had it but two years has turned him out in a quarrel.

Whatever the merits of the case I am sorry for the old woman, who was feebly turning out a collection of dusty rubbish from her cupboards. She seemed to consider Mr Ruskin 'collective', which she wasn't herself, 'but very quiet'. She used to be rather proud of her acquaintance with him, he sometimes took a cup of tea with her. She says he knows her if he meets her.

Monday, September 9th. Hot, hazy day, the hottest of the summer. Drove to Dungeonhyll Hotel, two post-horses, one old stager with the hogged-mane, the other mare a chestnut, rather unpleasant up hills; a thick haze.

Noted the glaciation with much curiosity, especially the loose mound on that canny desolation, Elterwater Common. I never saw a spot more strickled with herd and ducks, many of the former garnished with knickerbockers, and the very sheep of shortest wool and every colour, like those recorded in Rob Roy!

There are some beautiful exposures of rock along the new road between Skelwith and Elterwater, a road whose newness may enrage sentimentalists but strikes me as a good thing well done. I cannot find a single decided scratch on the boulders or rocks that are exposed to the weather (i e the mechanical action of wind and rain), for the grit and volcanic rock do not perceptibly weather in the fashion of the Coniston limestone, which very completely rots about four feet, for which reason I take it boulders of that stone are hardly likely to exist on the surface. The grit and volcanic boulders are eroded so to speak, smaller *muffins* dug out of pits in the hill to break to mend roads, and often observably scratched. I should have exceedingly liked to photograph that clearing.

We were rather surprised at the amount of company at the Hotel,

Monday, a trip day. A most marvellous family from Chicago, lavender kid-gloves, jewellery and bonnets.

Tuesday, September 10th. To Wray with Elizabeth to see the Foxcrofts, a howling wind, but fine, blowing evening, rather cold. I drove the old lady sixteen miles with her tassels blowing, 'hey! the *funny* lugs'. Jane says they look like a wedding. A new idea; I don't feel like a wedding.

Elizabeth and I could not find anyone for some time, and took stock of the groceries and new articles, 'two housemaid's boxes and twelve water-cans'. We went all over the downstairs rooms and finally found Jane and Mary sewing carpets on the back top-landing. We had previously seen Anne and Sid Foxcroft at the cottage.

I am afraid I shall never see him again, a sweet, gentle old man, with the funniest lisping way of talking like a child, and a bird, with his head on one side. To me no tongue can be as musical as Lancashire.

MANCHESTER

Tuesday, September 24th. Sept. 24th., very sultry. Went to the Institution and saw a poor show, but there are some very fine Millais' among the permanent collection. Afterwards to shop, bought a map. I never before quite mastered the geography of Manchester.

Went to look at the Bright statue. I think the front-face fine, the side-face does not seem to me the right shape of head. The effect of the figure does not strike me as correct. Every statue that has ever been made of Mr Bright endeavours to give dignity by *height*. No man's figure ever had more when he held himself up, but it was from *sturdy* mass. My father, a competent judge, considers this statue far away the best.

After lunch to call on cousin Mary Harrison, and to tea, aunt Sidney sitting in her rocking chair as if she had not moved from it in the last two years. A little thinner in the face, a little discomposed at our sudden entrance, her voice a little weak, but very much herself. When old aunt Sidney, the last of her generation, has gone to rest, cousin Louisa will be the nearest portrait of her mother, her voice and figure very like. The former more jerky and interrogative and her features more strongly marked, but many tricks of tone and manner strongly resembling.

My father afterwards in sentimental mood went to call on the Miss Gaskells, but the sentiment was too gushing for the sentimental. He kept referring to it all evening. For one thing they had become exceedingly stout. Neither of their parents were so. There is a tradition that Mrs Gaskell, a very elegant woman, had even served as a model for sculpture in the days when sculpture was voluminously draped! I never saw her.

LONDON

Thursday, September 26th. Next day we went home. Sept. 26th. I should like to have stayed longer. I enjoy Manchester. There is one odd sensation, one is constantly jostling against people who look like relations. I saw one degraded party the very image of a deceased uncle. The women are like our 'Elizabeth, the girls like cousin Alice, and though he would scorn the imputation, the young men are like my brother in features.

Friday, September 27th. To call on Mrs Moore whom I found in bed with a cold and very cheerful, talking as hard as possible, very hoarse. I was afraid of catching it.

She presently sat up in a state of excitement the two boys being on the balcony leaning round to the window. The nursery governess was also in bed with a cold. The little girls on the other hand were endeavouring to go up the chimney. The little sweeps were most engaging but rougher than I had previously seen them. The cat had kittens.

I was somewhat taken aback to hear of Mrs Moore in bed. What a thing it is to have a family, but vicariously I was exceedingly amused, and having found face to deposit an old silk dress was much relieved to find it received with effusion.

Friday, October 4th. To call on little Miss Rosie Carter, which for once seemed a kind action, for she was overflowing with talk and a little tearful. Worldly affairs pretty well, but she has lost her two friends, one retired into the country, the other to a boarding-house 'for more society', leaving that sociable little person quite alone, and moreover with the most miserably forlorn stock of furniture.

She was about to move into new lodgings, and I was almost convulsed with the precautions which she had taken to find out whether they were

respectable. Not but what it was exceedingly proper and wise, but the lady is so terrifically plain. She is most bright and industrious, but something like the Australian aborigine.

There were two French professors, than which nothing can be imagined more nasty, on the other hand the son of the landlady was a choir-boy, which is next good to a cherub (when so be they are not 'emissaries of satan') and the third boarder was an 'independent old lady'. The clergyman to whom she had applied seemed to have been exceedingly kind in making enquiries.

Monday, October 11th. Mamma was taken very ill, sick from eight on Monday morning till three next morning. If it had gone on longer I should have been frightened as there began to be haemorrhage, but it stopped as suddenly as it began. She was upstairs nearly a fortnight, mending, without any shock, but I had a weary time, bother with the Servants as well.

There is supposed to be some angelic sentiment in tending the sick, but personally I should not associate angels with castor oil and emptying slops.

It is an odd experience sitting up all night, sweeps in the lane at four o'clock, the street-lamps put out at 4.45 in pitch dark, and towards six, workmen going to town on bicycles with lights, in the dusk, and others trooping along, all walking in the road.

I had no difficulty in keeping wide awake and never knew a night go faster, but became so frightfully hungry I had to go down to the larder at four in my stockings.

Having been indoors almost continually I caught a violent cold in my head, and my father being troubled with gravel again, and every prospect of a hard winter, I have become lower than is the habit with me, a cheerful person.

Sunday, November 3rd. Went to the Paget's. Sir William Flower came in but did not recognize me, it was dark. I wonder if people know the pleasure they may give a person by a little notice. Not that I think that Sir W. Flower is very kind, but absent minded. He knows me occasionally, but generally not at the Museum, and I always thought perhaps if I happened to meet him at the Paget's he would speak to me.

Must confess to crying after I got home, my father being as usual deplorable, and beginning to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* from the

beginning again, after having waded to the 4th vol of seven, and forgotten the three first. It is a shade better than metaphysics, but not enlivening.

Monday, November 18th. Mrs W. Bruce's children to tea, nice little girls but very shy. Peter Rabbit was the entertainment, but flatly refused to perform although he had been black-fasting all day from all but mischief.

He caused shrieks of amusement by sitting up in the arm-chair and getting on to the tea-table. The children were satisfied, but it is tiresome that he will never show off. He really is good at tricks when hungry, in private, jumping (stick, hands, hoop, back and forward), ringing little bell and drumming on a tambourine.

Wednesday, December 11th. I fretted so wearily that I went privately to see Dr Aikin Dec nth., and had it out with him. He was very kind. I told him plainly I thought it was very startling to be told to go abroad for five months of the year. If my father cannot stand the English winter it is a matter to consider, but seriously we could not stand living five months in an hotel. Now another house on the top of our present arrangements, it would mean a complete change of habits.

He told me nothing which I did not know before and agree with, but I was relieved that he took a cheerful view of mamma's ailments. He was strong for our going to Falmouth, as I suggest. I only fear papa will refuse to move before he is ill. I am anxious to do my best, but I really cannot face going abroad with him.

Saturday, December 14th. I was feeling very much down for a few days. I derived much quiet pleasure from reading Matthew Arnold's letters. I believe I like them because I obtain much consolation at present from reading the Old Testament and Wordsworth; set after Shakespeare, however, of whose existence Matthew Arnold seems to have been almost absolutely unconscious.

I also increasingly derive consolation from a less elevated source, the comfort of having money. One must make out some way. It is something to have a little money to spend on books and to look forward to being independent, though forlorn.

In the meantime comes the American panic, and my father nearly beside himself.

Saturday, December 21st to Tuesday, December 31st. We had not a pleasant Christmas, wet, dark, Bertram sulky, and interminable rule of the sums and stock-broking calculations which would never come right.

By the middle of the week papa was ill, very ill he looked last night, but today, New Year's Eve, the weather has providently become as warm as spring. He has got rid of a good deal at no particular loss, and is unloading the rest gradually. Ellis', the brokers who kept cool in the crisis, don't favour American Railroads for a nervous person.

By way of relaxation, the amusement of the last month has been the question whether Sir Lewis Morris is married or not, that hypocritical Welshman having suddenly electrified his most intimate friends by sending out cards Sir Lewis Morris and my Lady. How he has possibly kept it quiet so long, living at an address in Maida Vale with his Christian name spelled wrong in the Blue Book, I cannot imagine. He has always passed as a bachelor. Luckily, too frightfully ugly to break hearts, but a certain elderly lady, now justly enraged, is said to have taken gratuitous trouble to introduce him to likely parties.

He has not told any of his Club friends, and the only two of them who ventured to tax him got not much information, except that he had been married 'some time'. One report saith a boy at Westminster, another saith a boy at Eton, two girls just coming out, but yet another rumour that the eldest is twenty-eight.

Miss Bruce, overcome by curiosity, called, but couldn't make much of it, she appears to have used her eyes to the effect that there was good china and Lady Morris wore the 'stiff silk' dress, and there was a litter of cards ready to post and some of them were shilling ones!

I am ashamed to say I have been much amused. I think his poetry beneath contempt, but he has been the poet laureate of ladies' schools and respectability. Was not there once a skit in Punch 'I am he that opened Hades, to harmless persons - and to ladies!'

1896

LONDON

Tuesday, January 7th. To Museum, studying labels on insects, being in want of advice, and not in a good temper, I worked into indignation about that august Institution. It is the quietest place I know - and the most awkward. They have reached such a pitch of propriety that one cannot ask the simplest question.

The other Museum is most disagreeable with the students, but if I want to find out anything at the library there is not the slightest difficulty, just pay sixpence and have done with it. At the Natural History Museum the clerks seem to be all gentlemen and one must not speak to them. If people are forward I can manage them, but if they take the line of being shocked it is perfectly awful to a shy person.

The sweetest spectacle I have lately seen, the Store's cat, its paws folded under its white chest, its ears and white whiskers laid back, ignoring the roar of the Haymarket, in a new red morocco collar, couchant in a pile of biscuit canisters.

Monday, January 13th. Lunch at the Paget's. Old Mr Paget, Miss Paget, Mrs Price, Mary, Kathleen and W. Rathbone's grand daughter, an immensely tall young girl with an odd likeness to the dawdling languid manner of her aunt Elsie (not but I admire Miss Rathbone who has reason to look tired) but in a younger person it looks lazy.

The lunch was surprisingly clean, with one exception of a live dormouse on one of the hot plates. Old Mr Paget was very funny, stone-deaf, obstinately, amiably bland, with a high voice and a fine old-fashioned politeness, somewhat disconnected, 'No I will not eat an-y cheese be-cause I am go-ing out with Mis-es Paget, I tell you I will *not*.'

He keeps jumping up, he despises lunch and modern feeding, especially does he despise rich pudding, it is reported that he once refused some, with the explanation that he had 'not been recently confined', and a further magisterial comment to the effect that 'The only use for a rich pudding is to put your foot in it.'

Old Miss Swanwick remembers, when living with her mother and sister at Liverpool, that late at night some gravel was thrown against the windows, and, looking out, a voice cried that the Reform Bill had passed.

Wednesday, January 22nd. Walking in the afternoon met a news-boy with a placard of the death of Prince Henry of Battenburg, not an interesting personality to the world, but very sad for his family. Mourning almost universal and of the sort I call genuinely sympathetic. Not so much show, suits of complete black, and every female wearing something, either hat or petticoat. There was a horrid rumour on Friday morning that the Queen was dead, I cannot imagine how started.

Sunday, February 2nd. Sunday morning, papa taken suddenly very ill, as usual. Did not really look so ill as at Christmas, not being much troubled with the gravel, but shocking pain. Obstruction lasting till Wednesday, and took an extraordinary amount of morphia.

Dr Aikin most exceedingly kind. Also uncle Harry, only I begin to regard him in the light of a corbie or hoodie-crow, he comes in at these times. After papa got better I had a cold, and much done-up.

Tuesday, February 11th. Unveiling of Mr Bright's statue at Westminster Hall. I did not go because of cold, and also not clear whether to ladies. Sorry afterwards because Sir H. Howorth there, whom I have a curiosity to see. I wonder why I never seem to know people. It makes one wonder whether one is presentable. It strikes me it is the way to make one not.

The statue is so frightful that the Duke of Devonshire winked at John Gilbert. The latter is indignant, and yet the Duke says that Mr Gilbert made *three* different clay figures. I think he is very uneven, an eccentric individual. There was a story of someone finding him at lunch upon strawberries and treacle.

Sunday, February 23rd. To Chapel, sitting behind that old person Lord Dysart, to my displeasure, for in addition to the erratic behaviour incident to his blindness, the poor man has a sort of twitch. A most singular-looking individual, very large and upstanding, high features, arched eyebrows and nose, very red hair, cropped, very stout and bristly, staring and rolling grey

eyes, wide open. A personality calculated to distract attention from a more engrossing discourse than little Mr Freeston's.

There was the annual meeting afterwards, not without friction, the Minister receiving a not undeserved dressing from Mr Beal with regard to certain political indiscretions. They are the mischief with Dissenters. I cannot say that I feel the slightest interest or pleasure in that Chapel, apart from going with my father.

I shall always call myself a Unitarian because of my father and grandmother, but for the Unitarians as a Dissenting body, as I have known them in London, I have no respect. Their creed is apt to be a timid, illogical compromise, and their forms of Service, a badly performed imitation of the Church. Their total want of independence and backbone is shown by the way in which they call their chapels churches, and drag in the word Christian.

We are not Christians in the commonly accepted sense of the term, neither are the Jews, but they are neither ashamed nor shamed. Then a profane saying of Ben Brierly's, quoted by Elizabeth 'They put their 'ed in their 'at and count twenty.'

Tuesday, February 25th. Met Lady Millais in Gloucester Road. She was being bullied by a lady in a velvet mantle, so I merely insinuated the remark that I was sure that she must be receiving more congratulations than she could attend to, whereupon she seized my arm to cross the street, expressing a wish to die together, there being a procession of female bicycles. I thought it a characteristic mixture of graciousness and astute utility, she walking with a black crutch-stick, but most amusingly elated.

Sir John Millais told Mr F — he supposed he must take the damned thing.

SWANAGE

Monday, April 13th to Saturday, April 25th. We came to Swanage April 13th., a fortnight, to the Royal Victoria Hotel, Miss Vincent. Clean, civil, rather poor for the money, and singularly tough food.

I am writing this at the end of an idle fortnight, chequered by toothache, but on the whole a very pleasant impression, apart from east wind and the annoyance of wasting expensive wet days.

The town is not exciting, but *small* and there are places of interest and beauty. Studland near Poole Harbour, one of the sweetest pictures of white sand, blue sea, and background of fir and sandy heaths, which I have seen. Also Rempstone among the Downs with a splendid view, cowslips and the first cuckoo.

One day to Wareham in a gale of wind, a sleepy, shrunk little market-town inside mounds, an absurd Fair in the town-ditch, ponies, scraggy horses, Hereford cattle, and a young bull rushing about, finally dragged out of a hedge by the tail, I behind a lamp post.

Corfe massive, bare, except for jackdaws, and a suspicion of iron railings to cope with trippers. I should think this place is swarming in the summer.

I should like well to come again some day, to better lodgings, and at my leisure.

I find it better not to expect or worry much about geology, but got one amusing afternoon among the quarries. The quarry men quiet, and a curious community. It is not a place one can pick up much, unsafe cliffs and underground quarries. With opportunity I fancy the Corfe clay-pits would have been more satisfactory.

With opportunity the world is very interesting. I fear this corner will fall into the grip of Bournemouth, but it is much more exposed to east wind, and the railway has been open ten years without much increase. Is amazingly under the spell of Mowlem & Burt, Contractors.

The flowers and singing-birds have been pleasant. My father was very unwell one day, but I have seen worse outings.

I forgot to set down on Sun. April 12th a few minutes after eight I saw a fine meteor. I should say a large one a long way off in the north. I was surprised to find no mention in the paper.

It was at a height of about 30 degrees and scarcely dropped at all before going out, which it did without the slightest appearance of explosion. It appeared rather larger and more striking than Jupiter, *white* with a *red* compact trail. There was still some slight glow of light in the north west.

My bedroom was dark, I was just going to get the book of Daniel. It is odd, but in the instant of looking at it I was irresistibly reminded of those photographs of a bullet at the museum. I can hardly suppose the waves visible, I suppose the labouring motion and hot train of light in the furrow gave the impression of ploughing through the air. I believe it is the generally accepted explanation, but I did not know it would be apparent.

I supposed it to be very distant (geographically) from its motion appearing comparatively slow, less steady and less rapid than an express train, but more like that sort than the undetermined slant of a falling star. I was much impressed by it, a strange visitor from the outside of the world.

I do not often consider the stars, they give me a *tissick*. It is more than enough that there should be forty thousand named and classified funguses.

LONDON

Tuesday, May 19th. Uncle Harry in to see papa in the evening. In a sudden fit of kindness of conscience he proposed the next day taking me to Kew. It had slipped so often.

I was rather agreeably surprised before getting up next morning, to receive a message, Sir Henry's love and would I be ready to start at half-past nine, which romantic elopement took place in a gale of wind via Earl's Court Station. I was rather flattered to find that only myself was going. I think he rather wanted to see Mr Thiselton-Dyer, but he was most exceedingly kind.

We travelled third, and discoursed upon motor carriage, Pretoria posters, bicycles; uncle Harry deaf, sententious and very good-tempered. Just before the last station he got into a whisper about the umbrella-handle of the opposite young woman, which was decorated with two carved love-birds, coloured to nature. I had for some time been apprehensive that he would observe it. There is nothing like impudence, we certainly did well.

I only hope I shall remember separately the five different gentlemen with whom I had the honour of shaking hands. Not that uncle Harry was presumptuous (there is a shorter word), on the contrary, he assumed a bland and insinuating address, a solicitous and engaging simper which caused me to observe him with surprise, not having previously seen him exhibit that phase of deportment.

We first saw Mr Morris who disclaimed all knowledge of fungi — — 'I am exclusively tropical', he was sorting crumply papers containing very spiky, thorny gums from Arabia, fastened down by multitudinous slips. A funny little house up and down. Covered with creeper, one in beautiful flower against the chimney.

We went out and across Kew Green to the Herbarium, a fine old red house with wainscotting and a fine staircase. I think it is one where Fanny

Burney dwelt. There we saw Mr Hemsley, and stacks of dried papers, whereof such contents as I happened to see were either spiky or of the everlasting race, and there was a decorous flavour of herbs.

We saw Mr Massee whom I had come to see, a very pleasant, kind gentleman who seemed to like my drawings.

Outside we met Mr Baker, the librarian, who bowed profoundly in silence upon presentation to uncle Harry. A slim, timid looking old gentleman with a large, thin book under his arm, and an appearance of having been dried in blotting paper under a press, which, together with white straw hats and white trousers, was the prevalent type, summery, rather arid and very clean.

We returned to the Director's office, and found him, a thin, elderly gentleman in summery attire, with a dry, cynical manner, puffing a cigarette, but wide awake and boastful. He seemed pleased with my drawings and a little surprised. He spoke kindly about the ticket, and did not address me again, which I mention not with resentment, for I was getting dreadfully tired, but I had once or twice an amusing feeling of being regarded as young.

Uncle Harry was afraid of missing his train and we trudged across grass, under showers of red blossom and across the rock-garden, and a distant glimpse of the two young women presumably in knickerbockers tying up flowers.

Mr Thiselton-Dyer puffed his cigarette, vituperated the weather, the rate of wages, discoursed vaingloriously upon his Establishment and arrangements, and his hyacinths, better than the Dutch. His anecdotes were too statistical to recall without a note-book, much of great interest and informative, for instance how the British occupation and property in Egypt has destroyed the English onion industry.

I followed behind them, kept going by a providential peppermint in my pocket. We sat on a seat on the platform, and the two gentlemen got into deep conversation about London University where there is apparently some hitch.

Uncle Harry became somewhat maudlin, 'Now Gladstone, poor old devil - he knew no more about science than my boot-jack, and now there is Salisbury — I *cannot* understand,' and 'Devonshire' appeared to be the leading delinquent.

Mr Thiselton-Dyer showed himself a Radical, if no trades unionist. I shot in one remark which made him jump, as if they had forgotten my presence; not political. I got home without collapse, a most interesting morning.

WINDERMERE

Father, mother and I to the Ferry Hotel to look about for houses. We went to Kendal one day to see Mr Hanes, a fine big fellow, the first Land Agent I ever saw who struck one as a gentleman. A queer, steep old town, much thronged, being market day (most choice white piglings in coops), and a Hiring-Fair for farm-servants.

Our stay was not eventful, only I noticed on the journeys I was allowed to undertake the luggage. I judged as a melancholy satisfaction I managed well.

LONDON

Saturday, June 13th. I went to Kew again to see Mr Massee. I was not a little amused again - I hope not disrespectfully. He seems a kind, pleasant gentleman. I believe it is rather the fashion to make fun of him, but I can only remark that it is much more interesting to talk to a person with ideas, even if they are not founded on very sufficient evidence.

He was growing funguses in little glass covers, and, being carried away by his subject, confided that one of them had spores three inches long. I opine that he has passed several stages of development into a fungus himself — I am occasionally conscious of a similar transformation.

It was very hot (ours went up to 130°, but no one believed it), and I had more than enough to do during the last week or two.

I took certain things to the Museum to make out, and was further edified by the slowness of the officials. They do not seem anything but very kind, but they do not seem to be half sharp. Mr Kirby, however, stutters a little. Mr Waterhouse (beetles), - two ladybirds rotating in a glass pill-box - is so like a frog we had once, it puts me out. I should like to know what is Sir W. Flower's subject besides ladies' bonnets.

From this contumelious disquisition I except Mr Pocock, and a gentleman with his head tied up, who were sufficiently pleased with my drawing to give me a good deal of information about spiders. They are almost too much specialists, they really seem less well informed than an

ordinary person on any subject outside their own, and occasionally to regard it with petulance.

SAWREY

Wednesday, July 15th. Came to Lakefield on Esthwaite.

Thursday, July 23rd. Drove along the Graythwaite road through oak coppices, a blind-road, the least pleasing in the neighbourhood. The wood scattered with poor specimens of the poisonous *Agaricus phalloides*, and not without a suspicion of adders. It is too dry for much funguses.

One has a pleasant sensation sometimes. I remember so well finding *Gomphidius glutinosus* in Hatchednize wood, and now today, under a beech tree on a large flat chip, I spied the dark hairy stalks and tiny balls of one of the Mycetozoa.

After tea, up the hill, a little way up there is a remote hennery whence proceeded singular thumpings and bumpings. I making a circum valley observation, with suspicion of mills or gipsies, and the assistance of sheep, the best of outposts, discovered that it was caused by two nasty broody old hens shut up in a barrel. Afterwards watched a hedgehog.

Saturday, July 25th. Most tremendous rain. Funguses came up extensively, but small. Poked about amongst the lumber in the attics, and watched the rain rushing down a sort of runnel into the cistern. There are some ancient pistols and an ancient case and velvet hunting-cap. Bertram turned out a portfolio of chalk drawings, figures and heads, in the style of Fuseli, such as young ladies drew at school sixty years since.

Played much with Peter Rabbit.

Sunday, July 26th. Blowy, soft air. Afternoon went a long dragging walk on the top of Stone Lane with Bertram, not without a sense of trespass, but the air and wild herbage very pleasant.

Cutting across to get back to our moor, in the middle of half a morass, wading through heather and bracken, came across a small but very lively viper, which we killed with a stick. Should not have in gaiters, but think the dogs run some risk of being bitten.

We cut off the head which soon ceased to nip, but the tail was obstreperous for an hour and still winced after another hour in the spirit - I hope mechanically! They are exceedingly pretty.

Tuesday, July 28th. A perfect, hot summer day, cloudless, but evening when it rolled up like thunder round How Fell.

I am thirty this day. I felt a certain irritation upon receiving congratulatory letters from the Hutton girls, for one thing I can never remember theirs. They told me of poor Kathleen Hutton, dead at nineteen. I remember so well the first I saw her and Carrie, such handsome Irish children, gathering the sacred cabbage roses in Putney Park garden.

I feel much younger at thirty than I did at twenty; firmer and stronger both in mind and body.

Edith's little Molly to tea. Master Jim in disgrace, having gone against orders with the gardener to the running of a fallow deer escaped from Curwen's island. That boy is a tyke. Walked home part way with the gossipy roly-poly Anne, assisting to push the mail-cart. Very pleasant evening-light, and village people up and down the road in the flowery little gardens.

Saturday, August 8th. To see Edith. Went up into the loft to see Mrs Frisky, who had been loose the previous night, let out by Miss Molly, and caught with much difficulty with a candle among the hay. I should think it is very unusual for squirrels to breed in confinement. The lady in question could not help herself, having been caught in a cage-trap four days before the event.

There are two young, supposed to have been four originally. She was sitting on them like an old hen, looking very pretty. They appeared about the size of mice; they are five weeks old. They were naked at first and blind for four weeks.

Thursday, August 13th. Sir John Millais died Aug. 13th., interred into rest. He would have gone long ago if he had been an ordinary poor man. We pity the poor when they are sick, but this was surely the other extreme.

I saw him last in November, walking in Knightsbridge, 'How is my little friend?, can't speak, can't speak!' He looked as handsome and well as ever, he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, apart from the defect of his

eye, and the odd mark across his forehead which the tan stopped, but perhaps the sunburn may only have been noticeable in Scotland.

There is a Scotch saying 'his face is made of a fiddle'. I think it must have been particularly applicable to all the Millais', for people to whom they were rude, to the extent almost of unkindness, were just as much fond of them. I am not speaking of ourselves, for in London society they were in a different light, we in none at all, and meeting them casually, they were always exactly like old times.

They might be considered selfish, but they made no pretensions and I should always take such as I found them - for the moment very pleasant — a little hard, but with a background of feeling and trouble, which I hope the world had forgotten and not known.

I shall always have a most affectionate remembrance of Sir John Millais, though unmercifully afraid of him as a child, on account of what the papers call 'his schoolboy manner'. I had a brilliant colour as a little girl, which he used to provoke on purpose and remark upon at times. If a great portrait painter's criticism is of any interest this is it, delivered with due consideration, turning me round under a window, that I was a little like his daughter Carrie, at that time a fine handsome girl, but my face was spoiled by the length of my nose and upper lip.

He gave me the kindest encouragement with my drawings (to be sure he did to everybody!), vide, a visit he paid to an awful country Exhibition at Perth, in the shop of Stewart the frame maker (who invited him), but he really paid me a compliment for he said that 'Plenty of people can *draw*, but you and my son John have observation.' Now 'my son Johnnie' at that date couldn't draw at all, but I know exactly what he meant.

He sent me a little note when I was in bed with the rheumatics, take the world as we find it. He was an honest fine man.

Wednesday, August 26th. The larch peziza came into flower. I took it very calmly being so firmly persuaded it would come.

Afternoon — Drove to Ambleside and, at one of the corners between Out Gate and Randy Pike, was banged into by another female driving a gig. I was rather aghast at the moment, but afterwards convulsed with laughter. I am persuaded it is upon the conscience of the other party because she was so rude, asked me why I did not get out of the way. Had I responded in like

spirit I should have said something about the old gentleman and the deep ditch.

We were dragging up hill at a walk, she coming down very fast hit the box of my hind wheel with the *tyre* of hers. When two boxes scrape an inch is as good as an ell, but I do not think I could have gone three inches nearer the ditch.

There is apt to be a difference of opinion on these occasions. I have driven in much funnier traffic in London and never touched anything in my life.

Friday, September 4th. To Holehird, very pleasant and silent on the hill. I am very fond of Troutbeck. There is a largeness and silence going up into the hills. I think because it is on the edge of a vast waste.

Sunday, September 6th. Went to the Friends' Meeting at Colthouse. I liked it very much. It is a pretty little place, peaceful and sunny, very old-fashioned inside, with a gigantic old key to the door.

I thought it so pleasant in the stillness to listen to a robin singing in the copperbeech outside the porch. I doubt if his sentiments were religious.

There were between twenty and thirty. I was the second to arrive, following in a roly-poly stout lady in a black silk dress who shook hands and demanded my name, which I pronounced, whereupon she said 'never heard of it', and I diffidently added I was a visitor to the neighbourhood, to which she affably replied that she was visiting the Satterthwaites, I think their aunt?

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of two friends from Kendal, a lady and gentleman, on *bicycles*. The gentleman spoke very well, but I could not quite get over his being in knickerbockers. Mr Satterthwaite read the 103rd. Psalm slowly and reverently.

There is something in the sentiment of a Quaker Meeting so exactly quaint and fine that a very little oversets the balance, and to an ordinary Philistine it is never comprehensible at all, but to those who can feel the charm, like Charles Lamb, it is exquisitely pleasant. There was one child present, a little boy, who sat behind me on the women's side. He was very quiet, except for audibly sucking sweeties and sighing deeply at intervals. I fear, but do not wonder, that backsliders are numerous in the young generation.

In the afternoon we again had that old person Tom Thornely. It is my opinion he is half-baked, not two minutes would he talk about one thing except ghost stories, whereby he made my mother very uncomfortable.

Tuesday, November 17th. I have neglected to write this up for a very long time. We came home on October 6th., Bertram going north on 5th.

I was very sorry to come away in spite of the broken weather. It is as nearly perfect a little place as I ever lived in, and such nice old-fashioned people in the village. Poor little James Rogerson kept up in a dejected state at the end, but was seen with his knuckles in his eyes as he shut the gate.

I went the last evening to say goodbye to Mary Postlethwaite who made a very pretty picture in the fire-light dandling her fat baby. Little Josie was there rocking backwards and forwards, repeating 'The Cat and the Fiddle' and 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' in a rapid gabble.

Perhaps my most sentimental leave-taking was with Don, the great farm collie. He came up and muddled me as I was packing up Peter Rabbit at the edge of dark. I accompanied him to the stable-gate, where he turned, holding it open with his side, and gravely shook hands. Afterwards, putting his paws solemnly on my shoulder, he licked my face and then went away into the farm.

I have a pleasant memory of Hawkshead another day, when I went to Tyson's shop and bought two striped petticoats. There was a pleasant, friendly, middle-aged lady in the shop who said, 'I think I ought to know your face,' and oddly enough I thought the same, but it was Mrs Beck of Esthwaite Hall.

I went up afterwards part way up the steep road towards Grizedale, left the pony and walked across some rough intakes to the edge of a copse getting funguses, and back near a little tumbling stream and some flaming wild hollies. The hawthorns down below were a sight in the sun.

I was followed a long way by two cockerels because I had a basket. I got rid of them by bestowing a round peppermint which puzzled them sadly. It was a bright, sunny day, blue sky and mist.

I think one of my pleasantest memories of Esthwaite is sitting on Oatmeal Crag on a Sunday afternoon, where there is a sort of table of rock with a dip, with the lane and fields and oak copse like in a trough below my feet, and all the little tiny fungus people singing and bobbing and dancing in the grass and under the leaves all down below, like the whistling that some

people cannot hear of stray mice and bats, and I sitting up above and knowing something about them.

I cannot tell what possesses me with the fancy that they laugh and clap their hands, especially the little ones that grow in troops and rings amongst dead leaves in the woods. I suppose it is the fairy rings, the myriads of fairy fungi that start into life in autumn woods.

I remember I used to half believe and wholly play with fairies when I was a child. What heaven can be more real than to retain the spirit-world of childhood, tempered and balanced by knowledge and common-sense, to fear no longer the terror that flieth by night, yet to feel truly and understand a little, a very little, of the story of life.

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Beatrix Potter by Delmar Banner, 1938

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Potter's final resting place, close to Sawrey

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Potter's ashes were scattered in the Sawrey countryside